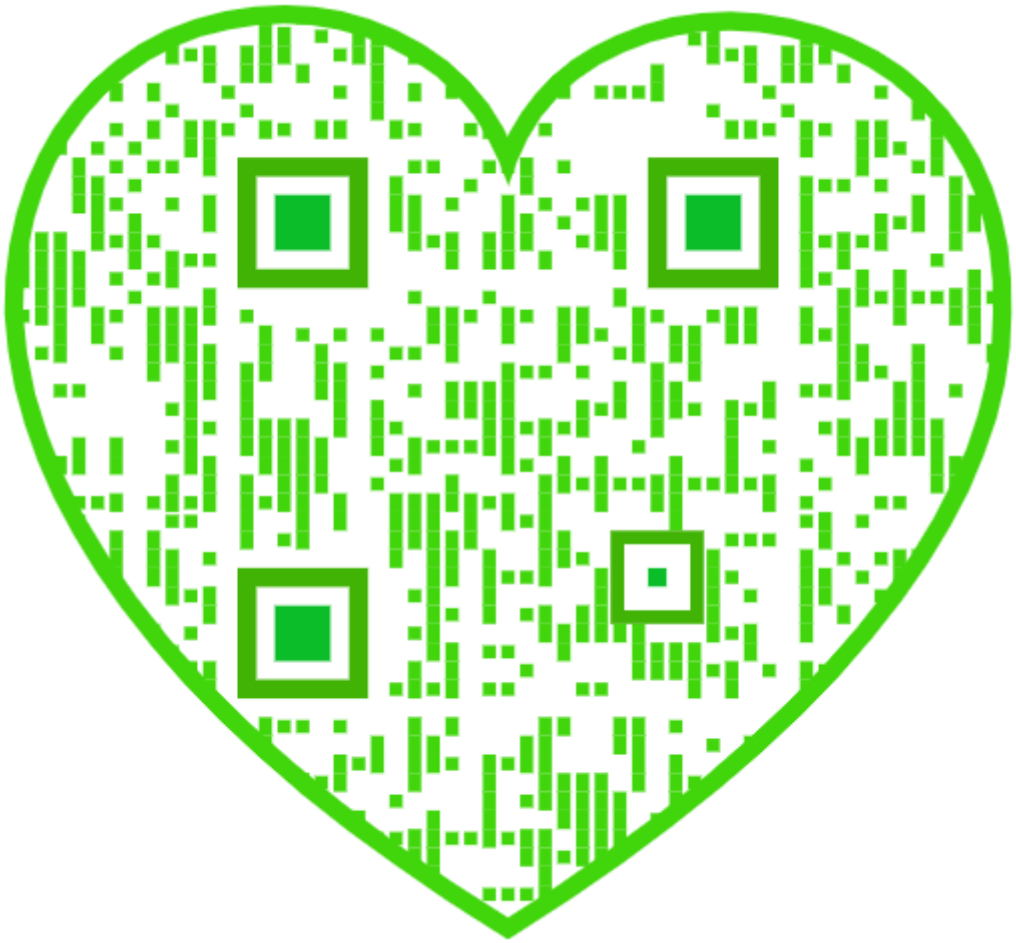

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PROGRESSIVE SERIES.

OSGOOD'S

AMERICAN

FIFTH READER.

FOR

SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

BY

LUCIUS OSGOOD.

PITTSBURGH:
A. H. ENGLISH, Agt
98 FOURTH AVENUE

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Preface.

In reference to the literary merit and the elocutionary difficulties of its selections, this book occupies the same place in our new series of Readers that the Progressive Fourth Reader does in our old series. It contains forty-seven of the best lessons of the old Fourth, and sixty-one selections obtained from other sources. In making these new selections no research has been spared to secure the best exercises for a book of this grade which are to be found in the whole field of American and English literature.

Many teachers have been pleased to speak in the most commendatory terms of the excellence of the Progressive Fourth Reader, as a book for elocutionary drill. Such teachers will find this book a great improvement upon the Progressive Fourth; for, in addition to the best pieces from that book, it contains sixty-one selections which have been culled from various authors, and are the best examples for teaching certain kinds of delivery that can be found in the English language.

The first part of this book contains a brief treatise on Elocution, which is commended to the attention of teachers. It embraces Exercises in Articulation, Pitch, Force, Rate, and Quality of Voice; Rules for Pronunciation, Emphasis, and Inflection; with such definitions, explanations, and directions as will enable the pupil to comprehend every principle presented, and prepare him to make an intelligent application of it throughout this book.

Exercises in Articulation, Definition, and Pronunciation will be found at the head of almost every reading lesson. The Exercises in Articulation are brief, and need not occupy more than two minutes at each recitation. The Exercises in Definition comprise those words which must be defined in order that the pupil may fully comprehend what he is required to read. The Exercises in Pronunciation contain words selected from the reading lessons, which are generally mispronounced. The correct pronunciation of these words is shown by giving their *Elements* according to the Table of Elementary Sounds.

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PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION.

Elocution, which literally signifies the act of *speaking out*, may be defined the power of expressing thoughts by speaking or reading.

Good Elocution may be defined the art of reading or speaking with ease, energy, variety and elegance. It embraces a practical knowledge of Pronunciation, Emphasis, Inflection, Pitch, Force, Rate, and Quality of Voice.

Elocution { **Pronunciation,** **Emphasis,** **Inflection,** **Pitch,** **Force,** **Rate,** **Quality of Voice.**

PRONUNCIATION.

Pronunciation is the utterance of words. It embraces Articulation and Accentuation.

Pronunciation { **Articulation,** **Accentuation.**

Correct Articulation consists in an accurate and distinct utterance of the Elementary Sounds, either singly or in combination.

Articulation, correctly speaking, signifies the partial or complete junction of the organs of speech which precedes and follows the vowels, and which partly or totally intercepts the voice; but in elocutionary works it generally has the meaning given above.

An **Elementary Sound** is a simple sound of the human voice.

There are forty-five Elementary Sounds in the English language.

Elementary Sounds are divided into three classes: Vocals, Subvocals, and Aspirates.

Elementary Sounds { **Vocals,** **Subvocals,** **Aspirates.**

Vocals consist of pure tone or vocality. They are twenty in number.

Subvocals are imperfect tones, being formed of pure tone and breath united. There are fifteen subvocals.

Aspirates have no tone or vocality, being formed of breath alone. They are ten in number.

Correct pronunciation is almost entirely dependent upon a just articulation; and, without the former, no one can hope to become an elegant speaker or reader. Correct articulation, therefore, lies at the very foundation of good delivery; it is the basis upon which all that is excellent and beautiful in reading and speaking rests.

To secure perfection in articulation it is necessary to master the TABLE OF ELEMENTARY SOUNDS, and the EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION which follow. Let a small portion of this table or of these exercises be practiced every day.

TABLE OF ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

THE elements in the following table must be uttered by the teacher first, and then by the class individually, or in concert. In order to give each element correctly, pronounce the word containing it distinctly and forcibly, giving as much vocal prominence as possible to the element under consideration, and then utter the element alone; as **ā**pe, **ā**; **ä**rm, **ä**; **b**ăt, **b**, &c. Let the practice upon this table be continued until every Elementary Sound can be uttered correctly and promptly.

VOCALS.

			Element.				Element.
1. **a**,	as in	**ā**pe,	is marked **ā**	11. **i**,	as in	**ĭ**t,	is marked **ĭ**
2. **a**,	"	**ä**rm,	" **ä**	12. **o**,	"	**ō**ld,	" **ō**
3. **a**,	"	**a̤**ll,	" **a̤**	13. **o**,	"	d**ö**,	" **ö**
4. **a**,	"	**ă**t,	" **ă**	14. **o**,	"	**o̤**n,	" **o̤**
5. **a**,	"	c**â**re,	" **â**	15. **u**,	"	m**ū**te,	" **ū**
6. **a**,	"	**à**sk,	" **à**	16. **u**,	"	**ŭ**p,	" **ŭ**
7. **e**,	"	m**ē**,	" **ē**	17. **u**,	"	f**u̇**ll,	" **u̇**
8. **e**,	"	m**ĕ**t,	" **ĕ**	18. **u**,	"	**û**rge,	" **û**
9. **e**,	"	t**ē**rm,	" **ē**	19. **oi**,	"	**oi**l,	" **oi**
10. **i**,	"	**ī**çe,	" **ī**	20. **ou**,	"	**ou**t.	" **ou**

SUBVOCALS.

			Element.				Element.
21. **b**,	as in	**bĭb**,	**b**	29. **v**,	as in	**văn**,	**v**
22. **d**,	"	**dĭd**,	**d**	30. **w**,	"	**wē**,	**w**
23. **g**,	"	**gāy**,	**g**	31. **y**,	"	**yĕs**,	**y**
24. **j**,	"	**j**oy,	**j**	32. **z**,	"	**z**ōne	**z**
25. **l**,	"	**l**ăd,	**l**	33. **z**,	"	ă**z**ure,	**zh**
26. **m**,	"	**m**ăn,	**m**	34. **th**,	"	**th**ȳ,	**th**
27. **n**,	"	**n**ō	**n**	35. **ng**,	"	sŏ**ng**,	**ng**
28. **r**,	"	**r**ŭn	**r**				

ASPIRATES.

			Element.				Element.
36. **p**,	as in	**p**ĭn,	**p**	41. **f**,	as in	**f**ăn,	**f**
37. **s**,	"	**s**ĭn,	**s**	42. **ch**,	"	**ch**ĭn,	**ch**
38. **t**,	"	**t**ĭn,	**t**	43. **th**,	"	**th**ĭn,	**th**
39. **k**,	"	**k**ĭd,	**k**	44. **th**,	"	**th**ȳ,	**th**
40. **h**,	"	**h**ĭṣ,	**h**	45. **wh**,	"	**wh**ȳ	**wh**

OCCASIONAL SOUNDS.

				Element.					Element.
ạ	as in	wh**ạ**t,	like	**ŏ**	**y̆**	as in	m**y̆**th,	like	**ĭ**
ê	"	th**ê**re,	"	**â**	**ẹ**	"	**ẹ**īte,	"	**s**
e̲	"	pr**e̲**y,	"	**ā**	**e**	"	**e**ăt,	"	**k**
ï	"	p**ï**que,	"	**ē**	**g̈**	"	**g̈**ĕt,	"	**g**
ĩ	"	g**ĩ**rl,	"	**ĕ**	**ġ**	"	**ġ**ĕm,	"	**j**
ȯ	"	s**ȯ**n,	"	**ŭ**	**s̱**	"	hă**s̱**,	"	**z**
o̲	"	w**o̲**lf,	"	**u̲**	**n̲**	"	ĭ**n̲**k,	"	**ng**
o͞o	"	m**o͞o**n,	"	**o̲**	**x̱**	"	ĕ**x̱**ĭst,	"	**gz**
o͝o	"	g**o͝o**d,	"	**u̲**	**ch**	"	**ch**āīṣe,	"	**sh**
u̲	"	r**u̲**de,	"	**o̲**	**ph**	"	sy̆l**ph**,	"	**f**
ȳ	"	fl**ȳ**,	"	**ī**	**qu**	"	**qu**ĭll,	"	**kw**

WORDS CONTAINING COMBINATIONS OF SUBVOCALS.

First pronounce the word, giving as much stress as possible to the combination under consideration; then utter the combination alone, being careful to give it precisely the same sound that it has in the word. When this has been done with each word of a line, let the combinations, which are placed immediately under the words from which they are taken, be uttered by themselves.

1.	Rōb*b'd*,	*bl*ōw;	*br*ōw,	rōb*s̤*;	lā*dl*e,	här*d'n*.
2.	*bd*,	*bl* ;	*br* ,	*bz*;	*dl*,	*dn*.
3.	*Dr*ĭnk,	*dw*ĭndle;	rŏ*ds̤*,	brăg*g'd*;	ō*gl*e,	*gr*ōw.
4.	*dr* ,	*dw* ;	*dz*,	*gd*;	*gl* ,	*gr* .
5.	Bŭ*lb*,	ō*ld*;	bŭ*lġ*e,	fĭ*lm*;	fa̤l*l'n*,	dĕ*lv*e.
6.	*lb*,	*ld*;	*lj* ,	*lm*;	*ln*,	*lv* .
7.	Fäl*ls̤*,	d̄o̅o̅*m'd*;	d̄o̅o̅*ms̤*,	fĭ*nd*;	hĭ*nġ*e,	fă*ns̤*.
8.	*lz*,	*md*;	*mz*,	*nd*;	*nj* ,	*nz*.
9.	Ô*rb*,	bä*rd*;	bû*rg*,	lä*rg*e;	mä*rl*,	ä*rm*.
10.	*rb*,	*rd*;	*rg*,	*rj* ;	*rl*,	*rm*.
11.	Û*rn*,	û*rv*e;	ĕär*s̤*,	lȯ*v'd*;	ē*vil*,	ē*v'n*.
12.	*rn*,	*rv*;	*rz*,	*vd*;	*vl*,	*vn*.
13.	Mo̤*ves̤*,	rā*zed*;	hā*zel*,	prĭ*s̤m*;	rĭ*s̤en*,	shēa*thed*.
14.	*vz*,	*zd*;	*zl*,	*zm*;	*zn*,	*thd*.
15.	Shēa*thes̤*,	hă*nged*;	hă*ngs̤*,	troŭ*bled*;	troŭ*bles̤*,	brī*dled*.
16.	*ths̤*,	*ngd*;	*ngz*,	*bld*;	*blz*,	*dld*.
17.	Brī*dles̤*,	ō*gled*;	ō*gles̤*,	bŭ*lb'd*;	bŭ*lbs̤*,	mō*lds̤*.
18.	*dlz*,	*gld*;	*glz*,	*lbd*;	*lbz*,	*ldz*.
19.	Bŭ*lġ'd*,	fĭ*lm'd*;	fĭ*lms̤*,	dĕ*lv'd*;	dĕ*lves̤*,	lă*nds̤*.
20.	*ljd*,	*lmd*;	*lmz*,	*lvd*;	*lvz*,	*ndz*.
21.	Sĭ*nġed*,	ô*rbed*;	ô*rbs̤*,	wo*rds̤*;	bû*rgs*,	û*rġed*.
22.	*njd*,	*rbd*;	*rbz*,	*rdz*;	*rgz*,	*rjd*.
23.	Pû*rl'd*,	pû*rls̤*;	ä*rm'd*,	ä*rms̤*;	wä*rn'd*,	wä*rms̤*.
24.	*rld*,	*rlz*;	*rmd*,	*rmz*;	*rnd*,	*rmz*.
25.	Ĉû*rv'd*,	ĉû*rves̤*;	drĭ*v'l'd*,	drĭ*vels̤*;	lĕa*v'n'd*,	lĕa*v'n's̤*.
26.	*rvd*,	*rvz*;	*vld*,	*vlz*;	*vnd*,	*vnz*.
27.	Dă*zzl'd*,	dă*zzles̤*;	prĭ*s̤ms̤*,	rēa*s̤'n'd*;		rea*s̤'n's̤*.
28.	*zld*,	*zlz*;	*zmz*,	*znd*;		*znz*.

WORDS CONTAINING COMBINATIONS OF ASPIRATES.

1.	Măps,	swĕ*pt*;	dĕ*pth*,	lĭ*sp*;	lĭ*st*,	å*sk*.
2.	*ps*,	*pt*;	*pth*,	*sp*;	*st*,	*sk*.
3.	*Sph*ĭnx,	măt*s*;	băc*ks*,	ăc*t*;	lĕ*ft*,	mŭ*ffs*.
4.	*sf* ,	*ts*;	*ks*,	*kt*;	*ft*,	*fs*.
5.	Fĭ*fth*,	ĕtc*h'd*;	tru*ths*,	wĭ*th'd*;	drōō*p'st*,	dĕ*pths*.
6.	*fth*,	*cht*;	*ths*,	*tht*;	*pst*,	*pths*.
7.	Cla*sps*,	elă*sp'd*;	mĭ*sts*,	å*sks*;	å*sk'd*,	sa*t'st*.
8.	*sps*,	*spt*;	*sts*,	*sks*;	*skt*,	*tst*.
9.	Pĭc*ts*,	sĭ*xth*;	läu*gh'st*,	răf*ts*;	fĭf*ths*,	accĕp*t'st*.
10.	*kts*,	*ksth*;	*fst*,	*fts*;	*fths*,	*ptst*.
11.	A*sk'st*,	rĕ*st'st*;	ăc*t'st*,	wâf*t'st*;	tēa*ch'dst*,	hŭ*sh'dst*.
12.	*skst*,	*stst*;	*ktst*,	*ftst*;	*chtst*,	*shtst*.

WORDS CONTAINING COMBINATIONS OF SUBVOCALS AND ASPIRATES.

1.	Wĭ*dth*,	hĕ*lp*;	ĕ*lse*,	wĭ*lt*;	ĕ*lk*,	ĕ*lf*;	fĭ*lch*,	wĕa*lth*.
2.	*dth*,	*lp*;	*ls* ,	*lt*;	*lk*,	*lf*;	*lch*,	*lth*.
3.	Ĭ*mp*,	contĕ*mpt*;	ny*mphs*,	prĭn*ce*;		prĭ*nts*,	ĭ*nk*.
4.	*mp*,	*mt*;	*mfs*,	*ns* ;		*nts*,	*ngk*.
5.	Ĭ*nch*,	tĕ*nth*;	här*p*,	hôr*se*;		är*k*,	tûr*f*.
6.	*nch*,	*nth*;	*rp*,	*rs* ;		*rk*,	*rf*.
7.	Ä*rch*,	mĭr*th*;	mär*sh*,	prō*b'st*;		dĭ*dst*,	wĭ*dths*.
8.	*rch*,	*rth*;	*rsh*,	*bst*;		*dst*,	*dths*.
9.	Dĭ*gg'st*,	rā*g'st*;	hĕ*lps*,	hĕ*lp'd*;		rū*l'st*,	mĕ*lts*.
10.	*gst*,	*jst*;	*lps*,	*lpt*;		*lst*,	*lts*.
11.	Ĕ*lks*,	mĭ*lk'd*;	ĕ*lfs*,	ingŭ*lf'd*;		twĕ*lfth*,	fĭ*lch'd*.
12.	*lks*,	*lkt*;	*lfs*,	*lft*;		*lfth*,	*lcht*.
13.	Hĕa*lths*,	ĭ*mps*;	dōō*m'st*,	attĕ*mpts*;		că*nst*,	plă*nts*.
14.	*lths*,	*mps*;	*mst*,	*mts*;		*nst*,	*nts*.
15.	Wĭ*nks*,	wĭ*nk'd*;	quĕ*nch'd*,	mo*nths*;		wa*rmth*,	bûr*nt*.
16.	*ngks*,	*ngkt*;	*ncht*,	*nths*;		*rmth*,	*rnt*.
17.	H*ärps*,	härp'd;	bûr*st*,	bär*ks*;		bär*k'd*,	dwa*rfs*.
18.	*rps*,	*rpt*;	*rst*,	*rks*;		*rkt*,	*rfs*.
19.	Dwa*rf'd*,	pär*ch'd*;	heär*ths*,	ēar*th'd*·		rāv*'st*,	clĕv*'nth*.
20.	*rft*,	*rcht*;	*rths*,	*rtht*;		*vst*,	*vnth*.

21. Shĕa*th'st*, hăn*g'st*; lĕn*gths*, prō*b'dst*; troŭ*bl'st*, crād*l'st*.
22. *thst*, *ngst*; *ngths*, *bdst*; *blst*, *dlst*.
23. Bĕg*g'dst*, strŭg*gl'st*; rā*ǧ'dst*, hōl*dst*; whĕl*m'st*, dĕl*v'st*.
24. *gdst*, *glst*; *jdst*, *ldst*; *lmst*, *lvst*.
25. Hĕl*p'st*, mĕl*t'st*; mĭl*k'st*, dōōm*'dst*; thŭm*p'st*, prŏm*pt'st*.
26. *lpst*, *ltst*; *lkst*, *mdst*; *mpst*, *mtst*.
27. Bĕn*d'st*, wa̱n*t'st*; thĭn̲*k'st*, cŭr*b'st*; gīr*d'st*, enlär*ǧ'st*.
28. *ndst*, *ntst*; *ngkst*, *rbst*; *rdst*, *rjst*.
29. Hûr*l'st*, härm*'st*; hûr*t'st*, mär*k'st*; sēar*ch'st*, lōv*'dst*.
30. *rlst*, *rmst*; *rtst*, *rkst*; *rchst*, *vdst*.
31. Drĭv*'lst*, ēv*'n'st*; gāz*'dst*, dăzz*l'st*; rēa*ʒ'n'st*, shēa*th'dst*.
32. *vlst*, *vnst*; *zdst*, *zlst*; *znst*, *thdst*.
33. Hăn*g'dst*, rĭpp*l'st*; bŭc*kl'st*, blăc*kn'st*; trīf*l'st*, dēa*f'n'st*.
34. *ngdst*, *plst*; *klst*, *knst*; *flst*, *fnst*.
35. Lĕng*th'n'dst*, troŭ*bl'dst*; brīd*'ldst*, härd*'n'd'st*; strŭg*gl'dst*.
36. *thndst*, *bldst*; *dldst*, *dndst*; *gldst*.
37. Cûr*b'dst*, hûr*l'dst*; fôrm*'dst*, bûrn*'dst*; cûrv*'dst*.
38. *rbdst*, *rldst*; *rmdst*, *rndst*; *rvdst*.
39. Här*p'dst*, drĭv*'l'dst*; dăzz*l'dst*, rēa*ʒ'n'dst*; rĭpp*l'dst*.
40. *rptst*, *vldst*; *zldst*, *zndst*; *pldst*.
41. Sĕt*tl'dst*, bŭc*kl'dst*; blăc*k'n'dst*, trīf*l'dst*; dēa*f'n'dst*.
42. *tldst*, *kldst*; *kndst*, *fldst*; *fndst*.
43. Hĕl*pd'st*, lûr*k'dst*; ōp*'n'dst*, lĕng*th'n'dst*.
44. *lptst*, *rktst*; *pndst*, *thndst*.

EXAMPLES OF DIFFICULT ARTICULATION.

1. Or ōnly sŭch ăʒ sēa-shĕlls flăsh.
2. I knōw thăt the wĭtness hē wĭtnesseth ŏf mē iʒ trŭe.
3. Sŭmmer showerʒ ănd sŏft sŭnshīne shēd swēet ĭnfluençeʒ ŏn sprĕading shrŭbʒ ănd shōōting sēedʒ.
4. The *sw*ĭmming *sw*ăn *sw*ĭftly *sw*ĕpt the *sw*ĭnging *sw*ēep.
5. Nō *sh*ēet nôr *sh*roud en*sh*rīneth thōʒe *shrĕdʒ* ŏf *shrĭvel'd* clāy.
6. The căt răn ŭp the lădder wĭth a lŭmp ŏf rạw lĭver ĭn her mouth.
7. Thou hăst lĕng*th'n'd* the rōpe, bŭt thou hăst nŏt *strĕngth'n'd* ĭt.

8. The *strängest* ŏf *strängers* strīves to *strŭggle* through the *strŭggling* crowd.

9. The sevērest gāle thăt lăsts tĭll nīght.

10. The sevērest gāle thăt lăst still nīght.

11. Her roŭgh ănd rŭgged rŏcks, thăt rear thêir hōary hĕads hīgh ĭn the âir.

12. Thou līght'n'dst hĭs eâres, strĕngth'n'dst hĭs nērves, ănd lĕngth'n'dst hĭs līfe.

13. Thou măngl'dst hĭs wrītings, trĭfl'dst wĭth hīs affĕctions, hûrl'dst hĭm frŏm hĭs hīgh poşition.

14. Thou kĭndl'dst hĭs hōpes, bŭt rŏbb'dst hĭm ŏf hĭs pēaçe; thou blăck'n'dst hĭs chărăcter, ănd troŭbl'dst hĭs līfe.

15. Thou brīdl'dst thȳ tòngue, wrēath'dst thȳ lĭps wĭth smīles, impriş'n'dst thȳ wräth, and trŭckl'dst to thīne ĕnemy's power.

16. Thou rēaş'n'dst falsely, härd'n'dst thīne heärt, smŏther'dst the līght ŏf thĭne ŭnderstănding, heärk'n'dst to the words ŏf lȳing lĭps, ănd dōōm'dst thȳself to mĭsery.

17. Amĭd*st* the wī*ldest*, fiērçest blä*sts*,
Hē *thrŭsts* hĭs fĭ*sts* again*st* the pō*sts*,
And *still* ĭnsi*sts* hē sēes the ghō*sts*.

18. A twĭster, twĭsting a twĭst, dŏth thrēe twīnes intwĭst;
Bŭt, ĭf ône ŏf the twīnes ŏf the twĭst dŏth untwĭst,
The twīne thăt untwĭsteth untwĭsteth the twĭst.

19. If Thĕophilus Thĭstle, the sucĕssful thĭstle-sĭfter, ĭn sĭfting a sieveful ŏf unsĭfted thĭstles, thrŭst thrēe thouşand thĭstles through the thĭck ŏf hĭs thŭmb; sēe thăt thou, ĭn sĭfting a sieveful ŏf unsĭfted thĭstles, dŏst nŏt thrŭst thrēe thouşand thĭstles through the thĭck ŏf thȳ thŭmb.

20. Pēter Pŏppy Pīper pĭcked thrēe pĕcks ŏf pretty pûrple peârs frŏm thrēe prŏngly prängly peâr-trees. Now, ĭf Pēter Pŏppy Pīper pĭcked thrēe pĕcks ŏf pretty pûrple peârs frŏm thrēe prŏngly prängly peâr-trees, whêre ăre the thrēe pĕcks of pretty pûrple peârs thăt Pēter Pŏppy Pīper pĭcked frŏm the thrēe prŏngly prängly peâr-trees?

ACCENTUATION.

Accentuation is the act of applying accents in reading and speaking.

Accent is that stress of voice applied to a certain syllable, which distinguishes it from other syllables of the same word.

Accent produces variety in speech, facilitates pronunciation, and, in a few instances, determines the meaning of words.

It is indicated by this mark (′), which is placed over the syllable that is to receive the distinguishing stress, thus: *cap′tain, car′ni val, ig no′ble, de vo tee′*.

All words of more than one syllable have one syllable distinguished by accent. The syllable to be accented is determined by custom. The decision of custom in regard to the accentuation of every word is ascertained by the orthoepist, and recorded in dictionaries, spelling-books, and other elementary works. Correct accentuation, therefore, can in no way be so thoroughly acquired as by reference to standard dictionaries, or to elementary works which conform in this particular to the best authorities.

All words of more than one syllable have one syllable distinguished by accent, which is indicated by this mark (′); as, *mod′-ern*.

Words of more than three syllables often receive two accents of different degrees of force, called *primary accent* and *secondary accent*.

Primary accent is the greater stress of voice.

Secondary accent is the less stress of voice.

When a word has both accents, the primary may be indicated by one mark (′), and the secondary by two marks (″); as, lu′-mi-na″-tion.

The following examples will serve to show that the meaning of words is sometimes determined by accent:—

Con'jure, *to practice charms.*	Con jure', *to implore.*
In val'id, *of no legal force.*	In'va lid, *one who is sickly.*
De sert', *merit or demerit.*	Des'ert, *a wilderness.*
Con fine', *to imprison.*	Con'fine, *a border.*
Gal lant', *a fashionable man.*	Gal'lant, *courageous.*

RULES FOR PRONUNCIATION.

Correct pronunciation consists in the utterance of words with due regard to articulation and accentuation. Imperfection in articulation, or an improper application of accent, will make pronunciation defective. The following rules may be of some use to the pupil in this important department of education:—

RULE I.—*O* and *u*, ending unaccented syllables, have their first sounds, though somewhat shortened.

This rule is frequently violated by omitting the sound of *o* or *u*.

EXAMPLES.

Mem'-ry	for	mem'-*o*-ry.	Sing'-lar	for	sin'-g*u*-lar.
Hist'-ry	"	his'-to-ry.	Cal'-clate	"	cal'-c*u*-late.
Vi'-lence	"	vi'-*o*-lence.	Turb'-lent	"	tur'-b*u*-lent.

It is also violated by substituting other sounds.

EXAMPLES.

Mem'-*er*-y	for	mem'-*o*-ry.	Cal'-k*er*-late	for	cal'-c*u*-late.
P*er*-ta'-t*er*	"	p*o*-ta'-t*o*.	Ig'-n*ur*-ant	"	ig'-n*o*-rant.
Hick'-*er*-y	"	hick'-*o*-ry.	Ar'-g*y*-ment	"	ar'-g*u*-ment.

RULE II.—*E*, *i*, and *y*, ending an unaccented syllable, have the first sound of *e* shortened.

EXAMPLES.

Du′-ty	pronounced du′-te.	La′-dy	pronounced la′-de.
La′-bi-al	" la′-be-al.	Ev′-i-dent	" ev′-e-dent.
Mock′-e-ry	" mock′-e-re.	Ob′-sti-nate	" ob′ste-nate.

NOTE.—Extreme caution must be exercised in the use of this rule, or the sound of *e* will be made precisely like *e* long. It must be of the same *quality* or *kind*, but *much shorter*. It may also be remarked, in this connection, that the sound of long *e* shortened is the same as short *i* or *y;* so the student must not be perplexed if he find this sound variously represented by *e*, *i*, and *y*, in the works of different orthoëpists.

This rule is violated by omission and by substitution.

EXAMPLES.

Dest′-ny	for des′-t*i*-ny.	In′-d*u*g-o	for in′-d*e*-go.
Comp′-tent	" com-p*e*′-tent.	Sim′-*u*l-ar	" sim′-*e*-lar.
Jog′-ra-phy	" g*e*-og′-ra-phy.	Ob′-st*u*n-ate	" ob′-st*e*-nate.

GENERAL RULE.—Do not pervert, nor omit without *good* authority, the sound of any letter or syllable of a word.

EXAMPLES.

G*i*t	for g*e*t.	Liv′-in	for liv′-*ing*.
H*e*v	" h*a*ve.	Amst	" arm*d*st.
Crit′-er	" creat′-ure.	Gen′-ral	" gen′-*e*r-al.
Hun′-durd	" hund′-*r*ed.	Dif′-frence	" dif′fer-ence.

NOTE.—By the foregoing examples it will be seen that the faults in pronunciation resulting from defective articulation are very numerous. These can be corrected by thorough training in the elementary sounds and their various combinations. But

there are also errors committed in pronunciation by improper accentuation, and by articulating letters which the best authorities say should be silent. *Good authority* sanctions the omission of the vowel in the unaccented syllable of the following words, and in many others of the same class :—thus, driv′-en is correctly pronounced driv′-n ; o′-pen, o′-pn ; ba′-con, ba′-kn ; reck′-on, rek′-n ; ha′-zel, ha′-zl ; rav′-el, rav′-l ; oft′-en, of′-n.

These faults of redundant articulation, and also those of improper accentuation, may be corrected by constant reference to standard dictionaries. This should never be neglected or postponed ; but, whenever a doubt occurs about the pronunciation of a word, let the proper authorities be consulted at once.

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is that stress of voice applied to a certain word, which distinguishes it from other words in the same sentence.

The object of emphasis is to bring prominently before the mind of the hearer one or more words of a sentence, which must receive his particular attention, if he would fully comprehend the meaning of the author to whose language he listens. This is generally effected by an increased stress, or loudness of voice ; but it may sometimes be more effectually accomplished by changing the pitch, by prolonging the utterance, or by *diminishing* the stress.

Emphatic words are sometimes indicated by italic letters, though it is generally left to the reader to determine where emphasis should be placed. When different degrees of emphasis are applied to words in the same connection, the least emphasis may be denoted by *italics*, the next by SMALL CAPITALS, and the most emphatic by LARGE CAPITALS.

EMPHASIS may be divided into Antithetic, Absolute, and Cumulative.

EMPHASIS { **Antithetic Emphasis,** **Absolute Emphasis,** **Cumulative Emphasis.**

ANTITHETIC EMPHASIS.

Antithetic Emphasis is that which is applied to the contrasted words of an antithesis.

Antithesis, from which this division of emphasis derives its name, may be defined a phrase or sentence in which words are contrasted with each other.

Antithetic emphasis is called *single*, when *one* word is in contrast with *one* word; *double*, when *two* words are in contrast with *two* words; and *treble*, when *three* words are in contrast with *three* words.

RULE I.—The **contrasted** words of an antithesis must be emphasized.

EXAMPLES.

1. I *go;* but I *return.*
2. Thus do I *live*, thus will I *die.*
3. It is more blessed to *give* than to *receive.*
4. It is my *living* sentiment; and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my *dying* sentiment.

NOTE.—The above are examples of *single* antithetic emphasis. The following are examples of *double* and *treble* antithetic emphasis:

1. To *err* is *human;* to *forgive, divine.*
2. *Business* sweetens *pleasure,* as *labor* sweetens *rest.*
3. *Without* were *fightings, within* were *fears.*
4. *They* follow an *adventurer* whom they *fear; we* serve a *monarch* whom we *love.*
5. *Faithful* are the *wounds* of a *friend,* but *deceitful* are the *kisses* of an *enemy.*

ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS.

Absolute Emphasis is that which is applied to words that are in themselves important, or that do not derive their claim to vocal prominence from antithesis expressed or implied.

RULE II.—Words of **command,** words serving to express any **important idea,** and words of **strong emotion,** whether exclamatory or not, must be made emphatic.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Stand!* the ground's your own, my braves!
2. *Look!* how his temples flutter.
3. Jacob's heart *fainted,* for he believed them not.
4. I *love* it! I *love* it! And who shall *dare*
   To *chide* me for loving that old arm-chair?
5. I feel of this dull *sickness* at my heart, *afraid.*
6. Here I stand and *scoff* you! Here I fling *hatred* and *defiance* in your teeth.

CUMULATIVE EMPHASIS.

Cumulative Emphasis is that which is applied with gradually increasing force to a succession of emphatic words, the last receiving the greatest.

These words may be different words, or they may be repetitions of the same word. This kind of emphasis might be defined emphasis *heaped upon emphasis;* for it consists in uttering each successive word with emphasis placed on the emphasis of the preceding one. The application of Cumulative Emphasis should be regulated according to the number of emphatic words in the series. If there are many, the increase of emphasis upon each one must be less; if there are few, it may be greater. Let the pupil be particularly careful not to make the increase upon each word so great, that the whole power of his voice will be exhausted before he reaches the end of the series.

RULE III.—Cumulative Emphasis is generally applied to a **succession** of **emphatic words.**

EXAMPLES.

1. *On!* ON! you noble English.
2. To *arms!* to ARMS! ye braves!
3. To *arms!* to ARMS! to ARMS! they cry!
4. *Hence!* HOME, you idle creatures, get you HOME!
5. *Hurra* for bright water! HURRA! HURRA!
6. None but the *brave,* none but the BRAVE, none but the BRAVE deserve the fair.
7. They shouted *France!* SPAIN! ALBION! VICTORY!

INFLECTION.

Inflection is a bend or slide of the voice upward or downward.

There are two inflections,—the **Rising Inflection** and the **Falling Inflection.**

INFLECTION { **Rising Inflection,** **Falling Inflection.**

The **Rising Inflection** is a bend or slide of the voice upward.

The **Falling Inflection** is a bend or slide of the voice downward.

This mark (′) indicates the *rising inflection;* and this (‵), the *falling inflection.*

The union of both inflections upon the same syllable or word is called a **circumflex.** If the circumflex ends with the rising inflection, it is called the **rising circumflex,** and is marked thus (∨); if it ends with the falling inflection, it is called the **falling circumflex,** and is marked thus (∧).

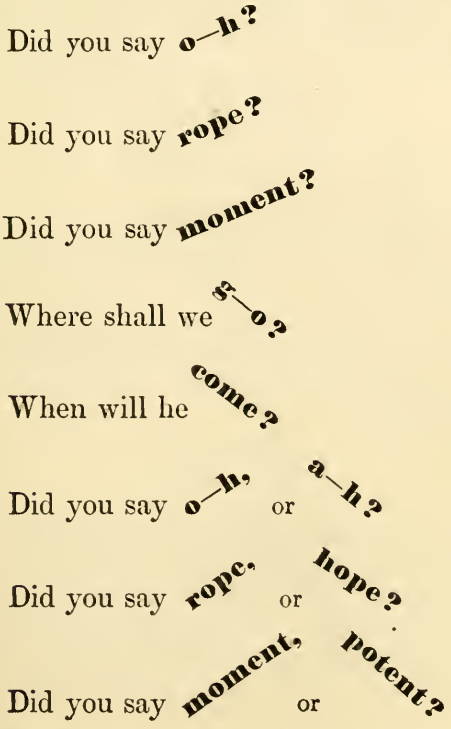
The **monotone** is the sameness of sound which prevails when a succession of syllables or words is uttered on the same pitch. It is marked thus (—).

In giving the rising inflection, the voice begins with the medium or general pitch and rises above it; in giving the falling inflection, the voice begins above the medium pitch and falls down to it. The inflection given at a period generally extends *below* the medium pitch; and, to distinguish it from the falling inflection used at other pauses, some elocutionists call it a *cadence*, and others a *perfect close.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Did you say oh′?
2. Did you say rope′?
3. Did you say moment′?
4. Where shall we go`?
5. When will he come`?
6. Did you say oh′, or ah`?
7. Did you say rope′, or hope`?
8. Did you say moment′, or potent`?

NOTE.—The movements of the voice in reading these examples may be represented thus:—


Did you say oh?
Did you say rope?
Did you say moment?
Where shall we go?
When will he come?
Did you say oh, or ah?
Did you say rope, or hope?
Did you say moment, or potent?

RULES FOR INFLECTION.

RULE I.—**Direct Questions,** or those that can be answered by *yes* or *no,* generally take the *rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Fear ye foes who kill for hire′?
2. He that planted the ear, shall he not hear′?
3. He that formed the eye, shall he not see′?
4. Didst thou not sow good seed in thy field′?
5. Have we anything new to offer′?

EXCEPTION 1.—If the direct question is repeated, it takes the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Nor.* Did you secure the prize′?
   Duch. Sir?
   Nor. Did you secure the prize‵?
2. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle′? I say, do you hear the rain‵?

RULE II.—**Indirect Questions,** or those that cannot be answered by *yes* or *no,* generally take the *falling inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. What's the mercy despots feel‵?
2. What has the gray-haired prisoner done‵?
3. Who can number the clouds in wisdom‵?
4. Where rests the sword‵? Where sleep the brave‵?
5. Who guides the moon to run in silence through the skies‵?

EXCEPTION.—If the indirect question is asked to obtain a repetition of a previous remark or question, or if it is repeated to obtain a more distinct reply, it takes the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Ste.* I hope so, because I go along with her.
   Jas. What did you say′?
   Ste. I hope so, because I go along with her.
2. *Jos.* What would you do with him, if any thing should happen to me‵?
   Sau. What would I do with him′?
   Jos. Yes; what would you do with him?
3. *Mark.* How long since you returned‵?
   Alb. Two weeks.
   Mark. How long since you returned′?

RULE III.—**A question consisting of two parts,** connected by the disjunctive *or*, takes two inflections; the *rising* inflection on the first part, and the *falling* on the second.

EXAMPLES.

1. Are you my friend′, or my enemy‵?
2. Was it from heaven′, or of men‵?
3. Shall I come with a rod′, or in love‵?
4. Has he left him to blind fate′, or wise discretion‵?
5. Art thou he that should come′, or do we look for another‵?

NOTE.—When *or* is used conjunctively, *both* members take the rising inflection, if the question is *direct*, and both the falling, if the question is *indirect*.

EXAMPLES.

1. Will it be the next week′, or the next year′.

2. Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust′, or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death′?

3. Who can number the clouds in wisdom\, or stay the bottles of heaven\?

RULE IV.—**Answers to Questions** generally take the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Will you go to Boston′? Yes\.

2. Why speakest thou not\? For wonder\.

3. Whence comest thou\? From the mountains\.

4. Soldier, hast thou a wife′? I have\.

5. Is your father well′,—the old man of whom ye spake′? He is\.

EXCEPTION.—Answers to questions when expressive of indifference, doubt, or indecision, generally take the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Will you permit James to spend the afternoon with me′? If he chooses′.

2. Why, do you think you could shoot better? I don't know′; I could try′.

3. Come, you will engage in this enterprise with us, will you not? Perhaps so′; I will see′.

RULE V.—If a sentence contains a **negative member** opposed to an **affirmative,** the former generally takes the *rising* and the latter the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. They are not fighting′; they are pausing\.
2. I came not to judge the world′, but to save the world\.
3. I said an elder\ soldier, not a better′.
4. I came to bury\ Cæsar, not to praise him′.
5. We live in deeds\, not years′; in thoughts\, not breaths′.

EXCEPTION.—When the negative member is more emphatic than the affirmative, it may receive the *falling* while the affirmative receives the *rising* inflection.

1. We may yield to persuasion′, but we will not submit to force\.
2. The inhabitants may be destroyed′, but they cannot be enslaved\.

NOTE.—When a negative sentence stands alone, but plainly opposed to an unexpressed affirmative, it requires the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. The religion of the gospel is not a gloomy religion′.
2. There will be no sorrow in that better land′.
3. The region beyond the grave is not a solitary land′.

RULE VI.—**Contrasted** words and phrases generally take *opposite* inflections.

EXAMPLES.

1. Talent conquers′, tact convinces\; talent gets a good name′, tact a great one\.

2. Talent commands′, tact is obeyed\; talent is honored with approbation′, and tact is blessed by preferment\.

3. They poor′, I rich\; they beg′, I give\; they lack′, I lend\; they pine′, I live\.

Note.—The first member of the antithesis generally takes the rising inflection, and the second the falling; but if the former is more emphatic than the latter, the inflections are usually reversed.

EXAMPLES.

1. Countenance more in sorrow\, than in anger′.

2. Such a man is more deserving of punishment\, than commiseration′.

3. He is more a cold-blooded murderer\, than a poor deluded enthusiast′.

Rule VII.—Language of **authority, denunciation, reproach, hatred, revenge,** or any other vehement emotion, generally requires the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Charge\, Chester, charge\! On\, Stanley, on\!

2. Hence\, home\, you idle creatures; get you home\!

3. Woe unto you\, scribes and Pharisees\, hypocrites\.

4. Thou slave\, thou wretch\, thou coward\!

5. I'll wreak my vengeance on your son\; on him\, on you\, on all your race\!

RULE VIII.—In direct address, the **name** of the **person** or **thing** addressed generally receives the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Children′, obey your parents.
2. Bright angels′, strike your loudest strings.
3. Ye crags′ and peaks′, I'm with you once again.
4. Exult, O sun′, in the strength of thy youth.
5. But hush, my sighs′! fall not, ye drops of useless sorrow′!

EXCEPTION.—When emphasis is applied, the name of the person or thing addressed generally takes the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. No! I curse your purpose, *homicides*\!
2. Down, soothless *insulter*\, I trust not the tale.
3. Thou *slave*\, thou *wretch*\, thou *coward*\.

RULE IX.—When a pause is necessary where the **sense is incomplete,** the *rising* inflection is generally used.

EXAMPLES.

1. Softly′, peacefully′, lay her to rest\.
2. His father dying′, and no heir being left except himself′, he succeeded to the estate\.
3. When the stranger seemed to mark our play′, some of us were joyous.
4. I behold it pursuing′, with a thousand misgivings′, the uncertain′, the tedious voyage\.

EXCEPTION.—Emphasis sometimes changes the rising to the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. If he had known *this*\, it must have paralyzed his arm.
2. Could I do *this*\, I would point them to these sad objects.
3. For if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in *Sodom*\, it would have remained unto this day.

RULE X.—Sentences, or members of sentences making **complete sense,** generally take the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. I'll try his might\: I'll brave his power\.
2. But thou art here\; thou fillest the solitude\.
3. There lies the land of song\; there lies the poet's land\.
4. You are prosperous\; you are happy\; you are grateful\.
5. The waters closed\, and, when I shrieked, I shrieked below the foam.

NOTE.—In reading these examples, do not let the falling inflection extend below the medium pitch, unless the word which receives it is strongly emphatic, or closes the sentence.

EXCEPTION 1.—If the last member of a sentence receives the falling inflection, the last but one, if not emphatic, may take the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed\; their welfare pleased him/, and their cares distress'd\.
2. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face\, reads it in his eyes/, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts\.

EXCEPTION 2.—Negative sentences often end with the rising inflection. See Exception and Note under Rule V.

EXCEPTION 3.—Antithetic sentences often close with the rising inflection. See Note under Rule VI.

SERIES.

A number of words or phrases following one another in the same sentence constitute what is called a **series.**

If a **series** consists of words, it is called a **simple series;** as, *Valor, humanity, courtesy, justice, and honor,* are his characteristics.

If a *series* consists of phrases, it is called a **compound series;** as, *Fire of imagination, strength of mind, and firmness of soul,* are gifts of nature.

When a series *commences* a sentence, it is called a **commencing series;** as, *War, famine, pestilence, volcano, storm,* and *fire,* besiege mankind.

When a series *concludes* a sentence, it is called a **concluding series;** as, Mankind are besieged by *war, famine, pestilence, volcano, storm,* and *fire.*

RULE XI.—If the members of **commencing series are not emphatic,** they all take the *rising* inflection; but if **emphatic,** they all take the *falling* inflection, except the *last,* which takes the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. But birds′, waves′, and zephyrs′ were quickly forgot.

2. Grand′, gloomy′, and peculiar′, he sat upon the throne a sceptered hermit‵.

3. Hags‵, goblins‵, demons‵, lemures′, have made me all aghast‵.

4. The present scene‵, the future lot‵, his toils‵, his wants′, were all forgot‵.

5. Our own selfishness‵, our own neglect‵, our own passions‵, and our own vices′, will furnish the elements of our destruction.

EXCEPTION.—If *very* emphatic, all the members may receive the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. My *heart*\, my *soul*\, my *sword*\, are thine forever\!
2. *Shriek*\, and *shout*\, and *battle-cry*\, are maddening in their rear\.

RULE XII.—If the members of a **concluding series are not emphatic,** they all take the rising inflection except the *last,* which takes the falling inflection; but **if emphatic,** they all take the *falling* inflection except the *last* but *one,* which takes the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. The dew is dried up′, the star is shot′, the flight is past′, the man forgot\.
2. Time taxes our health′, our limbs′, our faculties′, our strength′, and our features\.
3. She winks′, and giggles′, and simpers′, and simpers′, and giggles′, and winks\.
4. He sent them forth to burn\, plunder\, enslave\, and despoil′ the defenceless inhabitants\.
5. God was manifest in the flesh\, justified in the spirit\, seen of angels\, preached unto the Gentiles\, believed on in the world′, received up into glory\.
6. He was so young\, so intelligent\, so generous\, so brave\, so every thing′, that we are apt to like in a young man\.

EXCEPTION.—If *very* emphatic, all the members may receive the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. It is *higher*\, *purer*\, *nobler*\.
2. We may *die*\: die *colonists*\; die *slaves*\.
3. Thou art a *robber*\, a *law-breaker*\, a *villain*\.

RULE XIII.—Language of **scorn, irony, sarcasm,** and **contrast,** is uttered with the CIRCUMFLEX.

EXAMPLES.

1. Ask *him* for a favor! I scorn it.
2. They are not *fighting;* they are merely *pausing.*
3. Hamlet, you have your father much offended.
4. Madam, *yôû* have my father much offended.
5. Yet this is *Rôme,* that sat on her seven hills and from her throne of beauty ruled the *wôrld!* Yet *wĕ* are *Rômans!* Why, in that elder day to be a *Rŏman* was greater than a *king.*

RULE XIV.—**Grave, solemn,** and **sublime** language requires the use of the MONOTONE.

EXAMPLES.

1. Pāle-shēēted ghōsts, with gōry locks, upstārting frōm their tombs.
2. Alōft in āwful stāte, the gōdlīke hērō sāte on his impērial throne.
3. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker-Hill; and thēre thēy will remāin fōrēver.
4. Dēēpēst hōrrōr chīll'd hīs blōōd, thāt būrned befōre; cōld, clāmmy swēāts cāme ō'er him.

RULE XV.—The **parenthesis** must be read quicker and in a lower tone than the principal sentence, and must generally end with the same inflection that terminates the clause immediately preceding it.

EXAMPLES.

1. If there's a Power above us',
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works',) he must delight in virtue.

PITCH.

Pitch may be defined that tone which prevails in speaking or reading any sentence, paragraph, or discourse.

In every voice there are many pitches; but, for present purposes, it will only be necessary to notice five, which are as follows:—**very low pitch, low pitch, medium pitch, high pitch, very high pitch.**

Very low pitch is the lowest key on which pure tones can be produced; and is the appropriate pitch for language expressive of deep solemnity and awe.

Low pitch is about half-way between the very low and the medium pitch; and is used for expressing solemn and sublime thoughts.

Medium pitch is that used in ordinary conversation; and is a suitable pitch for calm reasoning, and simple narration, and description.

High pitch is about half-way between medium and very high pitch; and may be correctly used in spirited declamation, and in expressing lively and joyous emotions.

Very high pitch is the highest key used in speaking and reading; and is the pitch which is employed in calling, in giving commands, and in expressing strong emotions.

DIRECTIONS FOR EXERCISE ON PITCH.

Select a line and utter it successively on each pitch, beginning at the lowest and proceeding to the highest, and then beginning

at the highest and proceeding to the lowest. When this can be well done, choose appropriate passages for each pitch, and deliver them in the same manner.

EXAMPLES.

Very Low Pitch.

1. Oh, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome!

Low Pitch.

Oh, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome!

Medium Pitch.

Oh, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome!

High Pitch.

Oh, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome!

Very High Pitch.

Oh, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome!

Very Low Pitch.

2. There was silence; and I heard a voice:—"Shall mortal man be more just than God?"

Low Pitch.

Eternity, thou pleasing, dreadful thought.

Medium Pitch.

How peaceful the grave! its quiet how deep!

High Pitch.

Ye guards of liberty! I am with you once again.

Very High Pitch.

Up drawbridge, grooms! what! warder, ho!

NOTE.—If it is too difficult to repeat the whole line in the first example, a part may be taken: for instance, "Oh" may be uttered in each pitch, and then "Oh, you hard hearts," and finally the whole line.

FORCE.

Force is that stress of voice applied to phrases and sentences, which distinguishes them from other phrases and sentences in the same paragraph or discourse.

Force is susceptible of numerous divisions; but, for elocutionary purposes, it will be sufficiently accurate to make only five; which are **suppressed force, softened force, medium force, energetic force,** and **very energetic force.**

Suppressed force is the lowest degree of stress or loudness; and is used to express fear, caution, and secrecy.

Softened force is the ordinary loudness of the voice somewhat subdued; and is appropriately employed in language of solemnity and tenderness.

Medium force is that which is used in common conversation, and in reading narrative and descriptive pieces which are not particularly animated.

Energetic force is the medium loudness of the voice considerably increased; and is the appropriate force for earnest declamation, for animated narration and description, and for language expressive of lively and joyous emotions.

Very energetic force is the greatest power or loudness of the voice; and is used in calling and in giving commands.

DIRECTIONS FOR EXERCISE ON FORCE.

Repeat the example in every degree of force, proceeding from the least to the greatest, and then from the greatest back to the

least. Any pitch may be selected for this purpose; but, probably, the medium will be the best to begin with. In practicing these examples, the pupil must be careful not to change the pitch, as he will be very likely to do, especially in illustrating the greater degrees of force.

EXAMPLES.

Suppressed Force.

1. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!

Softened Force.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!

Medium Force.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!

Energetic Force.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!

Very Energetic Force.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!

Suppressed Force.

2. *Adah.* Hush! tread softly, Cain.
Cain. I will: but wherefore?
Adah. Our little Enoch sleeps upon yon bed
Of leaves, beneath the cypress.

Softened Force.

Softly, peacefully,
Lay her to rest;
Place the turf lightly
On her young breast.

Medium Force.

Through woods and mountain-passes
The winds like anthems roll.

Energetic Force.

The battle is not to the strong alone;
It is to the vigilant, the active, the brave.

Very Energetic Force.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?

RATE.

Rate has reference to the rapidity or slowness of utterance.

It may be divided into **very slow rate, slow rate, medium rate, rapid rate,** and **very rapid rate.**

Very slow rate is appropriately used in expressing awe, deep solemnity, and profound reverence.

Slow rate is the proper movement for language expressive of grief, dignity, gravity, and sublimity.

Medium rate is that which is employed in unimpassioned narration and description.

Rapid rate is appropriate in earnest declamation and eager argument, and in the expression of gay, sprightly, and joyful emotions.

Very rapid rate is that which is employed in uttering language expressive of rage, sudden fear, haste, and tumult.

DIRECTIONS FOR EXERCISE ON RATE.

Select a line, and deliver it successively in every degree of rate, observing the same order in the repetitions as in the exercises on pitch and force. In practicing on the least degree,

do not let the utterance be too much prolonged; but let it be so regulated that there will be no difficulty in making three distinct degrees of movement between *very slow rate* and *very rapid rate.* This exercise should be practiced upon every pitch and with every degree of force.

EXAMPLES.

Very Slow Rate.

1. Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

Slow Rate.

Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

Medium Rate.

Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

Rapid Rate.

Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

Very Rapid Rate.

Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

Very Slow Rate.

2. Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds.

Slow Rate.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.

Medium Rate.

I marked the spring as she passed along,
With her eye of light and her lip of song.

Rapid Rate.

I come, I come! ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountain with light and song.

Very Rapid Rate.

To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!

QUALITY OF VOICE.

Under this head will be considered the kinds of voice which are generally employed in reading and speaking. They are the **pure voice**, the **orotund**, the **aspirated**, the **guttural**, and the **tremor**.

The **pure voice** is distinguished for the clearness and smoothness of its tones; and is appropriately used in **ordinary declamation**, in **calm reasoning**, in **common** and **didactic discourse**, in reading **simple narration** or **description**, and in uttering language denoting **joy, cheerfulness, sorrow**, and other **gentle emotions**.

Let appropriate passages be selected and delivered with special reference to the cultivation of a pure voice. In such practice, let no harsh, nasal, or other impure qualities be heard, but let the sounds come forth, clear, smooth, and perfect.

EXAMPLE.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

The **orotund** voice is smooth, clear, full, deep, round, strong, and musical; and may be effectively employed in earnest declamation, and in expressing sentiments of **sublimity, grandeur, dignity, solemnity**, and **reverence**.

The orotund possesses all the qualities of the pure voice intensified, and is a powerful auxiliary in almost every description of public speaking. It is rarely a gift of nature; and he who

would possess it must generally acquire it by practice. It therefore seems necessary to adopt such a course of exercises in our primary instruction as will be most likely to develop this kind of voice. Dr. Rush, an eminent writer on the human voice, recommends continued practice on the vocals as one of the best preliminary steps to secure this desirable result; and experience confirms the wisdom of his recommendation. Exercises on vocals, however, need not be introduced in this place, for they occur on preceding pages, under the head of articulation. When the following example can be read in the orotund voice, let other appropriate pieces be selected and read in the same manner.

EXAMPLE.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave; but thou thyself movest alone.

The **aspirated** voice consists of forcibly-emitted breath, united with a slight portion of pure tone, and is used to express **horror, terror, wonder, amazement, fear,** and **rage.**

EXAMPLE.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me! Art thou any thing?

The **guttural** is formed in the throat, and consists of a harsh sound united with aspiration. It is used to express **reproach, malice, hatred, scorn-contempt,** and **loathing.**

EXAMPLE.

Thou worm! thou viper! to thy native earth
Return! Away! Thou art too base for man
To tread upon! Thou scum! Thou reptile!

The **tremor** is a tremulous movement of the voice, and may be divided into the **joyous tremor** and the **plaintive tremor:** the former may be used to express **mirth** and **excessive joy,** and the latter to express **sorrow, lamentation, tenderness, pity,** and **earnest supplication.** This tremulous movement of the voice is heard in crying and laughing. In the former the voice moves through semitones, which produces the plaintive tremor; in the latter it moves through whole tones, producing the joyous tremor. When the plaintive tremor is governed by taste, it becomes an expressive element in speech.

EXAMPLES OF JOYOUS TREMOR.

1. Onward! onward to the sea!
Oh, the ocean wild for me!

2. Joy, joy forever! my task is done!—
The gates are pass'd, and heaven is won!
Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am!

EXAMPLE OF PLAINTIVE TREMOR.

Cold is thy brow, my son; and I am chill
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet "my father" from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

OSGOOD'S

AMERICAN

FIFTH READER.

LESSON I.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

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EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Strāit′-en-ed, *distressed; perplexed.*
4. Re-cōv′-er, *get again.*
5. Lĕp′-ro-sy, *a loathsome disease of the skin.*
5. Lĕp′-er, *one infected with leprosy.*
7. Próv′-i-dençe, *care; design.*
7. Chànçe, *accident; absence of design.*
9. Pro-nounç′-ed, *declared.*
11. Bär′-red, *obstructed.*
12. Hĭnġ′-ed, *depended; turned.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

Glou′-ces-ter, (glŏs′-ter;) hĭng′-ed, (hĭnjd;) chànçe.

KINDNESS REWARDED.

1. THE son of a widow in straitened circumstances was on his last journey to Oxford. His mother had made a great and last effort′, as she hoped it might be′, to raise the money to enable him to take his degree.

2. The coach was within two stages of Oxford′, when a little before it reached the inn where they stopped′ the young student missed the bank-note which his mother had given him.

3. He had been a good and faithful son\; and such a sickness of heart as he felt at that moment some can imagine. He tried to recollect whether he had taken out his purse′, and remembered that he had done so a few miles back\.

4. Almost without hope′, and yet feeling it to be his duty to try and recover the large sum that he had lost′, he told the coachman to let his luggage be sent on as directed′, and walked back toward the place where he thought it possible that he might have dropped the note\.

5. He had gone about three miles when there met him′, working his way slowly and wearily along, a poor creature whose appearance at once arrested his attention\. He had often read of leprosy′, but had never seen a leper\: this poor man was one.

6. Shall he stop to speak to him′? If the lost note be on the road\, some passenger may see and take it up′, and he may lose it\. What shall he do if it be lost\? What can his dear mother do\? He well knows her will, but he knows she is without the power to help him any more.

7. Yet here is a fellow-creature whom God's providence, as he thinks—chance, as some would say—has thrown in his way. He may not be able to do anything for him′; still, he may\. At all events, a kind word is something; it may cheer and comfort him.

8. The widow's son was a believer in the true God, and he felt that it was his present duty to stop and speak to this suffering man. He asked him whence he came′, and whither he was going\.

9. He was on his way from Gloucester′, where he had been pronounced incurable\; and he was going on to Oxford′, where he thought he might possibly get some help\. The young man remembered at the instant that there was

living in Oxford a gentleman′, whose residence in the East had brought him into contact with this particular disease‵; and who′, if any one could′, would be able to prescribe for the sufferer‵.

10. He knew′, moreover′, that this gentleman′, like so many in his noble profession′, was as ready to help the poor as he was able‵. He said, "I will give you a line to a gentleman in Oxford; and I am sure he will do all he can for you."

11. He put his hand into his pocket′, to try and find a piece of paper on which he might write the note′, but not a morsel could he find‵. He felt deeply disappointed‵: that way of help was barred‵. The poor leper suddenly stooped′, picked up from the road a piece of paper′, and asked if he could not write on that‵.

12. It was the lost note′, given into his own hand by the very man toward whom he was endeavoring to do what he felt to be his present duty‵. The recovery of that large sum hinged′, in God's providence′, perhaps entirely on that act of unselfish and self-restraining love‵. God made the leper pay that young Christian on the spot for what he did in faith and love.

LESSON II.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

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EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1 Com-mănd′, *control; possess.*
1. Re pĕnt′-ançe, *sorrow for what one has done or omitted to do.*
1. Phăn′-tom, *appearance; specter.*
2. Ac-eŏm′-plish-ed, *completed.*
3. Fōre-tĕll′, *tell beforehand.*

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

1. Don'T tell me of *to-morrow*‵!
Give me the man who'll say′

That′, when a good deed's to be done′,
" Let's do the deed *to-day*'.
We may all command the present′,
If we act and never wait',
But repentance is the phantom
Of a past that comes too late'!

2. Don't tell me of to-morrow'!
There is much to do to-day′,
That can never be accomplished′,
If we throw the hours away'.
Every moment has its duty';
Who the future can foretell'?
Then′, why put off till *to-morrow*′,
What *to-day* can do as well'?

3. Don't tell me of to-morrow'!
If we look upon the past′,
How much that we have left to do
We cannot do at last'!
To-day'! it is the only time
For all on this frail earth';
It takes an *age* to form a life′,
A *moment* gives it birth'!

LESSON III.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

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EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Con dĕmn′-ed, *sentenced; doomed*
1. Ex-e-cū′-tion, *punishment by death.*
2. Sụre′-ty, *substitute.*
13. Sỹm′-pa-thy, *pity.*
17. Dịs-hŏn′-or, *shame; disgrace.*
18. Sŭb′-sti-tūte, *one who takes the place of another.*
25. Pa-shạ′, *a Turkish governor or commander.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

loos′-ed, (lo̱st;) dis-hon′-or, (dĭz-ŏn′-ur;) sure′ty, (shu̱r′ty;) con-demn′-ed, (kon-dĕmd′;) pa-sha′, (pa-sha̱′;) mos′-lem, (mŏz′lem.)

THE GENEROUS TURK.

1. A CRIMINAL at Damascus was condemned to death, and was led to the place of execution to undergo the sentence of the law. With death so near, the sad and painful thought oppressed his soul′, that since his condemnation he had not once seen his wife and children′, and had not been able to take leave of them'.

2. Then lifting up his hands, he exclaimed′, "Oh, is there not among the many who stand here one generous heart′, who will be surety for me′, so that I may go and see my wife and children once more before I die′?"

3. The cart upon which the criminal sat stopped'; and there was solemn silence among the multitude of people which had assembled'. The imploring′, earnest cry of the unhappy man had struck many'. The hearts of all were deeply affected by it.

4. Suddenly a Turk of noble birth stepped from out of the crowd′, and inquired of the criminal′, "Where is your family'?"

5. "In the eastern part of the city'," he replied.

6. "How much time do you think you will require to see your family once more'?" asked the Turk, further.

7. "An hour," replied the condemned, "at the longest."

8. "And you will return here again in an hour′?"

9. "Yes, I will," exclaimed the criminal.

10. "And you′," said the Turk′, now turning to the executioner′, "will wait an hour for the execution′?"

11. "I am allowed to do so'," answered he. "But′," he added, in a decided tone′, "reflect well on what you are about to do'. If he does not return′, I must strike off your head instead of his'."

12. "I trust him'," said the noble Turk'. "Set him

free′, and bind me‵. I am content that it should be to me as you have said."

13. Amazed′, and yet with sympathy′, the crowd gazed at him who had shown such generosity‵. The criminal's chains were loosened′, and fastened on the Turk‵. The criminal was soon out of sight. The bystanders now were full of anxiety and fear, which became more and more intense as the hour slipped away.

14. "Will he keep his word′?" some whispered. Others prayed to God for the innocent man, whose head must fall if the criminal prove faithless.

15. The condemned man ran swiftly to his family. Once more weeping he pressed his wife and children to his breast; then he tore himself from them′, and hastened back to the place where the procession had halted and waited for him‵.

16. But on the way evil thoughts came into his mind. Should he not save his life and flee into the mountains′? He stood still for a while′, but then his better feelings gained the mastery‵. "He has taken my place′, relying on my truth‵! No‵!" he exclaimed; "he has shown such noble generosity′, I dare not be faithless to him‵."

17. The taking leave of his family had been very hard and sad to him′, and had kept him longer time than he had intended‵; and this hesitation′, too′, during the struggle between truth and dishonor in his heart′, had taken up a few of the precious minutes‵.

18. "The hour is gone‵," said the stern executioner to the noble substitute. "You have made yourself the surety for an unworthy man′, and you must die in his place‵!"

19. The procession now moved slowly on to the place of execution amid the weeping and lamentation of the crowd‵. Even the executioner was inwardly moved to mercy, but the judgment had been pronounced‵; the order had been given to him′; he dared not set the prisoner free‵.

20. More slowly than at other times the procession moved on to the place of execution. Many eyes′, indeed′, were

often anxiously turned back, but he whom they expected came not. The hope of the deliverance of the innocent man′, who had trusted to the honor and truth of the criminal′, gradually faded away‵.

21. And now they had come to the place of execution. The noble-hearted surety was being stripped to the waist‵; his neck was already laid bare′, when a piercing shriek was heard in the distance‵. "Stop‵! stop‵!" cried the people, and the executioner let the sword sink back into its scabbard.

22. "Yes‵, it is he‵! it is he‵!" cried the people, with joy. The condemned man rushed breathless into the midst of the crowd.

23. "Set him free‵!" he cried, when still far off; "here am I‵! Execute me‵!"

24. But the executioner was as deeply affected as the multitude which surrounded him. He loosed the bonds of the noble Turk′, at whose feet the condemned man threw himself′, and thanked him for his generosity‵. The executioner′, however′, did not bind the criminal′, but said′, "Follow me to the pasha‵."

25. And he followed him, and the crowd also followed him to the pasha, to whom the executioner related all that had happened.

26. The pasha turned to the condemned man, and said, "Speak‵! why did you not use the chance which you had to set yourself free‵?"

27. The criminal threw himself down before the pasha′, and confessed that he had hesitated‵—that he had struggled with himself‵. "But′," cried he, "I could not, and dared not repay the generosity of this noble man with such base ingratitude′, and thus rob all Moslems of their trust in truth and honor‵."

28. "You have spoken as bravely as you have acted," said the pasha, "and now I′, too′, will show generosity‵. Go home‵; you are free‵; your crime is pardoned‵."

29. This story of a Mohammedan Turk′, showing such

noble and loving generosity′, is related by a truth-loving man who was on the spot at the time.

LESSON IV.

Exercise in Articulation.

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Exercise in Spelling and Defining.

2. Dĭsk, *a flat, circular plate.*
2. Glō′-ry, *brightness; splendor.*
2. Chās′-ten-ed, *softened.*
3. Glō′-ri-fi-ed, *made bright, splendid or radiant.*
4. Flĕck′-ed, *spotted; dappled.*
7. Sphēre, *globe; ball.*
8. Wāin, *wagon.*
9. Rā′-di-ançe, *splendor; brilliancy.*
10. Lăps′-ed, *glided; slipped.*
11. Glĭm′-mer-ing, *shining faintly.*
13. Quāint, *odd; old.*

Exercise in Pronunciation.

pump′-kin; chas-ten-ed, (chā′snd;) laps′-ed, (lăpst;) bright′-en-ing, (brīt′-ning.)

THE HUSKERS.

1. It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain
   Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with grass again;
   The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay
   With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow-flowers of May.

2. Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun rose broad and red;
   At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he sped;

Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and subdued,
On the corn-fields and the orchards, and softly-pictured wood.

3. And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light;
Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified the hill;
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still.

4. And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed, they knew not why;
And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers, beside the meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.

5. From spire and barn, looked westerly the patient
weather-cocks;
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as rocks.
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's
dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as
they fell.

6. The summer grains were harvested; the stubble-fields
lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale-
green waves of rye;
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with
wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop
stood.

7. Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks
that, dry and sere,
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow
ear;

Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

8. There wrought the busy harvesters; and many a creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk and grain;

Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank down, at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.

9. And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all a-fire beyond,
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one.

10. As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away,
And deeper in the bright'ning moon the tranquil shadows lay;
From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet without name,
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry huskers came.

11. Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow,
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below;

The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

12. Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,
Talking their old times over, the old men sat apart;

While up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade,
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children played.

13. Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young and fair,
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of soft brown hair,

The master of the village school, sleek of hair and
smooth of tongue,
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking-ballad
sung.

LESSON V.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

ōld	dọ	ŏn
ō	ọ	ò

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Vĕrġe, *point; border.*
1. De-pärt′-ūre, *passing away.*
2. Yēarn′-ings, *strong emotions of tenderness or pity.*
3. Bûr′-nish-ed, *glossy.*
3. Trĕs′-ses, *ringlets.*
3. Cär′-mīne, *bright red.*
3. Tĭnt′-ed, *tinged; slightly colored.*
4. Pŏn′-der-oŭs, *very heavy.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

carmine, (kär′-mīne.) depart′-ure, (de-pärt′-yur;) i′-ron, (ī′-urn.)

THE DYING CHILD.

1. THERE was sorrow there′, and tears were in every eye'; and there were low′, half-suppressed sobbings heard from every corner of the room′; but the little sufferer was still'. Its young spirit was just on the verge of departure.

2. The mother was bending over it in all the speechless yearnings of parental love′, with one hand under its pillow, and with the other unconsciously drawing the little dying girl closer and closer to her bosom'.

3. Poor thing'! in the bright and dewy morning it had followed out behind its father into the field; and, while he was there engaged in his labor, it had pattered around among the meadow flowers′, and had stuck its bosom full′,

and all its burnished tresses′, with carmine and lily-tinted things\.

4. And′ returning, tired, to its father's side′, he had lifted it upon the loaded cart\; but a stone in the road had shaken it from its seat′, and the ponderous, iron-rimmed wheel had ground it down into the very cart-path\; and the little crushed creature was dying\.

5. We had all gathered up closely to its bedside′, and were hanging over the young′, bruised thing, to see if it yet breathed′, when a slight movement came over its lips′ and its eyes partly opened\. There was no voice′, but there was something beneath its eyelids which a mother alone could interpret\.

6. Its lips trembled again′, and we all held our breath\; its eyes opened a little farther′, and then we heard the departing spirit whisper in that ear which touched those ashy lips′, "Mother′! mother\! don't let them carry me away down to the dark′, cold graveyard′, but bury me in the garden\—in the garden\, mother′."

7. A little sister′, whose eyes were raining down with the meltings of her heart, had crept up to the bedside′, and′ taking the hand of the dying girl′, sobbed aloud in her ears′, "Julia′! Julia\! can't you speak to me′?"

8. The last pulsation of expiring nature struggled hard to enable that little spirit to utter one more wish and word of its affection. Its soul was on its lips′, as it whispered again′, "Bury me in the garden\, mother′; bury me in the′—" and a quivering came over its limbs\; one feeble struggle′, and all was still\

LESSON VI.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

mūte	ŭp	fu̇ll
ū	ŭ	u̇

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Quĕr′-u̱-loŭs, *complaining.*
1. Sŭn′-ny, *cheerful.*
2. Rĭft′-ed, *split; rent.*
4. Mi-nūte′, *slender; slight.*
4. Snăp, *break.*
4. A-sŭn′-der, *apart.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

ne'er, (nâr;) mi-nute′, (mi nūt′;) quer′-u-lous, (kwĕr′-u̱-lŭs.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

1. THERE is many a rose in the road of life′,
If we would but stop to take it‘;
And many a tone from the better land′,
If the querulous heart would make it‘.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope′,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth′,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright′
Though the winter storm prevaileth‘.

2. Better to hope′, though clouds hang low‘,
And to keep the eyes still lifted,
For the sweet blue sky will still peep through′,
When the ominous clouds are rifted‘.
There never was a night without a day′,
Or an evening without a morning‘;
And the darkest hour′—so the proverb goes′—
Is the hour before the dawning‘.

3. There is many a gem in the path of life′,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure′,
That is richer than the jeweled crown′,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure‘;
It may be the love of a little child‘,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven‘,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks′
For a cup of water given‘.

4. Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling';
And do God's work with a ready heart',
And hands that are prompt and willing',
Than to snap the delicate,' minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder',
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder'.

LESSON VII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

ûrge	**oil**	**out**
û	**oi**	**ou**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Pro-mís'-cu-oŭs, *confused.*
2. Prĭm'-i-tĭve, *original.*
8. Pro-jĕct'-ed, *extended.*
10. Re-vīle', *treat as common.*
10. Rĭd'-i-cūle, *make sport of.*
10. Ĕc'-sta-sy, *excessive joy.*
13. Cŏûrt'-e-sy, *politeness.*
11. Căt'-a-pŭlt, *an engine used by the ancient Greeks and Romans to throw stones, arrows, etc.*
13. Ăr'-dent-ly, *affectionately.*
13. Dis-ĭn'-ter-est-ed-ly, *unselfishly.*
14. Ec stăt'-ic, *very delightful.*
14. Ū-ni-vĕr'-sal, *general.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

staves, (stāvz;) fast'-en-ed, (făs'-nd;) court'e-sy, (kûrt-e-sy hal-loo'-ing, (hăl-lo͝o'-ing.)

COASTING.

1. How long is it since you had a sled'? Did you ever have one'? Perhaps you were brought up where there is no snow'. If so', I pity you'. No one can be a perfect man', rounded out into perfection on every side', who has not had chilblains', had his face rubbed with snow', been snow-

balled'; and who has not been upset on an icy hill and rolled over', sled and boy in one promiscuous heap'.

2. Perhaps no improvement will ever enable a sled to give more pleasure than the rude rattletraps that country boys make for themselves. This was the most primitive form of our recollection; two staves of a barrel fastened together with a cleat at each end, the board at one end being wide enough to furnish a point of contact for the owner.

3. These required some skill in management'; yet', as they could be made in ten minutes', a whole school', upon a sudden snow', could be started down hill in an hour or two', with such laughing', screaming', and hallooing as would wake the seven sleepers'.

4. Next in rank were the board runners', shaped out of solid plank', and floored over strongly'. Coarse', ungainly and heavy as they were', some great sliding has been done on them'. It is not the handsomest horse', or sled', or boy', that gets along the best', is it'?

5. Then came to our admiring eyes the framed sleds, with open sides, fine runners well shod with steel, and at length iron framed underpinning all through. To all this', in modern days', were added a blaze of paint', and names as lofty as the stars'.

6. We admit that great improvements are made in beauty', and in convenience'; but is any better sliding done on these superfine sleds than used to be' and still is done on the old', rude', heavy', homely sleds of country make'?

7. Of all positions', the worst', the most inexcusable', is when one lies down upon his sled', with head to the front', steering with his toes'. The position is ungainly'; the head thrust forward and exposed to danger', and in case of need', the body is in a helpless position'.

8. Next is the side saddle posture', or when the boy sits curled up upon the rear of the sled', with one leg under him', and the other projected backward for a rudder'.

9. The upright posture', with legs extended over the

sides′, or carried forward between′, and even in front of the runners′, is the true position for a bold boy of the sled‵. He has the use of his whole body′, and the perfect control of his sled‵; and′, if he comes to harm′, it must be put down to that large account of profit and loss which every spirited boy runs up‵.

10. Let no man revile the joys of ice-clad hills′, or ridicule the task of tugging a heavy sled up the hill for the sake of rushing down again‵! Ah, yes; but that downward rush is ecstasy!

11. Clear the coast‵! Here goes‵! Right behind is a rival sled! Away we go‵, every yard quickening the gait‵! We come to the jumpers′, and flying through the air as if shot from a catapult′, and striking down again with a jar that makes the sled creak‵.

12. Clear the coast‵! Here we come‵! The boys draw aside. Neck and neck we go‵! *glorious*‵! GLORIOUS‵! There is a sturdy old farmer who could never find out what boys were made for. He won't get out of the way—not he. He shakes his cane as a warning! Too late; we strike him just above the ankles, and he goes over our head like a shadow′, but we hear him come down like a substance‵! In a second we are away′, and out of reach and hearing‵. Of course′ there is a fuss‵, and we are called up‵, and the master talks to us′, and we say we are sorry, and that is the end of it.

13. Then who will forget when our pretty cousin wanted to take a cruise on our sled? And how our sisters, too, were the guests of proudly polite boys, and how the courtesy of the hillside was shown to the girls as ardently and disinterestedly as ever it could be in after life on more important occasions?

14. Perhaps the teacher was willing to show his condescension and take passage on a double sled. Great was the hurrah raised for him, and ecstatic the yell universal, when, by a dexterous turn at the bottom of the hill, the sled went

out from under him, and he made the few remaining yards of distance without help, and turned up quite like a heap of snow.

LESSON VIII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

bĭd	**bĭd**	**gāy**	**j**oy
b	**d**	**g**	**j**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Twāin, *two.*
2. Lānd′-scape, *a portion of land which the eye can take in at one view.*
2. Hĭr′-bors, *entertains as a guest.*
2. Fŭs′-tian, *coarse cotton cloth.*
3. Grānd′-eūr, *splendor of appearance.*
4. Ăn′-them, *divine song.*
4. Stāte, *condition.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

fresh′-en-ing, (frĕsh′-ning;) fus′-tian, (fŭst′-yan;) ne'er, (nâr;) grand′-eur, (grănd′-yur.)

CLEON AND I.

1. *Cleon* hath a *million* acres—
Ne'er a *one* have *I′*;
Cleon dwelleth in a *palace*—
In a *cottage, I.*
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes\—
Not a penny, I′;
But the poorer of the twain is
Cleon\, and not *I′.*

2. *Cleon*\, true′, possesseth *acres′*—
But the *landscape, I;*
Half the charms to me it yieldeth
Money cannot buy;
Cleon harbors *sloth* and *dullness,*
Freshening vigor, I;

He in *velvet'*, *I* in *fustian*,—
Richer man am I.

3. Cleon is a slave to grandeur—
Free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a *score* of doctors,—
Need of *none* have *I;*
Wealth-surrounded', care-environed',
Cleon fears to die';
Death may come': he'll find me ready':
Happier man am I.

4. *Cleon* sees no charm in *nature*,—
In a *daisy*, *I;*
Cleon hears no anthem singing
In the sea and sky';
Nature sings to me forever',—
Earnest listener', I';
State for state', with all attendants',
Who would change'?—Not I'.

LESSON IX.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

lăd	măn	nō	rŭn
l	m	n	r

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

3. Con-tĭn'-gen-çies, *accidents; events which may occur.*
3. Rat-i-fi-eā'-tion, *the act of approving something done by another.*
7. Pĭc-tūr-ĕsque', *fitted to form a pleasing picture.*
9. Flā'-vor, *taste.*
12. Ex-tĭn'-guish-ed, *put out.*
14. Rĭg'-id, *stiff.*
15. Bär'-ri-ers, *bars.*
16. Hĭd'-e-oŭs, *frightful; horrid.*
20. Ex-pŏst'-ū-lāte, *remonstrate; urge reasons against any course.*

Exercise in Pronunciation.

ap-pa-rā′-tus; pict-ur-esque′, (pĭkt-yur-ĕsk′;)
ex-tin′-guish-ed, (eks-tĭng′-gwisht;) ex-post′-u-late, (eks-pŏst′-yu-lāt.)

THE DUMB-WAITER.

1. We have put a dumb-waiter in our house. A dumb-waiter is a good thing to have in the country, on account of its convenience.

2. If you have company, everything can be sent up from the kitchen without any trouble, and if the baby gets to be unbearable, on account of his teeth, you can dismiss the complainant by stuffing him in one of the shelves, and letting him down upon the help.

3. To provide for contingencies, we had all our floors deafened. In consequence you cannot hear anything that is going on in the story below; and, when you are in an upper room of the house, there might be a political ratification-meeting in the cellar, and you would not know it.

4. Therefore, if any one should break into the basement, it would not disturb us; but, to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass, I put stout iron bars in all the lower windows. Besides, Mrs. Sparrowgrass had bought a rattle when she was in Philadelphia; such a rattle as watchmen carry there.

5. This is to alarm our neighbor, who, upon the signal, is to come to the rescue with his revolver. He is a rash man, prone to pull the trigger first, and make inquiries afterward.

6. One evening Mrs. S. had retired, and I was busy writing, when it struck me a glass of ice-water would be palatable. So I took the candle and a pitcher, and went down to the pump.

7. Our pump is in the kitchen. A country pump, in the kitchen, is more convenient; but a well with buckets is certainly more picturesque. Unfortunately our well-water has not been sweet since the well was cleaned out.

8. First I had to open a bolted door that lets you into the

basement-hall, and then I went to the kitchen door, which proved to be locked. Then I remembered that our girl always carried the key to bed with her, and slept with it under her pillow.

9. Then I retraced my steps, bolted the basement door, and went up into the dining-room. As is always the case, I found, when I could not get any water, I was thirstier than I supposed I was.

10. Then I thought I would wake our girl up. Then I concluded not do it. Then I thought of the well, but I gave that up on account of its flavor.

11. Then I opened the closet doors,—there was no water there; and then I thought of the dumb-waiter! The novelty of the idea made me smile; I took out two of the

movable shelves, stood the pitcher on the bottom of the dumb-waiter, got in myself with the lamp, let myself down, until I supposed I was within a foot of the floor below, and then let go!

12. We came down so suddenly that I was shot out of the apparatus as if it had been a catapult; it broke the pitcher, extinguished the lamp, and landed me in the middle of the kitchen at midnight, with no fire, and the air not much above the zero point.

13. The truth is, I had miscalculated the distance of the descent,—instead of falling one foot, I had fallen five. My first impulse was to ascend by the way I came down, but I found that impracticable. Then I tried the kitchen door; it was locked. I tried to force it open; it was made of two-inch stuff and held its own.

14. Then I hoisted a window, and there were the rigid iron bars. If I ever felt angry at any body it was at myself, for putting up those bars to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass. I put them up, not to keep people in, but to keep people out.

15. I laid my cheek against the ice-cold barriers and looked out at the sky; not a star was visible; it was as black as ink overhead. Then I thought of Baron Trenck, and the prisoner of Chillon. Then I made a noise!

16. I shouted until I was hoarse, and ruined our preserving-kettle with the poker. That brought our dogs out in full bark, and between us we made night hideous.

17. Then I thought I heard a voice, and listened,—it was Mrs. Sparrowgrass calling to me from the top of the staircase. I tried to make her hear me, but the dogs united with howl, and growl, and bark, so as to drown my voice, which is naturally plaintive and tender.

18. Besides, there were two bolted doors and double deafened floors between us; how could she recognize my voice, even if she did hear it? Mrs. Sparrowgrass called once or twice, and then got frightened; the next thing I

heard was a sound as if the roof had fallen in, by which I understood that Mrs. Sparrowgrass was springing the rattle!

19. That called out our neighbor, already wide awake; he came to the rescue with a bull-terrier, a Newfoundland pup, a lantern, and a revolver. The moment he saw me at the window he shot at me, but fortunately just missed me.

20. I threw myself under the kitchen table, and ventured to expostulate with him, but he would not listen to reason. In the excitement I had forgotten his name, and that made matters worse.

21. It was not until he had roused up everybody around, broken in the basement door with an axe, gotten into the kitchen with his savage dogs and shooting-iron, and seized me by the collar, that he recognized me,—and then he wanted me to explain it!

22. But what kind of an explanation could I make to him? I told him he would have to wait until my mind was composed, and then I would let him understand the whole matter fully.

23. But he never would have had the particulars from me; for I do not approve of neighbors that shoot at you, break in your door, and treat you, in your own house, as if you were a jail-bird. He knows all about it, however,—somebody has told him,—*somebody* tells everybody everything in our village.

LESSON X.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

văn	**w**ē	**y**ĕs	**z**ōne
v	**w**	**y**	**z**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Trĕas′-ūr-ed, *carefully preserved.*
1. Sāint′-ed, *sacred.*
1. Be-dew′-ed, *moistened.*
2. Hăl′-lōw-ed, *reverenced.*
2. Crēed, *belief.*
4. Thrŏb′-bing, *beating with unusual force.*
4. Lā-vȧ, *overwhelming.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

be-dew′-ed, (be-dūd′;) lā′-vȧ; hal′-low-ed, (hăl′-lōd;) treas′-ur-ed, (trĕz′yu̇rd.)

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

1. I LOVE it'! I love it'! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair'?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize';
I've bedew'd it with tears′, and embalm'd it with sighs';
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart';
Not a tie will break′, not a link will start'.

Would you learn the spell'?—A mother sat there';
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

2. In childhood's hour I linger'd near
The hallow'd seat', with listening ear';
And gentle words that mother would give',
To fit me to die', and teach me to live':
She told me shame would never betide
With truth for my creed', and God for my guide';
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

3. I sat and watched her many a day',
When her eye grew dim', and her locks were gray';
And I almost worshiped her', when she smiled',
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child'.
Years roll'd on', but the last one sped';
My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled';
I learnt how much the heart can bear',
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair'.

4. 'Tis past'! 'tis past'! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow':
'Twas there she nursed me', 'twas there she died',
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly', and deem me weak',
While the scalding drops start down my cheek';
But I love it'! I love it'! and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

LESSON XI.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

ăzure	**th**y	sŏ**ng**
zh	**th**	**ng**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. In-tĕnse′-ly, *exceedingly.*
8. Vĭg′-i-lant, *watchful.*
9. De-tĕct′-ed, *discovered.*
12. Lōe′-ward, *that place toward which the wind blows.*
18. In-crĕd′-i-bly, *surprisingly.*
18. Cŭt′-ter, *small boat.*
18. Åft, *near the stern of a vessel.*
18. Tĭl′-ler, *the lever by which the rudder of a boat or ship is turned.*
26. Ġĕn′-er-at-ed, *produced.*
32. Lĕth′-ar-gy, *morbid drowsiness.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

åft; launch′-ed, (länchť;) fort′-night, (fôrt′nīt;) Guern′-sey, (ġĕrn′-ze.)

THE RESCUE.

1. IT was in the month of February, 1831, a bright moonlight night′, and intensely cold′, that the little brig I commanded lay quietly at her anchors inside of the Hook‵.

2. We had a hard time of it, beating about for eleven days off this coast′, with cutting north-easters blowing′, and snow and sleet falling for the most part of the time‵. Forward the vessel was thickly coated with ice, and it was hard work to handle her, as the rigging and sail were stiff, and yielded only when the strength of the men was exerted to the utmost. When at length we made the port′, all hands were worn down and exhausted′, and we could not have held out two days longer without relief.

3. "A bitter cold night‵, Mr. Larkin′," I said to my mate′, as I tarried for a moment on deck to finish my cigar.

4. The worthy down-easter buttoned his coat more tightly around him‵, looked up to the moon′, and felt his red nose before he replied‵.

5. "It's a whistler‵, captain′, as we used to say on the Kennebec. Nothing lives comfortably out of blankets in such a night as this."

6. "The tide is running out swift and strong; it will be well to keep a sharp lookout for this floating ice, Mr. Larkin."

7. "Ay', ay', sir'," responded the mate', and I went below'.

8. Two hours afterward I was aroused from a sound sleep by the vigilant officer.

9. "Excuse me for disturbing you', captain'," said he', as he detected an expression of vexation on my face'; "but I wish you would turn out, and come on deck as soon as possible."

10. "Why—what's the matter'? Mr. Larkin'."

11. "Why, sir, I have been watching a cake of ice that swept by at a little distance, a moment ago; I saw something black upon it—something that I thought moved. The moon is under a cloud, and I could not see distinctly; but I do believe there's a child floating out to sea, in this freezing night, on that cake of ice."

12. We were on deck before either spoke another word. The mate pointed out', with no little difficulty', the cake of ice floating off to leeward', and its white', glittering surface was broken by a black spot'—more I could not make out'.

13. "Get me a glass', Mr. Larkin'—the moon will be out of that cloud in a moment', and then we can see distinctly'."

14. I kept my eye on the receding mass of ice', while the moon was slowly working its way through a heavy bank of clouds'. The mate stood by with a glass. When the full light fell at last upon the water with a brilliancy only known in our northern latitudes', I put the glass to my eye'. One glance was enough.

15. "Forward', there'!" I shouted at the top of my voice'; and with one bound I reached the main hatch', and began to clear away in the ship's yawl'.

16. Mr. Larkin had received the glass from my hand to take a look for himself.

17. "Oh, pitiful sight'!" he said in a whisper, as he set to work to aid me in getting out the boat'; "there are two children on that cake of ice'!"

18. The two men answered my hail and walked lazily aft.

In an incredibly short space of time we launched the cutter′, into which Mr. Larkin and myself jumped′, followed by the two men′, who took the oars‵. I rigged the tiller′, and the mate sat beside me in the stern sheets‵.

19. "Do you see that cake of ice with something black upon it′, lads′?" I cried; "put me alongside of that′, and I will give you one month's extra wages when you are paid off‵."

20. The men bent to their oars′, but their strokes were uneven and feeble‵. They were worn out by the hard duty of the preceding fortnight‵; and′, though they did their best′, the boat made little more way than the tide‵. This was a long chase‵; and Mr. Larkin′, who was suffering as he saw how little we gained′, cried out′:

21. "Pull‵, lads′—I'll double the captain's prize‵. Pull‵, lads′, for the sake of mercy, pull‵!"

22. A convulsive effort of the oars told how willing the men were to obey′, but the strength of the strong men was gone‵. One of the poor fellows washed us twice in recovering his oar′, and then gave out‵; the other was nearly as far gone. Mr. Larkin sprang forward and seized the deserted oar.

23. "Lie down in the bottom of the boat‵," said he to the man; "and′, captain′, take the other oar‵; we must row for ourselves‵."

24. I took the second man's place‵; Larkin had stripped to his Guernsey shirt′; as he pulled the bow I waited the signal stroke‵. It came gently′, but firm‵; and the next moment we were pulling a long′, steady stroke′, gradually increasing in rapidity until the wood seemed to smoke in the oar-locks‵.

25. We kept time with each other by our long, deep breathing. Such a pull‵! We bent forward until our faces almost touched our knees, and then threw all our strength into the backward movement, till every inch of the space covered by the sweep had been gained.

26. At every stroke the boat shot ahead like an arrow discharged from a bow. Thus we worked at the oars for fifteen minutes—it seemed to me as many hours. The sweat rolled off me in great drops, and I was enveloped in steam generated from my own body.

27. "Are we almost to it, Mr. Larkin'?" I gasped out.

28. "Almost', captain',—don't give up'; for the love of our dear little ones at home', don't give up', captain'!"

29. The oars flashed as the blades turned up to the moonlight. The men who plied them were fathers', and had fathers' hearts'; the strength which nerved them at that moment was more than human.

30. Suddenly Mr. Larkin stopped pulling, and my heart for a moment almost ceased its beating'; for the terrible thought that he had given out crossed my mind. But I was quickly reassured by his kind voice:

31. "Gently', captain', gently'—a stroke or two more'—there, that will do'"—and the next moment the boat's side came in contact with something', and Larkin sprung from the boat with his heavy feet upon the ice'. I started up', and', calling upon the men to make fast the boat to the ice', followed'.

32. We ran to the dark spot in the centre of the mass, and found two little boys—the head of the smaller nestling in the bosom of the larger. Both were fast asleep! The lethargy', which would have been fatal but for the timely rescue', had overcome them'.

33. Mr. Larkin grasped one of the lads', cut off his shoes', tore off his jacket'; and then', loosing his own garments to the skin', placed the chilled child in contact with his own warm body', carefully wrapping over him his great-coat', which he procured from the boat'. I did the same with the other child'; and we then returned to the boat'; and the men', partially recovered', pulled slowly back'.

34. The children', as we learned when we subsequently had the delight of restoring them to their parents', were

playing on the ice′, and had ventured on the cake′, which had jammed into the bend of the river′, ten miles above New York\. A movement of the tide set the ice in motion, and the little fellows were borne away on that cold night′, and would inevitably have perished′, but for Mr. Larkin's espying them as the ice was sweeping out to sea\.

35. "How do you feel\?" I said to the mate′, the next morning after this adventure\.

36. "A little stiff in the arms\, captain′," the noble fellow replied, while the big tears of grateful happiness gushed from his eyes—"a little stiff in the arms\, captain′, but very easy here\," and he laid his hand on his manly heart.

37. My quaint, brave down-easter! He who lashes the seas into fury, and lets loose the tempest, will care for thee! The storm may rage without, but in thy bosom peace and sunshine will always abide.

LESSON XII.

Exercise in Articulation.

pĭn	**sĭn**	**tĭn**	**kĭd**
p	**s**	**t**	**k**

Exercise in Spelling and Defining.

2. Sçēn′-er-y, *the appearance of a place, or the various objects presented to view.*
3. Chär′-ġer, *war-horse.*
4. Rĭv′-en, *rent asunder.*
6. Dŭn, *dark; gloomy.*
6. Căn′-o-py, *covering over the head.*
7. Cŏm′-bat, *battle.*
7. Çhĭv′-al-ry, *boldness.*
8. Sĕp′-ul-cher, *a grave; a tomb.*

Exercise in Pronunciation.

Mu′-nich, (mū′-nĭk;) I′-ser, (ē′-zer;) driv′-en, (drĭv′-n;) riv′-en, (rĭv′-n;) stain′-ed, (in the fifth stanza pronounced stān′-ed—in two syllables; but not usually in more than one;) chiv′-al-ry, (shĭv′-al-ry;) sep′-ul-cher, (sĕp′-ul-ker;) Ho-hen-lind′-en, (ho-en-lĭnd′-en.)

BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

1. On Linden′, when the sun was low′,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow‵;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser′, rolling rapidly‵.

2. But Linden saw *another* sight‵,
When the drum beat at dead of night′,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery‵.

3. By torch and trumpet fast arrayed′,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade‵;
And furious every charger neigh'd′,
To join the dreadful revelry‵.

4. Then shook the hills with thunder riven‵;
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven‵;
And′, louder than the bolts of heaven′,
Far flash'd the red artillery‵.

5. But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow‵;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser′, rolling rapidly‵.

6. 'Tis morn‵; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds′, rolling dun′,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy‵.

7. The combat deepens‵. *On*′, ye brave′,
Who rush to glory′, or the grave‵!
Wave‵, Munich′, all thy banners WAVE‵!
And charge with all thy chivalry‵!

8. Few, few shall part where many meet'!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

LESSON XIII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

hĭs̱	făn	chĭn	thĕn
h	f	ch	th

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. As-sō'-ciates, *companions.*
1. Vĭg'-or, *strength.*
1. Foul'-ness, *dishonesty.*
1. Crăft'-y, *cunning; artful.*
1. In-vād'-ers, *persons who infringe upon the rights of others.*
1. De-lūde', *deceive.*
1. Frĕn'-zy, *madness.*
1. Rule, *government; sway; empire*
2. Ad-vĕnt'-ūr-er, *one who attempts hazardous enterprises.*
2. Des-o-lā'-tion, *destruction; ruin.*
2. Ăm'-i-ty, *friendship.*
2. Ăv'-a-rĭçe, *greediness of gain.*
3. Lĕg'-a-çy, *a bequest.*
3. Chăr'-i-ty, *love; good-will.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

as-so'-ci-ates, (as-sō'-shĭ-āts;) ad-vent'-ur-er, (ad-vĕnt'-yu̱r-er;)
vult'-ure, (vŭlt'-yu̱r;) when-e'er, (when-âr.)

ROLLA'S ADDRESS TO THE PERUVIANS.

1. My brave associates'! partners of my toil', my feelings', and my fame'! Can Rolla's words add vigor to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts'? No'! *you* have judged', as *I* have', the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you'. Your generous spirit has compared', as mine has', the motives which', in a war like this', can animate their minds and ours'. *They,* by a strange frenzy driven', fight for power', for

plunder′, and extended rule\'; *we,* for our country\', our altars′, and our homes\'.

2. *They* follow an *adventurer* whom they *fear*\', and obey a *power* which they *hate*\'; *we* serve a *monarch* whom we *love*\', a *God* whom we *adore.* Whene'er they move in anger′, desolation tracks their progress\'. Whene'er they pause in amity′, affliction mourns their friendship\'. They boast they come but to improve our state\', enlarge our thoughts′, and free us from the yoke of error\'! Yes\'! they—they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion\', avarice′, and pride\'!

3. They offer us their protection\'. Yes\'; such protection as vultures give to lambs′, covering and devouring them\'! They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this:—The throne we honor′ is the people's choice\'; the laws we reverence′ are our brave fathers' legacy\'; the faith we follow′ teaches us to live in the bonds of charity with all mankind′, and die with the hope of bliss beyond the grave\'. Tell your invaders this\'; and tell them′, too′, we seek no change\', and least of all such change as they would bring us.

LESSON XIV.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

chĭn	**thĭn**	**shȳ**	**whȳ**
ch	**th**	**sh**	**wh**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

3. Hăb′-i-tūde, *customary mode of life.*
5. Är-chi-tĕct′-ū-ral, *pertaining to the art of building.*
5. Är′-ti-ṣans, *mechanics.*
5. Es-chew′-ing, *shunning.*
7. Plī′-ed, *diligently used.*
8. Cŏm′-plex, *intricate.*
8. Hes-pĕr′-i-dēṣ, *in mythology, the daughters of Hesperus, who had orchards in Africa producing golden fruit.*
9. Fēs′-tal, *pertaining to a feast.*
9. Pīed, *spotted.*
9. Ôr′-ches-trà, *a place where musicians perform.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

Hes-per′-ides, (hes-pĕr′-i-dēz;) pied, (pīd;) ar-chi-tect′-u-ral, (ar-ki-tĕkt′-yŭr-al;) or′-ches-tra, (ôr′-kes-trà;) tor-toise, (tôr′-tĭs.)

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

1. BLESSINGS on thee', little man′,
Barefoot boy′, with cheek of tan'!
With thy turned-up pantaloons′,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip′, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill';
With the sunshine on thy face′,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace':
From my heart I give thee joy';
I was once a barefoot boy'!

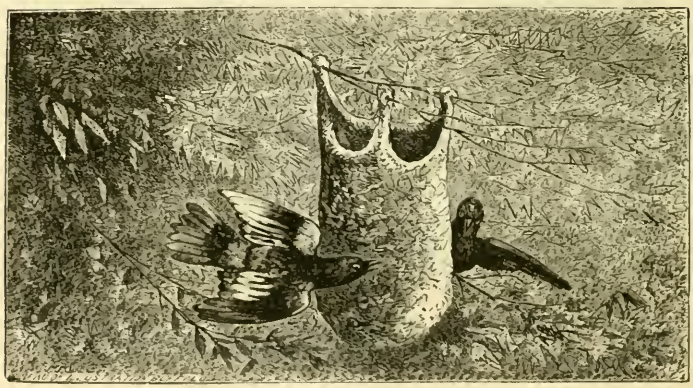
2. Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride'!
Barefoot', trudging at his side',
Thou hast more than he can buy',
In the reach of ear and eye'—
Outward sunshine', inward joy':
Blessings on thee', barefoot boy'!

3. Oh! for boyhood's painless play',
Sleep that wakes in laughing day';
Health that mocks the doctor's rules';
Knowledge, never learned of schools',

Of the wild bee's morning chase',
Of the wild-flower's time and place',
Flight of fowl and habitude'
Of the tenants of the wood';

4. How the tortoise bears his shell',
How the woodchuck digs his cell',
And the ground-mole sinks his well';
How the robin feeds her young',
How the oriole's nest is hung';

Where the whitest lilies blow',
Where the freshest berries grow',



Where the ground-nut trails its vine',
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine';

5. Of the black wasp's cunning way',
Mason of his walls of clay',
And the architectural plans'
Of gray hornet artisans'!—

For′, eschewing books and tasks′,
Nature answers all he asks‵;
Hand in hand with her he walks′,
Face to face with her he talks‵,
Part and parcel of her joy′,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy‵!

6. Oh! for boyhood's time of June‵,
Crowding years in one brief moon‵,
When all things I heard or saw′,
Me′, their master′, waited for‵.
I was rich in flowers and trees′,
Humming-birds and honey-bees‵;

7. For my sport the squirrel played‵,
Plied the snouted mole his spade‵;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone‵;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night‵,
Whispering at the garden wall′,
Talked with me from fall to fall‵;

8. Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond',
Mine the walnut slopes beyond',
Mine, on bending orchard trees',
Apples of Hesperides'!
Still', as my horizon grew',
Larger grew my riches too';
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy',
Fashioned for a barefoot boy'!

9. Oh! for festal dainties spread',
Like my bowl of milk and bread',
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood',
On the door-stone, gray and rude'!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,

Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And', to light the noisy choir',
Lit the fly his lamp of fire\.
I was monarch\: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy\!

10. Cheerily, then, my little man',
Live and laugh\, as boyhood can\!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:

11. All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:

12. Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

LESSON XV.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

blōt	**brāk**	**rŏbd**	**ĕlb**
bl	**br**	**bd**	**lb**

Exercise in Spelling and Defining.

2. Ĭm′-aġ-ed, *formed into an image.*
4. Lăn̲′-guid, *drooping.*
5. Wān′-ing, *failing; decreasing.*
6. Wạn′-der-ed, *was delirious.*
13. Re-môrse′-less, *unpitying.*
17. Pĕn′-sive, *thoughtful.*
17. Stạlk′-ing, *passing silently.*
17. Dĕl′-i-cate, *tender; effeminate.*
19. As-sụr′-an-çeṣ, *certain expectations.*
19. Im-mor-tăl′-i-ty, *endless life.*
20. Frăġ′-ile, *weak; frail.*
20. Cre-ā-tions, *forms; things created; creatures.*

Exercise in Pronunciation.

tran′-quil, (trăngk′-wil;) lan′-guid, (lăng′-gwid;) frag′-ile, (frăj′-ĭl;) as-sur′-an-ces, (ash-shụr′-an-sez.)

DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

1. She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm', so free from trace of pain′, so fair to look upon'. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God′, and waiting for the breath of life'; not one who had lived and suffered death′. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter-berries and green leaves′, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor'. "When I die′, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always'." Those were her words'.

2. She was dead. Dear′, gentle′, patient′, noble Nell was dead'. Her little bird′, a poor′, slight thing′, which the pressure of a finger would have crushed′, was stirring nimbly in its cage'; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute′ and motionless forever'. Where were the traces of her early cares', her sufferings′, and fatigues'? All gone'. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born'—imaged'—in her tranquil beauty and profound repose'. And still her former self lay there′, unaltered in this change'.

3. Yes'; the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face′, which had passed′, like a dream′, through haunts of

misery and care'. At the door of the poor school-master on the summer evening', before the furnace-fire upon the cold wet night', at the same still bedside of the dying boy', there had been the same' mild', lovely look'.

4. The old man took one languid arm in his', and held the small hand to his breast for warmth'. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile',—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings'. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips'; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now'; and', as he said it', he looked in agony to those who stood around', as if imploring them to help her'.

5. She was dead, and past all help or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life', even while her own was waning fast', the garden she had tended', the eyes she had gladdened', the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour', the paths she had trodden', as it were', but yesterday', could know her no more'.

6. She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time', knowing that the end was drawing on'. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night'; but', as the hours crept on', she sunk to sleep'. They could tell', by what she faintly uttered in her dreams', that they were of her journeyings with the old man': they were of no painful scenes', but of those who had helped and used them kindly'; for she often said "God bless you'!" with great fervor. Waking', she never wandered in her mind but once'; and that was at beautiful music which she said was in the air'. God knows'. It may have been.

7. Opening her eyes at last from a very quiet sleep', she begged that they would kiss her once again'. That done', she turned to the old man', with a lovely smile upon her face',—such', they said', as they had never seen', and never could forget'—and clung with both arms about his neck'. They did not know that she was dead at first.

8. She had spoken very often of the two sisters, who, she said, were like dear friends to her. She wished they could be told how much she thought about them, and how she had watched them as they walked together by the river-side. She would like to see poor Kit, she had often said of late. She wished there was somebody to take her love to Kit, and even then she never thought or spoke about him but with something of her old, clear, merry laugh.

9. For the rest′, she had never murmured or complained‵; but′, with a quiet mind′, and manner quite unaltered′, save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them′, she faded like the light upon the summer's evening‵.

10. The child who had been her little friend came there′, almost as soon as it was day′, with an offering of dried flowers′, which he asked them to lay upon her breast‵. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he sat alone by his younger brother all day long when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him.

11. They let him have his wish‵; and′, indeed′, he kept his word‵; and was′, in his childish way′, a lesson to them all‵. Up to that time the old man had not spoken once,—except to her,—or stirred from the bedside. But′, when he saw her little favorite′, he was moved as they had not seen him yet′, and made as though he would have come nearer‵.

12. Then′, pointing to the bed′, he burst into tears for the first time‵; and they who stood by′, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good′, left them alone together‵. Soothing him with his artless talk of her‵, the child persuaded him to take some rest‵, to walk abroad′, to do almost as he desired him‵. And when the day came on which they must remove her in her earthly shape from earthly eyes forever′, he led him away′, that he might not know when she was taken from him.

13. And now the bell — the bell she had so often heard

by night and day, and listened to it with solemn pleasure, almost as a living voice—rung its remorseless toll for her', so young', so beautiful', so good'. Decrepit age', and vigorous life', and blooming youth', and helpless infancy', poured forth'—on crutches', in the pride of health and strength', in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life'—to gather round her tomb'.

14. Old men were there', whose eyes were dim and senses failing'; grandmothers', who might have died ten years ago and still been old; the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied', the living dead', in many shapes and forms, were there', to see the closing of that early grave. Along the crowded path they bore her now, pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it', whose day on earth had been as fleeting'.

15. Under that porch', where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot', she passed again'; and the old church received her in its quiet shade. They carried her to an old nook', where she had many and many a time sat musing', and laid their burden softly on the pavement'. The light streamed on it through the colored window',—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer', and where the birds sang sweetly all day long'. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine', some trembling', changing light' would fall upon her grave'.

16. Earth to earth', ashes to ashes', dust to dust'! Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath'; many a stifled sob was heard'. Some'—and they were not a few'—knelt down'. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow. The service done', the mourners stood apart', and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the stone should be replaced.

17. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot', and how her book had fallen on her lap', and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky'. Another told how he had wondered much that one so deli-

cate as she should be so bold'; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night', but had loved to linger there when all was quiet', and even to climb the tower-stair with no more light' than that of the moon-rays stealing through the loopholes in the thick old walls'.

18. A whisper went about among the oldest there that she had seen and talked with angels'; and', when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken', and her early death', some thought it might be so indeed'. Thus coming to the grave in little knots', and glancing down', and giving place to others', and falling off in whispering groups of three or four', the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mourning friends'.

19. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place, when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all, it seemed to them, upon her quiet grave—in that calm time when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them,—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts, they turned away, and left the child with God.

20. Oh! it is hard to take to heart the lesson that such deaths will teach: but let no man reject it; for it is one that all must learn. When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world and bless it with their light. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the Destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power; and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven.

LESSON XVI.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

a̤rb	**drān**	**lādl**	**lădz**	**dwĭt**
rb	**dr**	**dl**	**dz**	**dw**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Fōld, *a flock of sheep, or a place where a flock of sheep is kept.*
1. Cō′-hôrt, *a troop; a body of warriors.*
1. Glēam′-ing, *flashing; shining.*
1. Shēen, *brightness.*
5. Māil, *armor; that which defends the body.*
5. Lăn′-çeṣ, *long spears.*
6. Wāil, *lamentation; loud weeping.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

Bā′-al; Sen-naeh′-e-rib, (sen-năk′-e-rib;) au′-tumn, (a̤′-tŭm.)

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

1. THE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold',
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold';
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea',
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee'.

2. Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green',
That host with their banners at sunset were seen';
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown',
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown'.

3. For the angel of Death spread his wings on the blast',
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed';
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill',
And their hearts but once heaved', and forever grew still.

4. And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide',
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride';
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf',
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf'.

5. And there lay the rider distorted and pale',
With the dew on his brow', and the rust on his mail';
And the tents were all silent'; the banners alone';
The lances unlifted'; the trumpet unblown'.

6. And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail',
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal';
And the might of the Gentile', unsmote by the sword',
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord'!

LESSON XVII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

wĭ**dn**	bĕ**gd**	mō**ld**	hä**rd**	bĕ**nd**
dn	**gd**	**ld**	**rd**	**nd**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Gĭb'-e-on, *a city five or seven miles from Jerusalem in which the tabernacle made under the direction of Moses, and the altar belonging to it were stationed at this time.*
4. Stät'-ūtes, *positive laws.*
4. Ärk, *a small chest constructed in a particular manner by the command of God, as a place in which to keep the Table of the Covenant.*
6. Mĕaṣ'-ūre, *about nine bushels.*
8. Shē'-bȧ, *a province in the northern part of Arabia.*
12. Tăl'-ent, *a Hebrew weight and denomination equal to about fifteen or eighteen hundred dollars.*

SOLOMON'S CHOICE.

1. IN Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night; and God said, "Ask what I shall give thee." And Solomon said, "Thou hast showed unto thy servant David, my father, great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth, and in righteousness, and in uprightness of heart with thee; and thou hast kept for him this great kindness, that thou hast given him a son to sit on his throne, as it is this day.

2. "And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of David, my father; and I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in. And thy servant is in the midst of thy people which thou hast chosen, a great people, that cannot be numbered or counted for multitude. Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people?"

3. And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing. And God said unto him, "Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life; neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies; but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment; behold, I have done according to thy word: lo, I have given thee a wise and an understanding heart, so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee.

4. "And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honor; so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days; and if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my statutes and my commandments, as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days." And Solomon awoke; and, behold, it was a dream. And he came to Jerusalem, and stood before the ark of the covenant of the Lord, and offered up burnt-offerings, and offered peace-offerings, and made a feast to all his servants.

5. So King Solomon was king over all Israel. He reigned over all kingdoms from the river unto the land of the Philistines, and unto the border of Egypt; and he had peace on all sides round about him. And Solomon had twelve officers over all Israel, which provided victuals for the king and his household, and for all that came unto the king's table: each man his month in a year made provision.

6. And Solomon's provision for one day was thirty mea-

sures of fine flour, and threescore measures of meal; ten fat oxen, and twenty oxen out of the pastures, and a hundred sheep; besides harts, and roe-bucks, and fallow-deer, and fatted fowl. And he had forty thousand stalls of horses for his chariots, and twelve thousand horsemen.

7. And God gave Solomon wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart, even as the sand that is on the sea-shore. And Solomon's wisdom excelled the wisdom of all the children of the east country, and all the wisdom of Egypt. He was wiser than all men; and his fame was in all the nations round about. He spake three thousand proverbs; and his songs were a thousand and five. He spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowls, and of creeping things, and of fishes.

8. And there came of all people to hear the wisdom of Solomon, from all kings of the earth which had heard of his wisdom. And when the queen of Sheba heard of the fame of Solomon concerning the name of the Lord, she came to prove him with hard questions. And she came to Jerusalem with a very great train; with camels that bare spices, and very much gold, and precious stones: and when she was come to Solomon, she communed with him of all that was in her heart.

9. And Solomon told her all her questions; there was not anything hid from the king which he told her not. And when the queen of Sheba had seen all Solomon's wisdom, and the house that he had built, and the meat of his table, and the sitting of his servants, and the attendants of his ministers, and their apparel, and his cup-bearers, and his ascent by which he went up into the house of the Lord, there was no more spirit in her.

10. And she said to the king, "It was a true report which I heard in mine own land of thy acts, and of thy wisdom: howbeit I believed not the words, until I came and mine eyes

had seen it; and, behold, the half was not told me; thy wisdom and prosperity exceed the fame which I heard.

11. "Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants, which stand continually before thee, and that hear thy wisdom. Blessed be the Lord thy God, which delighted in thee, to set thee on the throne of Israel. Because the Lord loved Israel forever, therefore made he thee king, to do judgment and justice."

12. And she gave the king a hundred and twenty talents of gold, and of spices a very great store, and precious stones: there came no more such abundance of spices as these which the queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon.

LESSON XVIII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

mā**md**	wā**vd**	dō**zd**	**gl**ūd	**gr**ōp
md	**vd**	**zd**	**gl**	**gr**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Nŭm'-bers, *verse; poetry.*
2. Gōal, *end or final purpose.*
3. En-joy'-ment, *pleasure.*
3. Des-tĭn'-ed, *appointed; ordained.*
4. Mŭf'-fled, *something, as cloth, etc., wound round the strings of a drum to deaden the sound, or to render it grave and solemn.*
5. Blv'-ouăc, *the guard or watch kept by a whole army during the whole night in the open air, as in cases of great danger of surprise or attack.*
9. A-chiēv'-ing, *performing.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

goal, (gōl;) biv-ouac, (blv'-wak;) sol'-emn, (sŏl'-em;) howe'er (how-âr.)

A PSALM OF LIFE.

1. TELL me not, in mournful numbers',
Life is but an empty dream'!
For the soul is dead that slumbers',
And things are not what they seem'.

2. Life is real'! life is earnest'!
And the grave is not its goal';
Dust thou art—to dust returnest,—
Was not spoken of the soul'.

3. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow',
Is our destined end or way';
But to act that each to-morrow'
Find us farther than to-day'.

4. Art is long', and time is fleeting',
And our hearts', though stout and brave',
Still', like muffled drums', are beating
Funeral marches to the grave'.

5. In the world's broad field of battle',—
In the bivouac of life',—
Be not like dumb', driven cattle'!
Be a *hero* in the strife!

6. Trust no Future', howe'er pleasant';
Let the dead Past bury its dead';
Act',—ACT in the living Present'!
Heart within', and *God o'erhead'!*

7. Lives of great men all remind us'
We can make our lives sublime',
And', departing', leave behind us'
Footprints on the sand of time'!—

8 Footprints', that perhaps another',
Sailing o'er life's solemn main',
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother',
Seeing', shall take heart again'.

9. Let us′, then′, be up and doing‵,
With a heart for any fate‵;
Still achieving‵, still pursuing′,
Learn to labor and to wait‵.

LESSON XIX.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

hĕ**lm**	fa̤**ln**	dĕ**lv**	hĭ**lz**	kûr**l**
lm	**ln**	**lv**	**lz**	**rl**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

Coun′-ter-feit-ed, *feigned, imitated.*

Dru̇′-ids, *priests among the primitive inhabitants of ancient France and Britain. They lived and worshiped in groves and caves; their food was nuts, roots, and wild berries, and their drink was water. To appease the wrath and secure the favor of their divinities, it is said, they often sacrificed human beings.*

In-can-tā′-tion, *the act of using certain words and ceremonies for the purpose of raising spirits.*

Bĭrd′-līme, *a sticky substance with which the twigs of a bush are smeared for the purpose of catching birds.*

Är′-ti-fĭçe, *a trick; a deception.*

Hạwk′-ing, *taking wild fowls by means of hawks.*

Flăg′-ging, *drooping.*

Fĕn′-ny, *boggy; marshy.*

Märl′-pit, *a pit containing marl, which is a kind of earth or clay much used for manure.*

Ma-rīne′, *pertaining to the sea.*

Ŏp′-tic-al, *relating to vision or sight.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

En′-glish, (Ing′-glish;) te′-di-ous, (tē′-de-us;) com′-pa-ny, (kŭm′-pe-ne;) mis′-tle-toe, (mĭz′-l-to;) hov′-er-ing, (hŭv′-er-ing;) mixt′-ure, (mĭkst′-yu̇r;) hal′-cy-on, (hăl′-sĭ-on;) liq′-uor, (lĭk′-or.)

EYES AND NO EYES; OR, THE ART OF SEEING.

Teacher. Well, Robert′, where did you walk yesterday‵?

Robert. I walked′, in the first place′, to Brown-heath‵,

and then to the Windmill upon Camp-mount', and', finally', home through the meadows by the river side'.

Teacher. A very pleasant round.

Robert. I thought it very dull', sir'; I scarcely met a single person. I would rather walk along the turnpike road.

Teacher. Why', if seeing men and horses is your object', you would', indeed', be better entertained on the highroad. But did you see William'?

Robert. We set out together', but he lagged behind in the lane'; so I walked on and left him'.

Teacher. That was a pity. He would have been company for you.

Robert. Oh, he is so tedious'!—always stopping to look at this thing and that: I would rather walk alone. But where is he this morning'? I have not seen him since I left him in the lane yesterday.

Teacher. Here he comes. Well', William', what kind of a walk did you have yesterday'?

William. Oh, sir'! the pleasantest walk I have had for a long time. I went all over Brown-heath, and up to the mill on the top of Camp-mount, and then down among the green meadows by the side of the river.

Teacher. Why, that is just the round Robert took; and he complains of its dullness, and prefers the highroad.

William. I wonder at that. I am sure I hardly took a step that did not delight me; and I have brought my handkerchief full of curiosities.

Teacher. Suppose, then, you give us a brief account of what amused you so much. I fancy it will be as new to Robert as to me.

William. I will, sir. The lane leading to the heath, you know, is close and sandy; so I did not mind it much. I spied a curious thing, however, in the hedge. It was an old crab-tree, out of which grew a great branch of something

green, quite different from the tree itself. Here is a branch of it.

Teacher. Ah! this is mistletoe'; a plant of great fame for the use made of it by the Druids of old in their religious rites and incantations. It bears a slimy white berry', of which bird-lime is made', whence its Latin name of *viscus*'. It is one of those plants which do not grow in the ground by roots of their own', but fix themselves upon other plants'; whence they have been humorously styled "parasitical," as being hangers-on or dependents'. It is the mistletoe of the oak that the Druids particularly honored.

William. A little farther on I saw a green woodpecker fly to a tree', and run up the trunk like a cat'.

Teacher. That was to seek for insects in the bark, on which they live. They bore holes with their strong bills for that purpose', and do thereby much damage to the trees'.

William. When I got upon the open heath, how charming it was! The air seemed so fresh, and the prospect of every side so free and unbounded! Then it was all covered with gay flowers, many of which I never observed before. I have a number of specimens of them in my handkerchief, and will ask you to tell me their names when it is convenient.

Teacher. That I will do most cheerfully.

William. There was a flock of lapwings upon a marshy part of the heath that amused me much. As I came near them', some of them kept flying round and round, just over my head', and crying "pewit" so distinctly' one might almost fancy they spoke'. I thought I should have caught one of them', for he flew as if one of his wings was broken', and often tumbled to the ground'; but as I came near he always contrived to get away.

Teacher. Ha, ha! you were finely cheated, then! This was all an artifice of the bird to entice you away from its nest'; for they build upon the bare ground', and their nest would easily be observed', did they not draw off the atten-

tion of intruders by their loud cries and counterfeited lameness.

William. I wish I had known that; for he led me a long chase, often over shoes in water. However, it was the cause of my falling in with an old man and a boy, who were cutting and piling up turf for fuel; and I had a good deal of talk with them about the manner of preparing the turf and the price it sells at. I then took my course up to the windmill, on the mount. I climbed up the steps of the mill in order to get a better view of the country around. What an extensive prospect'! I counted fifteen church-steeples'; I saw several gentlemen's houses peeping out from the midst of green woods and plantations'; and I could trace the windings of the river all along the low grounds', till it was lost behind a ridge of hills'. From the hill I went down to the meadows below', and walked on the side of a brook that runs into the river'.

It was all bordered with reeds and flags and tall flowering plants, quite different from those I saw on the heath. There was a bird hovering over the water', and now and then darting down into it', which I longed to catch'. It was all over a mixture of the most beautiful green and blue, with orange-color. It was somewhat less than a thrush, and had a large head and bill and a short tail.

Teacher. That was a king-fisher', the celebrated halcyon of the ancients', about which so many tales are told'. It lives on fish', which it catches in the manner you saw'. It builds its nests in holes in the banks', is a shy bird', and is never seen far from the stream where it lives'.

William. I must try to get another sight of it, for I never saw a bird that pleased me so much. Well, I followed this little brook till it entered the river, and then took the path that runs along the bank. On the opposite side I observed several little birds running along the shore and making a piping noise. They were brown and white, and about as large as a snipe. They are called sandpipers, I think. There were

a great many swallows, too, sporting on the surface of the water, that entertained me with their motions. Sometimes they dashed into the stream; sometimes they pursued one another so quickly that the eye could scarcely follow them. While I was watching their rapid movements, a heron came flying over my head, with his large flapping wings. He alighted at the next turn of the river, and I crept softly behind the bank to watch his motions. He had waded into the water as far as his long legs would carry him, and was standing with his neck drawn in', looking intently on the stream'. Presently he darted his long bill as quick as lightning into the water and drew out a fish, which he swallowed. I saw him catch another in the same manner. He then took alarm at some noise I made, and flew away slowly to a wood at some distance, where he settled.

Teacher. Probably his nest was there; for herons build upon the loftiest trees they can find, and sometimes in society together, like rooks. Formerly, when these birds were valued for the amusement of hawking, many gentlemen had their heronries; and a few are still remaining.

William. I then turned homeward across the meadows, where I stopped a while to look at a large flock of starlings which kept flying about at no great distance. I could not tell at first what to make of them; for they rose all together from the ground as thick as a swarm of bees, and formed themselves into a kind of black cloud, hovering over the field. After taking a short round, they settled, and presently rose again in the same manner. I dare say there were hundreds of them.

Teacher. Perhaps so; for in the fenny countries their flocks are so numerous as to break down whole acres of reeds by settling on them. This disposition of starlings to fly in close swarms was remarked even by Homer, who compares the foe flying from one of his heroes to a cloud of starlings retiring dismayed at the approach of the hawk.

William. After I had left the meadows, I crossed the

corn-fields in the way to our house, and passed close by a deep marl-pit. Looking into it, I saw in one of the sides a cluster of what I took to be shells; and upon going down I picked up a clod of marl which was quite full of them. But how sea-shells could get there I cannot imagine.

Teacher. I do not wonder at your surprise, since many philosophers have been much perplexed to account for the same appearance. It is not uncommon to find great quantities of shells and relics of marine animals even in the bowels of high mountains very remote from the sea.

William. I reached the high field next to our house just as the sun was setting, and I stood looking at it till it was quite lost. What a glorious sight! The clouds were tinged with purple and crimson and yellow of all shades and hues, and the clear sky varied from blue to a fine green at the horizon. But how large the sun appears just as it sets! I think it seems twice as large as when it is overhead.

Teacher. It does; and you may probably have observed the same apparent enlargement of the moon at its rising.

William. I have; but, pray, what is the reason of this?

Teacher. It is an optical deception, depending upon principles which I cannot well explain to you till you know more of that branch of science. But what a number of new ideas this afternoon's walk has afforded you! I do not wonder that you found it amusing: it has been very instructing, too. Did you see nothing of all these sights', Robert'?

Robert. I saw some of them', but I did not take particular notice of them'.

Teacher. Why not'?

Robert. I do not know. I did not care about them; and I made the best of my way home.

Teacher. That would have been right if you had been sent on a message; but, as you only walked for amusement, it would have been wiser to have sought out as many sources of it as possible. But so it is; one man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and

upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge the one acquires above the other. I have known a sailor who had been in all the quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses he frequented in different ports, and the price and quality of the liquor.

On the other hand, a Franklin could not cross the English Channel without making some observations useful to mankind. While many a vacant, thoughtless youth is whirled throughout Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing a street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matters for delight and improvement in every ramble in town or country. Do you, then, William, continue to make use of your eyes; and you, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use.

LESSON XX.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

hā**zl**	hō**mz**	fär**rm**	sĭ**zm**	ĕ**nv**
zl	**mz**	**rm**	**zm**	**nv**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Sōō**th**e, *gratify; please.*
1. Wĭl′-lō**w**-y, *abounding with willows.*
2. Thătch, *a roof made of straw or other similar substance.*
3. Ī′-vi-ed, *overgrown with ivy.*

Samuel Rogers

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

be-neath′, (be-nēth′;) i′-vi-ed, (ī′-vid;) a-pron, (ā′-purn;) mar′-riage, (măr′-rij.)

A WISH.

1. MINE be a cot beside the hill';
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear';

A willowy brook′, that turns a mill′,
With many a fall, shall linger near′.

2. The swallow oft′, beneath my thatch′,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest′;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch′,
And share my meal, a welcome guest′.

3. Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew';
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing',
In russet gown and apron blue'.

4. The village church among the trees',
Where first our marriage-vows were given',
With merry peals shall swell the breeze',
And point with taper-spire to heaven'.

LESSON XVI.

Exercise in Articulation.

bōnz	bûrn	ēvn	rĭzn	kûrv
nz	rn	vn	zn	rv

Exercise in Spelling and Defining.

1. Săx′-on, *pertaining to the Saxons, a people who formerly dwelt in the northern part of Germany, and who invaded and conquered England in the fifth and sixth centuries.*
1. Kĭn′-dred, *related.*
1. Ĭm′-port, *meaning.*
2. Blĕnch′-ed, *shrunk.*
2. De-lĭr′-i-oŭs, *raving distracted.*
3. Trăn̲′-quil-iz-ed, *calmed; quieted.*
3. Per-dĭ′-tion, *future misery or eternal death.*
3. Līfe, *eternal happiness in heaven.*
5. Hu-măn′-i-ty, *the peculiar nature of man by which he is distinguished from other beings.*
5. Vĭs̲′-ion, *something imaginary.*
6. Rĕt′-ro-spect, *a view or contemplation of something past.*
6. Fûr′-ni-tūre, *embellishments; ornaments.*
6. Prī′-mal, *first.*
7. Rem-i-nĭs′-çen-ces̲, *recollections*
7. Ob-scū′-ri-ty, *darkness.*
9. Mär′-red, *impaired.*
9. Băe′-cha-nals̲, *drunkards.*
9. Re-frāin′, *a kind of a musical repetition.*
9. Lŭx′-ū-ry, *an excessive indulgence in the pleasures of the table, as in delicious food and drink.*
9. Rēek′-ings̲, *steamings; fumes.*
12. Ĭm′-aġe-ry, *forms of fancy.*

Exercise in Pronunciation.

gen′-u-ine, (jĕn′-yu-ĭn;) lan′-guage, (lăng′-gwaje;) bac′-cha-nals, (băk′-ka-nalz;) sa′-ti-at-ed, (sā′-shĭ-āt-ed.)

HOME.

1. Home is a genuine Saxon word‵; a word kindred to Saxon speech′, but with an import common to the whole race of man‵. Perhaps there is no other word in language that clusters in it so many and so stirring meanings‵; that calls into play′, and so powerfully excites′, so many feelings‵, so many faculties′, of our being‵.

2. Home'! say but the word', and the child that was your merry guest begins to weep'. Home'! play but its tunes', and the bearded soldier', that blenched not in the breach', droops' and sickens' and dies'. Home! murmur but its name', and memories start around it that put fire into the brain', and affections which almost suffocate or break the heart', and pictures that bewilder fancy with scenes in which joy and sorrow wrestle with delirious strife for the possession of the spirit.

3. Home! what does it not stand for', of strongest', of most moving associations'? For childhood's grief', and gladness'; for youth's sports', and hopes', and sufferings', and passions', and sins'; for all that brightened or tranquilized the breast'; for a father's embrace', or for a father's death-bed'; for a mother's kiss', or for her grave'; for a sister's love', or a brother's friendship'; for hours wasted', or hours blest'; for peace in the light of life', or fears in the shadow of perdition'.

4. Home', when it is all that nature and grace can make it', has a blessedness and beauty of reality that imagination', in its fairest pictures', would find nothing to excel'. But in many spots called home neither nature nor grace is found. A collection of home history, honestly set down, would be a rich contribution to materials for the philosophy of character.

5. Not gay', not pleasant', not innocent', would all these home histories be'. Not a few of them would be sad', dreary', wretched'; and within the earliest dwelling of man would be discovered the appropriate opening of many a tragic life. And yet humanity cannot well spare the pleasing and gracious memories of home. So fervently does humanity cling to what nature owes it', that those who have no home', make one for themselves in vision'.

6. Those who have an evil one', will soften down its many vices'; and, out of the scantiest affections', bring forth rays of the heart to brighten their retrospect'. The visitings of early home thoughts are the last to quit us. Feeble age

has them when it has nothing else in memory'; and when all the furniture which imagination put together has gone to pieces and to dust', these', not constructed', but planted',—planted down in the living soil of primal consciousness,—flourish to the last'.

7. When the treasures', which experience has been many years collecting', a few months may seem to take away', some diamonds are left behind', which even the thief', Time', has spared',—reminiscences that glimmer through bare and blank obscurity from the crevices of youth'. As everything human has an element of good in it', that which is good in a vicious home is what the past gives back to feeling'.

8. It is also that which is good in an evil man that the remembrance of a virtuous home acts upon. There is no mist of guilt so thick that it can always exclude the light of such remembrance'; no tempest of passion so furious as always to silence its voice'. During the lull in the hurricane of revelry', the peal of the Sabbath-bell may come along the track of wasted years', and', though loaded heavily', will not be unkindly in its tones'.

9. Through the reekings of luxury', faces that beamed on the prodigal in youth may seem to start in trouble from the tomb', and', though marred with grief', though pallid with affliction', turn mildly toward him', not in anger', but in sorrow'. Amid the chorus of bacchanals and the refrains of lewdness', the satiated libertine may fancy', at moments', that he hears the calls of loved ones gone to heaven startling him from the trance of death'.

10. Under the loud carousals that rage above the brain', deep down and lonely in his heart', there may come to him the whisper of parental exhortation', the murmur of household prayer', and the music of domestic hymns'. The very criminal in his cell will often have these visitations',—ministers to exhort', not enemies to accuse'; angels to beseech, not demons to scoff'.

11. The sentenced culprit during his last night on earth must sleep′, and perchance may dream\'; and seldom will that dream be all of the present and of the prison. Not all of it′, if any\', will be of chains and blood′, of shapeless terrors and pale-faced avengers′, of the scaffold and the shroud′; but other things will be in that dream\'.

12. He was once honest\', and spent his childhood′, it may be′, in a rustic home′, and grew to youth amid labōrious men and with simple nature\'. Out of imagery thus derived will his dreams be formed. In such dreams will be the green field and wooded lane\'; the boat sleeping on the stream\'; the rock mirrored in the lake\'; the shadow′, watched expectingly from the school-room window′, as it shortens to the noontide hour\'.

13. Then there will be parents′, blessed in their unbroken circle\'; there will be young companions′, laughing in their play\'; there will be bright harvest evenings′, after days of healthful toil\'; there will be family greetings and thanksgiving-feasts\'; there will be the grasp of friendship′; there will be the kiss of love\'.

14. The dream will not be entirely\', if at all\', a dream of crime′, disgrace′, and death′; it will be one that reproduces′, on the brink of eternity′, the freshness of emotion\', hope\', and desire′, with which existence on earth began\'. What is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life. This should never be forgotten.

LESSON XXII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

bōr**z**	lēv**z**	kĕ**pt**	gás**p**	s**f**ēr
rz	**vz**	**pt**	**sp**	**sf**

Exercise in Spelling and Defining.

1. Răm′-part, *an elevated mound of earth round a fortified place, capable of resisting cannon-shot.*
1. Cŏrse, *corpse.*
2. Dĕad, *the time when there is great stillness or gloom.*
2. Mĭst′-y, *dim; clouded.*
3. Mär′-tial, *suited to war.*
3. Shroud, *dress for the dead.*
6. Brĭt′-on, *a native of Britain.*
6. Spĭr′-it, *soul.*
6. Rĕck, *care.*
7. Răn′-dŏm Gun, *a gun discharged without being directed to any particular point.*
8. Cärv′-ed, *engraved.*
8. Gōr′-y, *bloody.*
8. Glō′-ry, *renown.*

Exercise in Pronunciation.

war′-rior, (wạr′-yur;) buried, (bĕr′-ĭd;) hol′-low-ed, (hŏl′-lōd;) năr′-rō*w*; pĭl′-lō*w*.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MORE.

1. Not a drum was heard′, nor a funeral note′,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried‘;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot′
O’er the grave where our hero we buried‘.

2. We buried him darkly at dead of night′,
The sods with our bayonets turning‘;
By the struggling moon-beams’ misty light′,
And the lantern dimly burning‘.

3. No useless coffin enclosed his breast‘;
Nor in sheet′, nor in shroud′, we wound him‘;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest′,
With his martial cloak around him‘.

4. Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

5. We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed′,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow′,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head′,
And we far away on the billow'!

6. Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone′,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him';
But little he'll reek', if they let him sleep on′
In a grave where a Briton has laid him'.

7. But half of our heavy task was done′,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring';
And we heard the distant and random gun′
That the foe was sullenly firing'.

8. Slowly and sadly we laid him down′,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory';
We carved not a line', and we raised not a stone′,
But left him alone in his glory'.

LESSON XXIII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

pō**st**	mâ**sk**	bĭ**ts**	fō**ks**	mŭ**fs**
st	**sk**	**ts**	**ks**	**fs**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

2. Cûrb, *bind.*
3. Crōōn′-ing, *humming.*
5. Ruse, *artifice; trick.*
10. Bŏn′-ni-er, *handsomer.*
10. Glĭnt, *gleam; glance.*
10. Mās-quer-ād′-ing, *going in disguise.*
13. Rĕv′-er-ent-ly, *devoutly.*
13. Rec-og-nĭ′-tion, *the act of knowing again.*
13. Ĭn′-stinct, *inward impulse.*
18. Gĭn, *if.*
19. Dī′-a-lect, *form of speech.*
20. Brŏnz′-ed, *browned.*
21. Re-nŭn-ci-ā′-tion, *abandonment.*
25. Ŭn′-co, *very.*

THE UNEXPECTED SON.

1. ONE summer afternoon Mr. Malcom Anderson arrived with his family at his native town. Putting up at a little inn, he proceeded to dress himself in a suit of sailor clothes, and then walked out alone. Along a by-path he well knew, and then through a shady lane, dear to his young, hazel-nutting days, all strangely unchanged, he approached his mother's cottage.

2. He stopped for a few moments on the lawn outside to curb down the heart that was bounding to meet that mother, and to clear his eyes of a sudden mist of happy tears. Through the open window he caught a glimpse of her, sitting alone at her spinning-wheel, as in the old time. But alas, how changed!

3. Bowed was the dear form once so erect, and silvered the locks once so brown, and dimmed the eyes once so full of tender brightness, like the dew-stained violets. But the voice with which she was crooning softly to herself was still sweet, and there was on her cheek the same lovely peach bloom of twenty years ago.

4. At length he knocked, and the dear remembered voice called to him in the old-fashioned way, "Coom ben!" (come in.) The widow rose at the sight of a stranger, and courteously offered him a chair. Thanking her in an assumed voice, somewhat gruff, he sank down, as though wearied, saying that he was a wayfarer, strange to the country, and asking the way to the next town.

5. The twilight favored him in his little ruse; he saw that she did not recognize him, even as one she had ever seen. But after giving him the information he desired, she asked him if he was a Scotchman by birth. "Yes, madam," he replied, "but I have been away in foreign parts many years. I doubt if my own mother would know me now, though she was very fond of me before I went to sea."

6. "Oh, mon! it's little ye ken about mithers, gin ye think sae. I can tell ye there is na mortal memory like theirs,"

the widow somewhat warmly replied; then added, "And where hae ye been for sae long a time, that ye hae lost a' the Scotch fra your speech?"

7. "In India—in Calcutta, madam."

8. "Ah, then, it's likely ye ken something o' my son, Mr. Malcom Anderson."

9. "Anderson?" repeated the visitor, as though striving to remember. "There may be many of that name in Calcutta; but is your son a rich merchant, and a man about my age and size, with something such a figure-head?"

10. "My son is a rich merchant," replied the widow proudly; "but he is younger than you by mony a long year, and begging your pardon, sir, far bonnier. He is tall and straight, wi' hands and feet like a lassie's; he had brown curling hair, sae thick and glossy! and cheeks like the rose, and a brow like the snaw, and the blue een, wi' a glint in them like the light of the evening star! Na, na, ye are no like my Malcom, though ye are a guid enough body, I dinna doubt, and a decent woman's son."

11. Here the masquerading merchant, considerably taken down, made a movement as though to take leave, but the hospitable dame stayed him, saying:

12. "Gin ye hae traveled a' the way fra India, ye maun be tired and hungry. Bide a bit, and eat and drink wi' us. Margery! come doon, and let us set on the supper!"

13. The two women soon provided quite a tempting repast, and they all three sat down to it, Mrs. Anderson reverently asking a blessing. But the merchant could not eat. He was only hungry for his mother's kisses—only thirsty for her joyful recognition; yet he could not bring himself to say to her, "I am your son." He asked himself, half grieved, half amused, "Where are the unerring, natural instincts I have read about in poetry and novels?"

14. His hostess, seeing he did not eat, kindly asked if he could suggest anything he would be likely to relish.

15. "I thank you, madam," he answered; "it does seem

to me that I should like some oatmeal porridge, such as my mother used to make, if so be you have any."

16. "Porridge?" repeated the widow. "Ah, ye mean *parritch*. Yes, we hae a little left frae our dinner. Gie it to him, Margery. But, mon, it is cauld."

17. "Never mind; I know I shall like it," he rejoined, taking the bowl, and beginning to stir the porridge with the spoon. As he did so Mrs. Anderson gave a slight start, and bent eagerly toward him. Then she sank back in her chair with a sigh in answer to his questioning look:

18. "Ye minded me o' my Malcom then—just in that way he used to stir his parritch, gieing it a whirl and a flirt. Ah, gin ye *were* my Malcom, my poor laddie!"

19. "Weel, then, gin I *were* your Malcom," said the merchant, speaking for the first time in the Scottish dialect, and in his own voice; "or gin your braw young Malcom were as brown, and bald, and gray, and bent, and old, as I am, could

you welcome him to your arms, and love him as in the dear auld lang syne? Could you, mither?"

20. All through this touching little speech the widow's eyes had been glistening, and her breath came fast; but at the word "mither" she sprang up with a glad cry, and tottering to her son, fell almost fainting on his breast. He kissed her again and again—kissed her brow, and her lips, and her hands, while the big tears slid down his bronzed cheeks; and she clung about his neck, and called him by all the dear old pet names, and *tried* to see in him all the dear old young looks.

21. By and by they came back—or the ghost of them came back. The form in her embrace grew comelier; love and joy gave to it a second youth, stately and gracious; the *first* she then and there buried deep in her heart—a sweet, beautiful, peculiar memory. It was a moment of solemn renunciation, in which she gave up the fond maternal illusion she had cherished so long. Then looking up steadily into the face of the middle-aged man, who had taken its place, she asked:—"Where hae ye left the wife and bairns?"

22. "At the inn, mother. Have you room for us all at the cottage?"

23. "Indeed I have—twa good spare rooms, wi' large closets, weel stocked wi' linen I hae been spinning or weaving a' these lang years for ye baith, and the weans."

24. "Well, mother, dear, now you must rest," rejoined the merchant tenderly.

25. "Na, na, I dinna care to rest till ye lay me down to tak' my lang rest. There'll be time enough between that day and the resurrection to fold my hands in idleness. Now 'twould be unco irksome. But go, my son, and bring me the wife—I hope I shall like her; and the bairns—I hope they will like me."

26. I have only to say that both the good woman's hopes were realized. A very happy family knelt down in prayer that night, and many nights after, in the widow's cottage,

whose clinging roses and woodbines were but outward signs and types of the sweetness and blessedness of the love and peace within.

LESSON XXIV.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

lŏ**ft**	bā**kt**	**plŏt**	**prīm**	**ōpn**
ft	**kt**	**pl**	**pr**	**pn**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. In-ter-vēne′, *come between.*
1. Se-rēne′-ly, *calmly.*
2. Sur-mount′, *rise above.*
2. Ĕb′-on, *dark.*
3. Quāil, *lose courage.*
3. Spēeds, *makes haste.*
3. Çhĭv′-al-rie, *bold.*
4. Frāil′-ty, *feebleness.*

PRESS ON!

1. *Press on*\! there's no such word as fail\!
Press *nobly* on\! the goal is near\;
Ascend the mountain′! breast the gale\!
Look *upward*\, ONWARD\; *never fear!*
Why shouldst thou faint\? Heaven smiles above′,
Though storm and vapor intervene\;
That sun shines on′, whose name is Love′,
Serenely o'er life's shadowed scene\.

2. *Press on*\! surmount the rocky steeps\;
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch\;
He fails alone who feebly creeps\;
He wins who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero\! let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And, through the ebon walls of night′,
Hew down a passage unto day\.

3. *Press on*\! if once or twice thy feet
Slip back and stumble′, harder try\':
From him who never dreads to meet
Danger and death\', they're sure to fly\'.
To coward ranks the bullet speeds;
While′, on their breasts who never quail′,
Gleams′, guardian of chivalric deeds′,
Bright courage′, like a coat of mail\'.

4. *Press on*\! if Fortune play thee false
To-day′, to-morrow she'll be true\':
Whom now she sinks′ she now exalts\',
Taking *old* gifts′, and granting *new*.
The wisdom of the present hour′
Makes up for follies past and gone\';
To weakness strength succeeds\', and power
From frailty springs\' :—*press on*\! PRESS ON !

5. *Press on*\! what though upon the ground
Thy love has been poured out like rain\'?
That happiness is always found
The sweetest which is born of pain\'.
Oft 'mid the forest's deepest gloom′
A bird sings from some blighted tree\';
And in the dreariest desert blooms′
A never-dying rose for thee\'.

6. Therefore, *press on*\! and reach the *goal*,
And gain the *prize*, and wear the *crown!*
Faint not! for to the steadfast soul
Come *wealth*, and *honor*, and *renown*.
To thine own self be *true*\', and keep
Thy mind from *sloth*′, thy heart from *soil*\':
Press on! and thou shalt surely reap
A heavenly harvest for thy toil.

LESSON XXV.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

hĕ**lp**	hä**rp**	**sl**ōp	**sm**īt	**sn**āk
lp	**rp**	**sl**	**sm**	**sn**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

2. Im-pōse′ upon, *deceive.*
5. Căb, *a covered carriage, with two or four wheels, drawn by one horse.*
6. Bĕg′-gar-ing, *making poor.*
7. Clŏgs, *overshoes with thick soles for wet weather.*
9. Trāips′-ing, *walking carelessly.*
10. Nŏz′-zle, *the end or projecting point of anything.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

Christ′-mas, (krĭs′-mas;) traips′-ing, (trāps′-ing;) bŏn′-net.

NOTE.—To read some parts of this lesson correctly, the pupil must imagine the comments or apologies which Mr. Caudle seems to make during the progress of the lecture, and then deliver Mrs. Caudle's replies or subsequent remarks with such degrees of Pitch, Rate, Force, and Qualities of the voice as the language demands.

MRS. CAUDLE'S UMBRELLA LECTURE.

1. WELL, that's the third umbrella gone since Christmas! What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I am very certain he wouldn't spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than taken our umbrella.

2. Do you hear the rain′, Mr. Caudle′? I say, do you hear the rain‵? Do you hear it against the windows‵? Nonsense! you don't impose upon me; you can't be asleep with such a shower as that. Do you hear it‵, I say? Oh, you do hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks, and no stirring all the time out of the house.

3. Pooh! don't think me a fool‵, Mr. Caudle′; don't insult me‵! He return the umbrella! Anybody would think

you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella! There'! do you hear it'? Worse and worse'! Cats and dogs', and for six weeks': always six weeks; and no umbrella.

4. I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They sha'n't go through such weather, I am determined. No'; they shall stop at home and never learn anything sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up', I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing'?—who, indeed, but their father'? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

5. But I know why you lent the umbrella; oh, yes, I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow; you knew that, and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me! you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle: no, sir! if it comes down in bucketfuls, I'll go all the more. No, and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from'? You've got high notions at that club of yours!

6. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence, at least. Sixteen-pence? two-and-eight-pence: for there's back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for them; for I'm sure you can't if you go on as you do, throwing away your property and beggaring your children buying umbrellas!

7. Do you hear the rain', Mr. Caudle'? I say, do you hear it'? But I don't care; I'll go to mother's to-morrow; I will; and, what's more, I'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and, with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold; it always does: but what do you care for that? Nothing at all.

8. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I

shall; and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will. It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; yes, and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course.

9. Nice clothes I'll get, too, traipsing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. Needn't wear them, then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear them. No, sir: I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. It isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once,—better, I should say; but when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. Oh, that rain! if it isn't enough to break in the windows! Ugh! I look forward with dread for to-morrow.

10. How I am to go to mother's I'm sure I can't tell; but, if I die, I'll do it. No, sir, I won't borrow an umbrella; no, and you sha'n't buy me one. Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it into the street. Ha! and it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I had known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one. Paying for new nozzles for other people to laugh at you!

11. Oh, it's all very well for you; you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor, patient wife and your own dear children; you think of nothing but lending umbrellas! Men, indeed! call themselves lords of creation!—pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

12. I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want; then you may go to your club and do as you like; and then nicely my poor dear children will be used; but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Yes, when your poor, patient wife is dead and gone, then you'll marry that mean little widow Quilp; I know you will.

LESSON XXVI.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

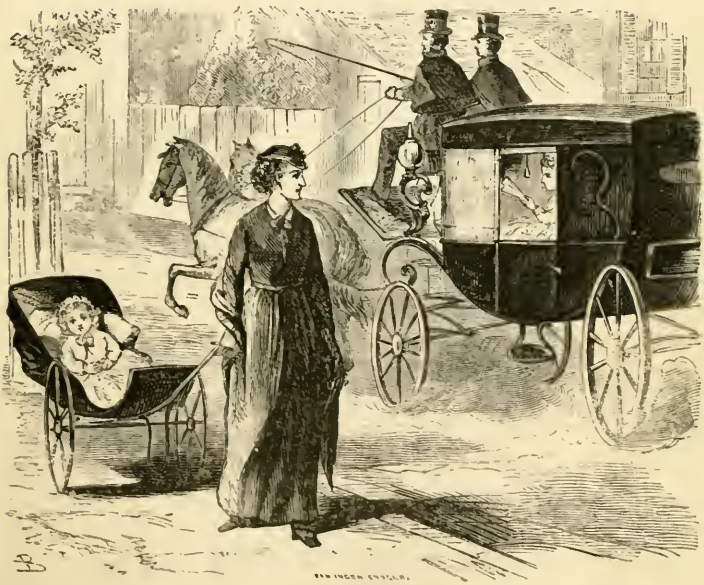
swēt	**ĕls**	**dȧns**	**hạ̈rs**	**trăk**
sw	**ls**	**ns**	**rs**	**tr**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Trŭn′-dling, *rolling along.*
1. Chĕr′-ub, *angelic.*
2. Sănds, *moments.*
3. Pōrt′-al, *door or gate.*
4. De-fīne′, *explain.*
4. Stā′-tion, *rank.*

MRS. LOFTY AND I.

1. MRS. LOFTY keeps a carriage′,
So do I';
She has dapple grays to draw it',
None have *I';*



With my blue-eyed laughing baby′,
Trundling by,

I hide his face\ lest she should see
The cherub boy', and envy me\.

2. Her fine husband has white fingers,
Mine has not;
He could give his bride a *palace*,—
Mine a *cot*;
Hers comes home beneath the *starlight*,
Ne'er cares she;
Mine comes in the purple *twilight'*,
Kisses me\,
And prays that He who turns life's sands'
Will hold his loved ones in His hands\.

3. Mrs. Lofty has her jewels',
So have I;
She wears hers upon her bosom';
Inside I\;
She will leave hers at Death's portal',
By-and-by\;
I shall bear my treasure with me'
When I die\;
For I have *love'*, and she has *gold\;*
She counts her wealth';—mine can't be told\.

4. She has those who love her—station,
None have I;
But I've one true heart beside me—
Glad am I;
I'd not change it for a kingdom,
No, not I;
God will weigh it in his balance,
By-and-by;
And the difference define
'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

LESSON XXVII.

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

2. In-ĕx′-o-ra-ble, *unyielding.*
2. Rē′-tro-grade, *backward.*
2. E-lix′-ir, *the refined spirit or quintessence.*
4. Prox-im′-i-ty, *nearness.*
2. Ăl-che-my, *an ancient science that aimed to prepare a remedy for every disease.*
4. Ex-ŭlt′, *to be glad above measure.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

ex-ult′, (ĕgs-ŭlt′;) al′-mond, (ä′-mônd;) in-ex′-o-ra-ble, (in-ĕks′-o-ra-ble;) al′-che-my, (ăl′-ke-my.)

THE SNOW OF AGE.

No snow falls lighter than the snow of age; but none is heavier, for it never melts.

1. THE figure is by no means novel, but the closing part of the sentence is new as well as emphatic. The Scriptures represent age by the almond tree, which bears blossoms of the purest white. "The almond tree shall flourish"—the head shall be hoary. Dickens says of one of his characters, whose hair was turning gray, that it looked as if Time had lightly splashed his snows upon it in passing.

2. "It never melts"—no, never! Age is inexorable. Its wheels must move onward; they know no retrograde movement. The old man may sit and sing, "I would I were a boy again;" but he grows older as he sings. He may read of the elixir of youth, but he cannot find it; he may sigh for the secrets of that alchemy which is able to make him young again, but sighing brings it not. He may gaze backward with an eye of longing upon the rosy scenes of early years, as one who gazes on his home from the deck of a departing ship, which every moment carries him farther and farther away. Poor old man! he has little more to do than die.

3. "It never melts." The snow of winter comes and

sheds its white blessings upon the valley and the mountains, but soon the sweet spring comes and smiles it all away. Not so with that on the brow of the tottering veteran. There is no spring whose warmth can penetrate its eternal frost. It comes to stay. Its single flakes fell unnoticed; and now it is drilled there. We shall see it increase until we lay the old man in his grave. There it shall be absorbed by the eternal darkness; for there is no age in heaven.

4. Yet why speak of age in a mournful strain? It is beautiful, honorable, eloquent. Should we sigh at the proximity of death, when life and the world are so full of emptiness? Let the old exult because they are old. If any must weep, let it be the young, at the long succession of cares that are before them.

5. As ripe fruit is sweeter than green fruit, so is age sweeter than youth, provided the youth were grafted into Christ. As harvest-time is a brighter time than seed-time, so is age brighter than youth; that is, if youth were a seed-time for good. As the completion of a work is more glorious than the beginning, so is age more glorious than youth; that is, if the foundation of the work of God were laid in youth.

6. As sailing into port is a happier thing than the voyage, so is age happier than youth; that is, when the voyage from youth is made with Christ at the helm. Welcome, then, the snow of age, for it is the emblem of peace and of rest. It is but a temporal crown, which shall fall at the gates of Paradise, to be replaced by a brighter and a better.

LESSON XXVIII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

twēd	bŏ**tl**	bō**lt**	kă**mt**	pā**nt**
tw	**tl**	**lt**	**mt**	**nt**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

3. Vĕrd'-ūre, *greenness; freshness of vegetation.*
3. Ey'-rie, *the place where birds of prey build their nests and hatch their young.*
4. Stạlk'-ing, *walking in a stealthy or sly manner.*
5. Pēals, *loudly sounds.*
5. Mĭn'-ute-Gun, *a gun discharged every minute.*
6. Mĭn'-ster, *the principal church of a diocese.*
6. Trăn'-sept, *the projecting wings of a church, forming the smaller arms of the cross in a cruciform church.*
6. Em-blā'-zon-ed, *decorated.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

sep'-ul-cher, (sĕp'-ul-ker;) ey'-rie, (ā'-rĭ;) em-bla'-zon-ed, (em-blā'-znd;) com'-rade, (kŏm'-rade.)

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

1. By Nebo's lonely mountain',
On this side Jordan's wave',
In a vale in the land of Moab',
There lies a lonely grave';
And no man knows that sepulchre',
And no man saw it e'er',
For the angels of God upturned the sod',
And laid the dead man there'.

2. That was the grandest funeral'
That ever passed on earth';
But no man heard the trampling'
Or saw the train go forth'—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done',
And the crimson streaks on ocean's cheek'
Grow into the great sun'.

3. Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves';

So without sound of music',
Or voice of them that wept',
Silently down from the mountain crown',
The great procession swept'.

4. Perchance the bald old eagle',
On gray Beth-Peor's height',
Out of his lonely eyrie',
Look'd on the wondrous sight';
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallow'd spot',
For beast and bird have seen and heard'
That which man knoweth not'.

5. But when the warrior dieth',
His comrades in the war',
With arms reversed and muffled drum',
Follow his funeral car';
They show the banners taken',
They tell his battles won',
And after him lead his masterless steed',
While peals the minute-gun'.

6. Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest',
And give the bard an honor'd place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazoned wall'.

7. This was the truest warrior'
That ever buckled sword',
This the most gifted poet'
That ever breathed a word';

And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen\',
On the deathless page', truths half so sage'
As he wrote down for men\'.

8. And had he not high honor,—
The hill-side for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

9. In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again', oh, wondrous thought\'!
Before the Judgment day',
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod',
And speak of the strife that won our life',
With the Incarnate Son of God\'.

10. O lonely grave in Moab's land\'!
O dark Beth-Peor's hill\'!
Speak\' to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still\'.
God hath his mysteries of grace\',
Ways that we cannot tell\';
He hides them deep', like the hidden sleep'
Of him he loved so well\'.

LESSON XXIX.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

bûr**g**	bĕ**gz**	bŭ**lj**	hĭ**nj**	û**rj**
rg	**gz**	**lj**	**nj**	**rj**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Ob-nŏx′-ioŭs, *hateful; offensive.*
1. Can-tăbş′, *a student or graduate of Cambridge university.*
9. Whĭm′-si-cal, *odd; curious.*
9. Ex-com-mu-ni-cā′-tion, *exclusion from the church and all its benefits.*
9. In-ġe-nū′-i-ty, *the quality or power of ready invention.*

ECCENTRIC SERMON ON THE WORD MALT.

1. THE Rev. Mr. Dodd′, a very worthy minister′, who lived a few miles from Cambridge, had rendered himself obnoxious to many of the Cantabs by frequently preaching against drunkenness‵; several of whom meeting him on a journey′, they determined to make him preach in a hollow tree which was near the roadside‵.

2. Accordingly′, addressing him with great apparent politeness′, they asked him if he had not lately preached much against drunkenness. On his replying in the affirmative′, they insisted he should now preach from a text of their choosing‵.

3. In vain did he remonstrate on the unreasonableness of expecting him to give them a discourse without study′, and in such a place‵; they were determined to take no denial‵; and the word MALT was given him by way of text′, on which he immediately delivered himself as follows‵:—

4. "Beloved′, let me crave your attention‵. I am a little man‵, come at a short warning‵, to preach a short sermon‵, from a small subject‵, in an unworthy pulpit′, to a small congregation‵. Beloved′, my text is MALT. I cannot divide it into words′, it being but one‵; nor into syllables′, it being but one‵; I must′, therefore′, of necessity divide it into letters‵, which I find to be these four—

M, A, L, T.

My beloved,

M is moral',
A is allegorical',
L is literal', and
T is theological'.

5. "The moral is set forth to teach you drunkards good manners'; therefore',

M, masters',
A, all of you',
L, listen
T, to my text'.

The allegorical is', when one thing is spoken', and another is meant'. The thing spoken of is *Malt'*; the thing meant is the *juice* of Malt', which you drunkards make

M, meat',
A, apparel',
L, little
T, treasure'.

6. "The literal is according to the letter':

M, much
A, ale',
L, little
T, thrift'.

The theological is according to the effects that it works'; and these I find to be of two kinds':—First', in this world'; secondly', in the world to come'. The effects that it works in this world are,

M, murder',
A, arson',
L, lying',
T, treason';

And in the world to come,

M, misery',
A, anguish',
L, lamentation', and
T, torment'.

7. "And so much for this time and text. I shall improve this′, first′, by way of exhortation‵:

M, masters′,
A, all of you′,
L, leave off
T, tippling‵;

Or′, secondly′, by way of excommunication‵:

M, masters′,
A, all of you′,
L, look for
T, torment‵.

8. "Thirdly′, by way of caution′, take this‵:—A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty‵, the spoil of civility‵, the destruction of reason‵, the brewer's agent‵, the alehouse benefactor‵, his wife's sorrow‵, his children's trouble‵, his own shame‵, his neighbor's scoff‵, a walking swill-bowl‵, the picture of a beast′, and the monster of a man‵."

9. He then concluded in the usual form‵; and the young men′, pleased with his ingenuity′, not only sincerely thanked him′, but absolutely profited more by this short and whimsical sermon than by any serious discourse they had ever heard‵.

LESSON XXX.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

pōr**t**	klă**m**	**kr**o̤p	tā**kn**	sŭ**lk**
rt	**am**	**kr**	**kn**	**lk**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

2. Rŭs′-tic, *pertaining to the country.*
5. Vāgue, *indefinite.*
12. Quăff′-ed, *drank.*
33. Dow′-er, *the property which a woman brings to a husband in marriage.*
37. Gär′-nish-ed, *furnished in an ornamental manner.*
47. Spĭn′-et, *a musical instrument, resembling a harp.*
47. Ăs′-tral, *starry. Astral is here put for astral lamp, which is a large parlor lamp so constructed as to give a strong light.*

MAUD MULLER.

1 MAUD MULLER', on a summer's day',
Raked the meadow sweet with hay'.

2. Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

3. Singing', she wrought', and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree'.

4. But', when she glanced to the far-off' town',
White from its hill-slope looking down',

5. The sweet song died'; and a vague unrest',
And a nameless longing filled her breast'—

6. A wish', that she hardly dared to own',
For something better than she had known'.

7. The Judge rode slowly down the lane′,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane\.

8. He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple trees′, to greet the maid′,

9. And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road\.

10. She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up′,
And filled for him her small tin cup′,

11. And blushed as she gave it\, looking down
On her feet so bare′, and her tattered gown\.

12. "Thanks\!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed\."

13. He spoke of the grass\, and flowers\, and trees\,
Of the singing birds′, and the humming bees\;

14. Then talked of the haying\, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

15. And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown′,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

16. And listened\, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes\.

17. At last′, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

18. Maud Muller looked and sighed′: "Ah, me\!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

19. "He would dress me up in silks so fine′,
And praise and toast me at his wine\.

20. "My father should wear a broadcloth coat′;
My brother should sail a painted boat‵.

21. "I'd dress my mother so grand and gay′,
And the baby should have a new toy each day‵.

22. "And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor‵,
And all should bless me who left our door‵."

23. The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill′,
And saw Maud Muller standing still‵.

24. "A form more fair‵, a face more sweet′,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet‵.

25. "And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair‵.

26. "Would she were mine′, and I to-day′,
Like her′, a harvester of hay‵:

27. "No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs′,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues′,

28. "But low of cattle‵, and song of birds‵,
And health‵, and quiet′, and loving words‵."

29. But he thought of his sisters proud and cold′,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold‵.

30. So′, closing his heart‵, the Judge rode on′,
And Maud was left in the field alone‵.

31. But the lawyers smiled that afternoon′,
When he hummed in court an old love tune‵;

32. And the young girl mused beside the well′
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell‵.

33. He wedded a wife of richest dower',
Who lived for fashion', as he for power'.

34. Yet oft', in his marble hearth's bright glow',
He watched a picture come and go':

35. And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise'.

36. Oft', when the wine in his glass was red',
He longed for the wayside well instead';

37. And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms',
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms'.

38. And the proud man sighed', with a secret pain',
"Ah that I were *free* again'!

39. "FREE as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay'."

40. She wedded a man unlearned and poor',
And many children played round her door.

41. But care and sorrow', and wasting pain',
Left their traces on heart and brain'.

42. And oft', when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow-lot',

43. And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside', through the wall',

44. In the shade of the apple tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein'.

45. And', gazing down with timid grace',
She felt his pleased eyes read her face'.

46. Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls',

47. The weary wheel to a spinet turned',
The tallow candle an astral burned',

48. And for him who sat by the chimney lug',
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug',

49. A manly form at her side she saw';
And joy was duty', and love was law'.

50. Then she took up her burden of life again',
Saying only', "It might have been'."

51. Alas for maiden', alas for Judge',
For rich repiner', and household drudge'!

52. God pity them both'! and pity us all',
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall'.

53. For of all sad words of tongue or pen',
The saddest are these: "It might have been'."

54. Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

55. And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

LESSON XXXI.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

flăt	**frọt**	sŏ**fn**	sĕ**lf**	ĭ**nf**
fl	**fr**	**fn**	**lf**	**nf**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

2. In-tẽr-pre-ta′-tion, *the act of expounding or unfolding what is not understood.*
2. Ma-ģĭ′-cians, *enchanters; sorcerers.*
2. As-trŏl′-o-ģers, *those who profess to foretell future events by the aspect and situation of the stars.*
6. Tīmes, *years.*
7. As-tŏn′-i-ed, *astonished.*
2. Chal-dē′-ans, *a caste of priests distinguished for their knowledge of the order and courses of the heavenly bodies.*
2. Sōōth′-sāy-er, *one who undertakes to foretell future events without inspiration.*
11. Tran-quĭl′-li-ty, *peace.*
13. Re-pūt′-ed, *accounted.*
14. De-bāse′, *to lower or degrade.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

Neb-u-chad-nez′-zar, (neb-yo̤-kad-nĕz′-zar;) Bel-te-shăz′-zar; length′-en-ing, (lĕngth′-ning;) Bab′-y-lon, (băb′-e-lon;) ma-gi′-cians, (ma-jĭsh′-ans;) as-ton′-i-ed, (as-tŏn′-id.)

Bible

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S DREAM.

1. NEBUCHADNEZZAR the king, unto all people, nations and languages, that dwell in all the earth; peace be multiplied unto you. I thought it good to show the signs and wonders that the high God hath wrought toward me. How great are his signs'! And how mighty are his wonders'! His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom′, and his dominion is from generation to generation'.

2. I Nebuchadnezzar was at rest in mine house′, and flourishing in my palace': I saw a dream which made me afraid'; and the thoughts upon my bed′ and the visions of my head troubled me'. Therefore, made I a decree to bring in all' the wise men of Babylon before me′, that they might make known unto me the interpretation thereof'.

3. But at the last Daniel came in before me′, whose name was Belteshazzar′, according to the name of my god′, and in whom is the spirit of the holy gods′, and before him I told the dream', saying′, O Belteshazzar′, master of the magicians′, because I know that the spirit of the holy gods is in

thee′, and no secret troubleth thee′, tell me the visions of my dream that I have seen′, and the interpretation thereof`.

4. Thus were the visions of mine head in my bed:—I saw, and behold a tree in the midst of the earth′, and the height thereof was great`. The tree grew`, and was strong`, and the height thereof reached into heaven′, and the sight thereof to the ends of all the earth`; the leaves thereof were fair′, and the fruit thereof much`; and in it was meat for all; the beasts of the field had shadow under it`, and the fowls of the heaven dwelt in the boughs thereof′, and all flesh was fed of it`.

5. I saw in the visions of my head upon my bed′, and behold′, a watcher and a holy one came down from heaven; he cried aloud′, and said thus, "Hew down the tree′, and cut off his branches`; shake off his leaves′, and scatter his fruit`; let the beasts get away from under it′, and the fowls from his branches`. Nevertheless′, leave the stump of his roots in the earth`, even with a band of iron and brass′, in the tender grass of the field`; and let it be wet with the dew of heaven′, and let his portion be with the beasts in the grass of the earth`.

6. "Let his heart be changed from man's′, and let a beast's heart be given unto him`; and let seven times pass over him`. This matter is by the decree of the watchers′, and the demand by the word of the holy ones`; to the intent that the living may know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men`, and giveth it to whomsoever he will′, and setteth up over it the basest of men`." This dream I Nebuchadnezzar have seen.

7. Now thou′, O Belteshazzar′, declare the interpretation thereof`, forasmuch as all the wise men of my kingdom are not able to make known unto me the interpretation`; but thou art able′; for the spirit of the holy gods is in thee`. Then Daniel′, whose name was Belteshazzar′, was astonied for one hour`; and his thoughts troubled him`. The king

spake′, and said′, "Belteshazzar′, let not the dream′, or the interpretation thereof′, trouble thee′."

8. Belteshazzar answered and said′, "My lord′, the dream be to them that hate thee′, and the interpretation thereof to thine enemies'. The tree that thou sawest′, which grew′, and was strong'; whose height reached unto the heaven′, and the sight thereof to all the earth'; whose leaves were fair', and the fruit thereof much′, and in it was meat for all'; under which the beasts of the field dwelt′, and upon whose branches the fowls of the heaven had their habitation; it is thou′, O king′, that art grown and become strong'; for thy greatness is grown', and reacheth unto heaven′, and thy dominion to the end of the earth'.

9. "And whereas the king saw a watcher and a holy one coming down from heaven′, and saying′, 'Hew the tree down′, and destroy it'; yet leave the stump of the roots thereof in the earth', even with a band of iron and brass′, in the tender grass of the field'; and let it be wet with the dew of heaven', and let his portion be with the beasts of the field′, till seven times pass over him';' this is the interpretation', O king′, and this is the decree of the Most High, which is come upon my lord the king':

10. "That they shall drive thee from men', and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field', and they shall make thee to eat grass as oxen', and they shall wet thee with the dew of heaven', and seven times shall pass over thee′, till thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men′, and giveth it to whomsoever he will'. And′, whereas they commanded to leave the stump of the tree-roots′, thy kingdom shall be sure unto thee′, after that thou shalt have known that the heavens do rule'.

11. "Wherefore′, O king′, let my counsel be acceptable unto thee', and break off thy sins by righteousness′, and thine iniquities by showing mercy to the poor'; if it may be a lengthening of thy tranquillity'." All this came upon the king Nebuchadnezzar. At the end of twelve months he

walked in the palace of the kingdom of Babylon. The king spake and said, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty?" While the word was in the king's mouth there fell a voice from heaven, saying, "O king Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken:

12. "The kingdom is departed from thee. And they shall drive thee from men', and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field'. They shall make thee eat grass as oxen', and seven times shall pass over thee', until thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men', and giveth it to whomsoever he will'."

13. The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar. And he was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen; and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws.

14. And at the end of the days I Nebuchadnezzar lifted up mine eyes unto heaven, and mine understanding returned unto me, and I blessed the Most High, and I praised and honored Him that liveth for ever, whose dominion is an everlasting dominion, and his kingdom is from generation to generation; and all the inhabitants are reputed as nothing; and he doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, "What doest thou?"

15. At the same time my reason returned unto me; and for the glory of my kingdom, mine honor and brightness returned unto me; and my counselors and my lords sought unto me; and I was established in my kingdom, and excellent majesty was added unto me. Now I Nebuchadnezzar praise and extol and honor the King of heaven, all whose works are truth, and his ways judgment; and those who walk in pride he is able to abase.

LESSON XXXII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

tûr**f**	hŏ**bld**	bŭ**lbz**	bŭ**blz**
rf	**bld**	**lbz**	**blz**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Heärt′-y, *cordial; bold.*
1. Văl′-or, *courage.*
1. Cōurt, *a body of persons who attend upon a king or person in high authority.*
2. Rămp′-ed, *leaped; bounded.*
2. Glăr′-ed, *looked with fierce, piercing eyes.*
3. Dĕs′-per-ate, *rash; foolhardy.*
4. Văn′-i-ty, *desire for display.*

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

1. KING FRANCIS was a hearty king′, and loved a royal sport\',
   And one day′, as his lions strove′, sat looking on the court;
   The nobles fill'd the benches round′, the ladies by their side′,
   And 'mongst them Count de Lorge′, with one he hoped to make his bride\';
   And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show\',
   Valor and love\', and a king above′, and the royal beasts below\'.

2. Ramped and roared the lions′, with horrid laughing jaws\';
   They bit\', they glared\', gave blows like beams′, a wind went with their paws\';
   With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled one on another′,
   Till all the pit′, with sand and mane′, was in a thund′-rous smother′;

The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air';
Said Francis then', "Good gentlemen, we're better here than there'!"

3. De Lorge's love o'erheard the king', a beauteous', lively dame',
With smiling lips', and sharp, bright eyes', which always seemed the same':
She thought, "The count, my lover', is as brave as brave can be';
He surely would do desperate things to show his love of me!
King', ladies', lovers', all look on'; the chance is wondrous fine';
I'll drop my glove to prove his love'; great glory will be mine'!"

4. She dropp'd her glove to prove his love': then looked on him and smiled';
He bowed', and in a moment leaped among the lions wild':
The leap was quick'; return was quick'; he soon regained his place';
Then threw the glove', but not with love', right in the lady's face'!
"In truth!" cried Francis, "rightly done'!" and he rose from where he sat:
"No love'," quoth he', "but vanity', sets love a task like that'!"

LESSON XXVIII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

bär**bd**	bär**bz**	pē**rch**	ẽr**th**
rbd	**rbz**	**rch**	**rth**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Sĕc′-ū-lar, *worldly.*
1. Sẹrụ′-pu-loŭs, *nice; exact.*
2. Cŏm-pe-tĭ-tion, *rivalry.*
4. Ex-pe-dĭ-tioŭs, *speedy.*
5. En-tāil′, *to fix inalienably on some person or thing.*
5. In′-tĕg′-ri-ty, *honesty.*
6. Pā′-trons, *those who countenance and support.*
7. Cŏm-pen-sā′-tion, *recompense.*
7. Pĕlf, *money; riches.*
8. Ac-count′-ed, *considered.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

Dis-hon′-or, (dĭz-ŏn′-ur;) con′-science, (kŏn′-shens;) dis-hon′-est, (dĭz-ŏn′-est;) vī′-ō-late; bes*t;* mids*t.*

STRICT INTEGRITY IS THE SUREST WAY TO SUCCESS.

1. IT is very common for young men just commencing business, to imagine that, if they would advance their secular interests, they must not be very scrupulous in binding themselves down to the strict rules of rectitude.

2. They must conform to custom; and if, in buying and selling, they sometimes say the things that are not true, and do the things that are not honest, why, their neighbors do the same; and, verily, there is no getting along without it. There is so much competition and rivalry that to be strictly honest, and yet succeed in business, is out of the question.

3. Now, if it were indeed so, I would say to a young man, "Then quit the business. Better dig, and beg too, than to tamper with conscience, sin against God, and lose your soul." But is it so? Is it necessary, in order to succeed in business, that you should adopt a standard of morals more lax and pliable than the one placed before you in the Bible?

4. Perhaps, for a time, a rigid adherence to rectitude might bear hard upon you: but how would it be in the end? Possibly your neighbor, by being less scrupulous than your-

self, may invent a more expeditious way of acquiring a fortune. If he is willing to violate the dictates of conscience, to lie, and cheat, and trample on the rules of justice and honesty, he may, indeed, get the start of you, and rise suddenly to wealth and distinction. But would you envy him his riches, or be willing to place yourself in his situation?

5. Sudden wealth, especially when obtained by dishonest means, rarely fails of bringing with it sudden ruin. Those who acquire it are of course beggared in their morals, and are often very soon beggared in property. Their riches are corrupted; and, while they bring the curse of God on their immediate possessors, they entail misery and ruin upon their families. If it be admitted, then, that strict integrity is not always the shortest way to success, is it not the surest, the happiest, and the best?

6. A young man of thorough integrity may, it is true, find it difficult in the midst of dishonest competitors and rivals to start in his business or profession; but how long ere he will surmount every difficulty, draw around him patrons and friends, and rise in the confidence and support of all who know him?

7. What if, in pursuing this course, you should not at the close of life have so much money by a few hundred dollars? Will not a fair character, an approving conscience, and an approving God, be an abundant compensation for this little deficiency in pelf?

8. Oh, there is an hour coming when one whisper of an approving mind, one smile of an approving God, will be accounted of more value than the wealth of a thousand worlds like this! In that hour, my young friends, nothing will sustain you but the consciousness of having been governed in life by worthy and good principles.

LESSON XXXIV.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

1. Scots′, wha hae wi' Wallace bled′,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led′,
Welcome to your gory bed′,
Or to glorious victory'.

2. Now's the day, and now's the hour';
See the front o' battle lower',
See approach proud Edward's power′—
Edward! chains and slavery'!

3. Wha will be a traitor knave'?
Wha can fill a coward's grave'?
Wha sae base as be a slave'?
Traitor'! coward'! turn and *flee'!*

4. Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Caledonian! on wi' me'.

5. By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains′!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—*shall* be free!

6. Lay the proud usurpers low'!
Tyrants fall in every foe'!
Liberty's in every blow'!
Forward'! let us *do,* or *die'!*

LESSON XXXV.

Exercise in Articulation

hä**rsh**	hē**rdz**	hûr**ld**	hä**rmd**
rsh	**rdz**	**rld**	**rmd**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Ăt′-ti-tūde, *posture or position.*
3. Ĕp-i-grăm′-ma-tīz-ed, *expressed in a concise and pointed manner.*
5. In-tĕn′-si-ty, *earnestness.*
5. In-dŏm′-i-ta-ble, *not to be subdued.*
5. Vi-tăl′-i-ty, *life.*
6. In-ĕv-i-ta-bĭl-i-ty, *certain to happen.*

I CAN.

1. OF course you can. You show it in your looks', in your motion', in your speech', and everything else'. Every attitude shows that your body has a soul', and is inhabited by resolution and moral sense'.

2. *I can!* A brave', hearty', soulful', manly expression'. There is character', force', vigor', determination', and will in it'. The words have spirit', sparkle', and pungency about them', not to be resisted or forgotten.

3. There is a world of meaning expressed', nailed down', epigrammatized', and rammed', so to speak, into those few letters. Whole lectures are there, and sermons of mighty grandeur and eloquence, on the stern and solid virtues.

4. We more than admire to hear the young man speak it out bravely', boldly', determinedly'; as though it was an outstretching of his entire nature'—a reflection of his inner soul'. It tells of something that is earnest', sober', serious'; of something that will race and battle with the world', when the way is open for it'.

5. *I can!* What a spirit', purpose', intensity', reality', in the phrase'! It is a strong arm', a stout heart', a bold eye', a firm spirit', an indomitable will'. We never knew of a man possessed of its energy', vitality', unsubdued and energetic fire', that did not attain a place of some distinction among his fellows'.

6. How should', we may say', how *could* it have been otherwise'? Take Franklin', Washington', Wilberforce', Ferguson', La Place', and all the master spirits that have found a name and a place on the pages of history', and

where is the nation\, where is the people among whom they would not be distinguished\? It could not be otherwise. It is the nature\, constitution\, order\, necessity\, the very inevitability of things and events′ that it should be so\.

7. *I can*, rightly and truly said, and then clinched and riveted by the manly and heroic deed, is the real secret, the true philosophy of all great men's lives. They took *I can* for a motto, and then went forth and made of themselves and the world exactly what they pleased.

8. Then, young man, hear us, if it be only this once. If you would be something more than a common′, prosy wayfarer in life′, just put these magic words on your lips\; and their rousing\, hopeful\, expanding′ philosophy into your heart and arms\. Say, *I can*′, and *do it*, and you are a man whose fortune will soon be made\; and you blessed with the recollection of making it yourself.

LESSON XXXVI.

THE BUGLE AND ITS ECHOES.

1. THE splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And wild the cataract leaps in glory.
Blow\, bugle′, blow\; set the wild echoes flying\;
Blow\, bugle′; answer\, echoes′, dying, dying, dying.

2. O hark\, O hear\! how thin and clear\,
And thinner\, clearer′, farther going\!
O sweet and far′, from cliff and scar′,
The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing\!
Blow\; let us hear the purple glens replying\:
Blow\, bugle′; answer\, echoes′, dying, dying, dying.

3. O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, or field, or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow', bugle', blow'; set the wild echoes flying';
And answer', echoes', answer', dying, dying, dying.

LESSON XXXVII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

kû**rvz**	bû**rst**	bä**rks**	hä**rms**
rvz	**rst**	**rks**	**rms**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. A-bŏm'-i-nate, *hate; detest.*
1. Ĭm-be-çĭl'-i-ty, *weakness.*
2. Ac-cŏm'-plish-ment, *completion.*
2. Läunch, *to go forth with energy.*
3. Gi'-ant-ly, *like a giant.*
4. Per-pĕt'-ū-al-ly, *constantly.*
5. Pĕarl'-y, *clear; pure.*
5. Grăt-i-fi-cā'-tion, *enjoyment.*
5. E-lĕe'-tri-fȳ, *surprise; enchant.*

PERSEVERE.

1. CARRY a thing through'. Persevere'; don't do anything else. If you once fairly', soundly', wide awakely begin a thing', let it be carried through', though it cost you your best comfort', time', energies', and all that you can command'. We heartily abominate this turning backward, this wearying and fainting of soul and purpose. It speaks imbecility of mind', want of character', courage', true manliness'.

2. Carry a thing through'. Don't begin it till you are fully prepared for its accomplishment. Think', study', dig', till you know your ground', see your way'. This done, launch out with all your soul', heart', and fire'; turn neither to the right nor left. Push on'—push giantly on, as if creation had been waiting through all time for your especial

hand and spirit. Then you'll do something worthy of yourself and kind.

3. Carry a thing through. Don't leap and dally from one thing to another. No man ever did anything that way. *You* can't.

4. Be strong minded. Be hopeful\', stern′, and manly\'. Don't disgrace yourself by being on this thing to-day, and that to-morrow, and another thing next day. We don't care if you are the most active mortal living—we don't care if you labor day and night, in season and out; be sure the end of your life will show nothing, if you perpetually change from object to object. Fortune\', success\', fame\', position′, are never gained but by piously\', determinedly\', bravely\', sticking\', growing\', living′ to a thing till it is fairly accomplished\'.

5. In short, you must carry a thing through, if you want to be anybody or anything. No matter if it does cost you the pleasure\', the society′, the thousand pearly gratifications of life\'. No matter for these. Stick to a thing and carry it through. Put forth your whole energies. Stir\', wake\', electrify yourself′, and go forth to the task\'.

6. Only once learn to carry a thing through in all its completeness and proportion′, and you will become a hero\'. *You* will think better of yourself; *others* will think better of you. Of course they will. The world in its very heart admires the stern′, determined doer\'. It sees in him its best sight\', its highest object′, its richest treasure\'. Drive right along, then, in whatever you undertake. Consider yourself amply sufficient for the deed. You'll be successful. Never fear.

LESSON XXVIII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

bûr**gz**	ēg**lz**	hĕl**mz**	văl**vz**
rgz	**glz**	**lmz**	**lvz**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Chīme, *musical sounds.*
1. Dis-pēn′-sing, *distributing.*
1. Wīnds, (fourth line,) *blows.*
3. Gär′-land, *a wreath made of branches, leaves and flowers, to be worn on the head like a crown.*
3. Lăpse, *gliding; flowing.*
5. Stăff′-ed, *provided or supported by a staff.*
5. Tär′-nish-ed, *sullied; less bright.*
5. Shrĭv′-el-ed, *contracted into wrinkles.*
5. Crōne, *an old woman.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

bou-quet′, (bo͞o-kā′;) calm′-ly, (käm′-ly;) quench′-ed, (kwĕncht;) staff′-ed, (ståft;) tar′-nish-ed, (tär′-nisht;) shriv′-el-ed, (shrĭv′-ld.)

PASSING AWAY.

1. WAS it the chime of a tiny bell′,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear′,
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell′,
That he winds on the beach so mellow and clear′,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep′,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep′,
She dispensing her silvery light′,
And he, his notes as silvery quite′,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore′?
Hark'! the notes on my ear that play
Are set to words': as they float, they say′,
"Passing away!—passing away!"

2. But no'; it was not a fairy's shell′,
Blown on the beach so mellow and clear′,
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell
Striking the hour′, that fell on my ear′,
As I lay in my dream'; yet it was a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of time':
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung′,
And a plump little girl for a pendulum swung';
(As you've sometimes seen′, in a little ring

That hangs in his cage′, a canary bird swing\ ;)
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet\,
And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say′,
"Passing away !—passing away !"

3. Oh ! how bright were the wheels that told
Of the lapse of time′, as they moved round slow\ !
And the hands′, as they swept on the dial of gold′,
Seemed to point to the girl below\.
And lo ! she had changed\ ; in a few short hours,
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers′,
That she held in her outstretch'd hands′, and flung
This way and that\, as she dancing swung′
In the fullness and grace of womanly pride′,
That told me she soon was to be a bride\.
Yet then\, when expecting her happiest day\,
In the same sweet voice I heard her say′,
"Passing away !—passing away !"

4. While I gazed on that fair one's cheek, a shade
Of thought, or care stole softly over',
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made',
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover'.
The rose yet lay on her cheek', but its flush
Had something lost of its brilliant blush';
And the light in her eye', and the light on the wheels',
That march'd so calmly round above her',
Was a little dimm'd',—as when evening steals
Upon noon's hot face': yet one couldn't but love her',
For she look'd like a mother whose first babe lay
Rock'd on her breast', as she swung all day',
And she seem'd in the same silver tone, to say',
"Passing away!—passing away!"

5. While yet I look'd, what a change there came'!
Her eyes were quenched', and her cheek was wan';
Stooping and staff'd was her withered frame',
Yet just as busily swung she on'.
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust';
The wheels above her were eaten with rust';
The hands that over the dial swept',
Grew crooked and tarnished'; but on they kept,
And still there came that silver tone
From the shrivel'd lips of the toothless crone',
(Let me never forget to my dying day,
The tone or the burden of that lay:—)
"Passing away!—passing away!"

LESSON XXXIX.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

kămpt	bŭnch	tĕnth	fŭndz
mpt	**nch**	**nth**	**ndz**

Exercise in Spelling and Defining.

1. Sĕm′-i-na-ry, *a place of education.*
3. Gnärl′-ed, *knotty; hard.*
3. De-prăv′-i-ty, *wickedness.*
5. Märts, *place of sale or traffic.*
5. E-pĭs′-tleṣ, *letters.*
6. Dĕs′-ti-nĭeṣ, *fortunes; events.*
6. Ū′-ni-vêrse, *world.*
7. Vôr′-tex, *whirlpool.*
8. Ăp′-a-thy, *indifference.*
9. Cŏn′-fīneṣ, *borders.*
9. E-tĕr′-ni-ty, *state or condition which begins at death.*
11. 'Chănġe, *a place where merchants meet to transact business.*

TRAIN UP THE CHILDREN IN THE WAY THEY SHOULD GO.

1. The world's greatest seminary is the fireside. For good or evil the child's heart is impressed there. Words of platform', and pulpit', and school-house', may be forgotten'; but even when long years have swept over us', the influence of home will cling to us still'. Make the house pure', healthy', happy', refined', so shall those who live in it grow up in some measure like it'.

2. I don't say this is a rule without exception. I dare say there were cowards in Sparta, but because the Spartan mothers were brave so also were the Spartan children. There is little hope of a sober nation or a righteous people, I fear, unless the good principles which are to exalt us, and the "godliness which is profitable unto all things," be taught by the fireside.

3. Give us the children', and I shall have faith'. I despair almost of some of those who are hardened and gnarled with long years of sin and depravity; but I believe in the little ones. Train the children! Their hearts are soft and plastic now'—the springs of life are bubbling up in crystal freshness and beauty'—the sapling is straight and tender'.

4. Train the children! and they shall go forth', with the charm of winning ways', and the power of goodness to touch the wandering soul', and turn the hearts of some of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just'.

5. Train the children! for by and by they will go into thronged cities', and crowded marts'; or they will go to dis-

tant countries\, and there they will take the nobler messages, and be "living epistles known and read of all men."

6. Train the children\! They are to be the fathers\, and masters\, and guardians′ of the next generation\; they will plow the land\, sell the corn\, build the ships\, write the books′, and guide the destinies of a universe\.

7. Train the children! Then shall it be almost impossible for lost\, and wretched\, and perishing′ man to fling up wild arms in the mad vortex of passion′, crying out as in despair, "No man cared for my soul\."

8. Train the children! and the vices will be shriveled up\, the church strengthened′, the cause of God uplifted\; and those who have looked with sadness at the apathy and neglect of the past′, shall shout with joy\; "the little one has already become a thousand\, and the small one has become a great nation\."

9. And don't the little children call up tender associations′, and touching thoughts of days of yore′? When the shadows of life are lengthening′, and your step grows less elastic′, and you are drawing close to what Carlyle calls the "confines of eternity′," does the sight of a little child never bring back the gone years, with their memories of joy and sorrow?

10. Don't you think of the time when your cheek (it's very wrinkled now) was round and ruddy, and your feet were swift for fun, and your heart was big to dare and do′? Don't you think of the bright′, free′, generous years of boyhood′, when you never knew a care′, and felt merry and light-hearted all day long′?

11. Ah, you are wealthy now. You are reputed great on 'Change; you ride behind prancing steeds; you drink costly wines; you are lord of broad acres; but, perhaps, there are times when you would give all you possess if you could only bring back the fresh′, brave days of boyhood and youth\.

12. And what does your poor mother think\? She thinks of the little child who had nestled close to her heart′, and

filled her soul with gladness'; she thinks of the gleeful prattle', and the wild laughter'; she thinks of the strange beauty', and of the cruel death that came to scratch it out'; she thinks of the little grave above which the daisies have been growing so long', and of the dear lamb that went home early to the "good Shepherd'."

LESSON XL.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

mŭ**nth**	mŭ**nths**	sĭ**ngz**	sĭ**ngks**
nth	**nths**	**ngz**	**ngks**

SPELL AND DEFINE—

1. Trēe.	2. Out-lĭves'.	3. Tī'-tle-deeds.
1. Tĕst.	2. Gāin'-sāy.	3. Clāim.

YOUR HOUSE.

1. BE true to yourself at the start', young man',
Be true to *yourself* and *God*';
Ere you build your house', mark well the spot',
Test well the ground', and build you not
On the sand or shaking sod'.

2. Build slow and sure'; 'tis for life', young man',
A life that outlives the breath';
For who shall gainsay the holy word'?
"Their works do follow them'," saith the Lord,
"Therein there is no death'."

3. Build deep', and high', and broad', young man',
As the needful case demands';
Let your title-deeds be clear and bright',
Till you enter your claim to the Lord of Light',
For the "House not made with hands."

LESSON XLI.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

tĕ**nts**	răn**gkld**	lī**vnd**
nts	**gkld**	**vnd**

SPELL AND DEFINE—

2. Down.
3. Cō′-s̱y.
5. Chrīst′-less.
5. Whīrl′-ed.
5. Mŏth′-er-less.
5. Wāif.
8. Lôrn.
10. Heärt.
10. Pĭt′-y.

FOUND DEAD IN THE STREET.

1. THE labor is over and done';
The sun has gone down in the west';
The birds are asleep every one′;
And the world has gone to its rest'.

2. Sleepers on beds of down′,
'Neath covers of silk and gold';
Soft′, as on roses new blown′,
Slept the great monarch of old'!

3. Sleepers on mother's breast',
Sleepers happy and warm',
Cosy as birds in their nest′,
With never a thought of harm'.

4. Sleepers in garrets high′,
'Neath coverlet ragged and old';
And one little sleeper all under the sky′,
Out in the night and the cold'!

5. Alone in the wide', wide world',
Christless′, motherless he';
Begging or stealing to live′, and whirled′,
Like waif on an angry sea'.

6. The daisy looks up from the grass′,
Fresh from the fingers of Night′,
To welcome the birds as they pass′,
And drink in fresh rivers of light‘.

7. Sleepers on mothers' breast′,
Waken to summer and mirth‘;
But one little sleeper has gone to his rest′,
Never to waken on earth‘—

8. Dead‘—found dead in the street‘,
All forsaken′ and lorn‘;
Damp from head to feet′,
With dews of sweet May morn‘!

9. Dead′—for the want of a crust‘!
Dead in the cold night air‘!
Dead‘—and under the dust′,
Without ever a word of prayer‘;

10. In the heart of the wealthiest city,
In this most Christian land′,
Without ever a word of pity′,
Or the touch of a kindly hand‘!

LESSON XLII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

bĕ**vlz**	bĕ**vld**	sĕ**vnth**	dă**zld**
vlz	**vld**	**vnth**	**zld**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

3. Mē′-te-or, *a fiery or luminous body or appearance flying through the atmosphere.*
3. Lāid, *calmed; stilled.*
4. Me-mō′-ri-al, *that which serves to keep in the memory any person or event.*
4. Con-sūm′-ed, *wasted; burnt up; destroyed.*
5. Quāk̲es, *trembles.*
5. Dis-pērs′-ed, *scattered.*
5. Re-nown′, *fame.*
6. Con̲′-quer-or, *one who gains a victory.*

Exercise in Pronunciation.

Blăst; dĭdst; hăst; calm, (käm;) com′-pass, (kŭm′-pas;) fall′-en, (fa̤l′-n;) con′-quer-or, (kŏngk′-er-ur.)

LAMENT FOR THE DEAD.

1. *Ryno.*—The wind and the rain are past; calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven'; over the green hills flies the constant sun′; and through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill'. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream′! but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin′, the son of song′, mourning for the dead'. Bent is his head of age′; red his tearful eye'. Alpin′, thou son of song′, why alone on the silent hill'? Why complainest thou, as a blast in the wood'; as a wave on the lonely shore'?

2. *Alpin.*—My tears′, O Ryno′! are for the dead'; my voice for those that have passed away'. Tall thou art on the hill'; fair among the sons of the vale'; but thou shalt fall like Morar′; the mourner shall sit on thy tomb'. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in the hall, unstrung.

3. Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the desert′; terrible as a meteor of fire'. Thy wrath was as the storm'; thy sword in battle′, as lightning in the field'. Thy voice was like a stream after rain′; like thunder on distant hills'. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath'; but when thou didst return from war′, how peaceful was thy brow'! Thy face was like sun after rain'; like the moon in the silence of night′; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid'.

4. Narrow is thy dwelling now′; dark the place of thine abode'. With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou′, who wast so great before'. Four stones′, with their heads of moss′, are the only memorial of thee'. A tree with scarce a leaf; long grass which whistles in the wind′, mark

to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar'. Morar! thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee'; no maid with her tears of love'. Dead is she that brought thee forth; fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

5. Who on his staff is this'? Who is this', whose head is white with age', whose eyes are red with tears', who quakes at every step'? It is thy father', O Morar'! the father of no son but thee'. He heard of thy fame in war'; he heard of foes dispersed'; he heard of Morar's renown; why did he not hear of his wound'? Weep', thou father of Morar'! weep'; but thy son heareth thee not.

6. Deep is the sleep of the dead', low their pillow of dust'. No more shall he hear thy voice', no more awake at thy call'. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake'? Farewell', thou bravest of men', thou conqueror in the field'; but the field shall see thee no more, nor the dark wood be brightened with the splendor of thy steel. Thou hast left no son; but the song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar.

LESSON XLIII.

rē**zhd**	dă**zl**z	klō**th**z	klō**th**d
zhd	**zl**z	**th**z	**th**d

Exercise in Spelling and Defining.

1. Lēague, *three miles.*
3. Vŏl'-ley-ed, *discharged with a sudden burst.*
3. Stôrm-ed, *attacked; assaulted.*
4. Să'-ber, *cavalry sword.*
4. Chärġ'-ing, *attacking.*
4. Sŭn'-der-ed, *separated.*
5. Thŭn'-der-ed, *roared.*

Spell and Define—

2. Dis-māy'-ed.
3. Shĕll.
4. Să'-bring.
4. Cŏs'-sack.
4. Shăt'-ter-ed.
6. Hŏn'-or.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

1. HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
"*Forward, the Light Brigade!*
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

2. "*Forward, the Light Brigade!*"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die;
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

3. Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred.

4. Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke;

Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber-stroke,
Shattered and sundered:
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

5. Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them—
Left of six hundred.

6. When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

LESSON XLIV.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

rō**bdst**	lăg**dst**	wā**jdst**
bdst	**gdst**	**jdst**

SPELL AND DEFINE—

3. Glăss′-y.	7. Rĭp′-ple.	15. Quăff.
5. Tûr′-bu-lençe.	11. Sŏck′-et.	19. Blas-phēm′-ing.

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

Nī-ăg'-a-ra; laugh, (läf;) launch, (länch;) quaff, (kwăf;) läst; påst; måst.

THE POWER OF HABIT.

1. I REMEMBER once riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?"

2. "That," he said, "is Niagara River."

3. "Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright and fair and glassy. How far off are the rapids?"

4. "Only a mile or two," was the reply.

5. "Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near the falls?"

6. "You will find it so, sir." And so I did find it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget.

7. Now launch your bark on that Niagara River; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion.

8. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "*Young men, ahoy!*"

9. "What is it?"

10. "*The rapids are below you.*"

11. "Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids; but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm, and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed; there is no danger."

12. "YOUNG MEN, AHOY THERE!"

13. "What is it?"

14. "THE RAPIDS ARE BELOW YOU."

15. "Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future! No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may; we will catch pleasure as it flies. This is

enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

16. "YOUNG MEN, AHOY!"

17. "What is it?"

18. "BEWARE! BEWARE! THE RAPIDS ARE BELOW YOU!"

19. Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! *Quick!* QUICK! QUICK! *pull hard for your lives!* pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins start like whip-cords upon your brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail! ah! ah! it is too late! *"Shrieking,* HOWLING, BLASPHEMING, *over they go."*

20. Thousands go over the rapids of intemperance every year through *the power of habit,* crying all the while, "When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up!"

LESSON XLV.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

vō**rdst**	lŭ**vdst**	gā**zdst**
rdst	**vdst**	**zdst**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

2. Ăz′-ure, *sky-blue.*
2. Ō-ri-ĕn′-tal, *eastern.*
3. Tûr′-ġid, *swelled.*
5. Mēa′-ġer, *thin; lean.*
8. Lūr′-ed, *enticed.*
8. Prāt′-ed, *talked foolishly.*
10. Gō′-ry, *bloody.*
15. Cär′-di-nal, *pre-eminent.*
16. Bāle′-fụl, *woful; sad.*
17. Rĭġ′-id, *stiff.*

THE MISER AND HIS GOLD.

1. DARK was the night, the raindrops beat
And cracked on the window panes,
While the winds went howling down the street
And roared in the village lanes;

The black clouds hung like funeral palls
Over the meadows and plains.

2. Not a star was seen to deck the sky,
Not an azure rent was seen,
But all above was black as the face
Of an oriental queen;
Not a sign was left to tell how bright
The beautiful day had been.

3. The leafless boughs of the giant trees
Rattled like skeletons' bones;
The restless winds in the gardens moaned
Like a host of wrinkled crones;
The pitiless rain, in a turgid stream,
Rushed madly over the stones.

4. A miser sat in his darkened room—
Chilly and damp was the air;
He crouched upon the carpetless floor
Like a panther in his lair;
He listened, and thought he heard a foot
Slowly ascending the stair.

5. A sickening thrill leaped through his frame,
And his hands grew pale and cold,
And quicker than lightning sped a thought
That a felon sought his gold;
In the rags that hung on his wasted form
His meager body he rolled.

6. For guilty thoughts ran over his mind,
As lurid as burning coals,
While anguish struck through his withered frame
Like the pains in murderers' souls,
The last few moments before they meet
Their dreaded eternal goals.

7. A thought of a deed in years gone by
Filled his mind with perilous dread;
Through the darkness on the floor he saw
Blood-drops gleam freshly and red—
The blood of one he'd secretly slain,
Like a curse before him spread.

8. He had lured a friend into his room,
To whom he prated of gold,
One winter night when the earth was white,
Wrapped deep in a snowy fold;
And long were the tales of hoarded wealth
That miserable miser told.

9. They talked till the midnight hour drew near;
And the hideous miser planned
A scheme of murder, and struck his friend
With a knife clasped in his hand;
And the hot blood spurted from his breast,
And smoked like a burning brand!

10. He shook when he felt the gory corpse,
And a chill crept like a snake,
Clammy and cold to his iron heart,
When he bent its gold to take;
A pain shot through his shivering frame,
Like a culprit pierced with a stake.

11. In a secret part of his filthy home
The plundered corpse he laid,
And covered it o'er with rags and stones
Until the flesh decayed,
Then broke the bones and buried them deep
In a secret grave he'd made.

12. Years glided on, and he ever saw
The ghost of his murdered guest—

For ever he saw him by his side,
The gory gash in his breast;
The miser's sleep was broken by groans,
Like a murderer's last night's rest!

13. He dreamed he heard a foot on the stairs,
At the door a gentle tap,
And the wrinkles round his evil eyes
Were like the lines on a map,
While a figure slid into his room
In a whitened shroud and cap.

14. The figure glared with its blood-shot eyes—
Half blinded the miser's look,
Who thought upon the innocent life,
For gold, he once basely took;
A blood-spot stood before his gaze,
Like a huge lie in a book!

15. "Where are the bones," the figure cried out,
"Of that poor murdered man,
Whose guiltless blood on thy filthy floor
In a smoking torrent ran?
Now justify that cardinal crime
Against your God, if you can."

16. The miser trembled, and not a word
Crept forth from his stiffened tongue;
When the figure cried, "Unto the lost
Of the earth dost thou belong;"
In the miser's ears young demons sang
A wild and baleful song.

17. And then from the figure's garments crawled
A hissing and hungry snake,
And upon the miser straight it sprang,—
Pierced his body like a stake:

He yelled and fell;—no more o'er the earth
To murder or to wake.

18. The figure then vanished, and the snake.
On the floor the miser lay,
And full on his cold and rigid corpse
Streamed forth the light next day:
And in that room may still be seen
His bones half-mouldered away.

LESSON XLVI.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

bŭ**lbst**	bä**rbst**	bŭ**ljst**
lbst	**rbst**	**ljst**

SPELL AND DEFINE—

1. Frā'-grant.	2. Lăp.	Ar'-rōwṣ of Sŭn'-set.
1. Co-quĕt'-ting.	2. Rōv'-ed.	Gātes of Līght.

THE BEST PICTURE OF ALL.

1. Of all the beautiful pictures',
That hang on memory's wall',
Is one of a dim old forest'
That seemeth best of all';
Not for its gnarled oaks olden',
Dark with the mistletoe';
Not for the violets golden',
That sprinkle the vale below';
Not for the milk-white lilies',
That lean from the fragrant hedge',
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge';
Not for the vines on the upland',
Where the bright red berries rest';

Nor the pinks′, nor the pale′, sweet cowslip′,
It seemeth to me the best.

2. I once had a little brother′,
With eyes that were dark and deep‵;
In the lap of that olden forest′,
He lieth in peace asleep‵.
Light as the down of the thistle′,
Free as the winds that blow′,
We roved there the beautiful summers′,
The summers of long ago‵;
But his feet on the hills grew weary;
And′, one of the autumn eves′,
I made for my little brother′
A bed of the yellow leaves‵.

3. Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace′,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face‵;

And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the treetops bright′,
He fell, in his saintlike beauty′,
Asleep by the gates of light‘.
Therefore′, of all the pictures′,
That hang on memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth best of all‘.

LESSON XLVII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

hĭ**njst**	û**rjst**	lī**blst**
njst	**rjst**	**blst**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Trăġ′-e-dĭeṣ, *fatal and mournful events.*
5. Pĭqu′-ed, *fretted.*
5. Blīṯhe′-ly, *gayly.*
5. Be-nĕf′-i-çent, *doing good.*
6. Pŭls′-ing, *beating.*
7. Sûr′-ly, *ill-natured; sour; crabbed.*
8. Tär′-di-ly, *slowly.*
10. Păn′-ic, *sudden fright.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

Christ′-mas, (krĭs′-mas;) fore′-head, (fŏr′-ed;) piqu′-ed, (pēkt;) blithe′-ly, (blīṯh′-ly;) breth′-ren, (brĕṯh′-ren.)

THE DEAD LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER.

1. OUT, out at sea, the light (so typical of God, seeing it ever watches man, and shines to warn him from the world of death) burns year by year tended by willing hands. Of such a light I have a tale to tell. I would it were not true′, but it is‘; yet′, if you will not believe it so′, 'tis wise‘, perhaps‘; for it is well to think life's tragedies are few.

2. This lighthouse which I speak about hath long since yielded to the sea‘; but at the time I tell of′, it was a strong,

stout oak'. It was far away from the shore'; and the mad sea', when slightly moved elsewhere', raged round this light'. Sometimes through three long months the two keepers saw no other human faces than their own.

3. What talked they of'? There could be no news; the weather', sea', and passing ships' were all in all to them'. Did they quarrel',—no one saw'. Had one of them murdered the other',—no human voice was there to whisper', "Cain', where is thy brother'?" It was a Christmas eve'; and the two watchers looked towards the shore', which in the day was rocky', far-off haze'.

4. The weather was rough', and likely to be rougher'. Gay were the men', for you must understand that those who watch in distant lighthouses', live so long at the light', so long at the shore'. It was a coming holiday for those two men', so they were merry'. At last the boat had come. Much laughter was there'; for one of the arriving watchers' —a great rough man of over six feet high'—was sad', quite downcast'.

5. They said Hal was deep in love', and piqued at leaving his young mistress several months'. Few words he answered —he lumbered up the lighthouse steps, leaving his comrade and the men chatting village gossip blithely at the bottom of the stairs cut in the rock. "Good-night'," the boat's crew sang out loudly', when the food for three long months', and the large cans of oil for the beneficent lamp', all had been landed'; for they were hurried', the wind growing lusty'.

6. "Good-night'," once more they said', but never answer came from in the lighthouse'. They laughed again'; then with quick-pulsing oar they pulled towards the land', whence blew the fierce', fierce wind'. The second watcher', comrade to Hal', stood', the water lapping around his feet', watching the lessening boat and softening sound of the oars'.

7. At last he turned and went up the flight of steps into the lighthouse. There he saw Hal stretched at length upon

the rough wood floor. "Hal!" No answer came. "*Hal*'!" in a louder voice. No answer. "HAL!" half fear, half anger. Still the man lying on the ground spoke not. "What', surly', Hal'? Why, come', look up', my lad'!" Yet no reply. He then pushed him with his foot. The body yielded and returned.

8. Then the man', terror-struck', leaned down and swept the face up to the light. Horror of horrors! bubbling at the mouth he sees a torrent of red blood. The man was ailing ere he came; and come', he died'—a great broad-shouldered man in his full prime', yet dead'. Down, down the slippery steps fled the living tender of light, and hoarsely called to the far-distant boat. They saw the broad flood of light pour from the door as it was opened', and guessing that rough Hal had tardily come to wish the boat good-night', they sang "All's well!" which swept across the waves.

9. But the same winds which carried the sweet sounds to him who helpless called', carried his voice far out to sea'; for the wind set from the land', and the boat neared it'. He was quite alone with the dead man! His fear was terrible! It was so still! He shrank away—indeed he trembled. Then he thought it moved. He cried, "Old Hal!" once more, and then he was afraid again.

10. At last, all fear being gone, he took the mute body in his arms and kissed it. Then he wept and called the dead man, "Poor old Hal!" Then again a dread panic seized him. He crouched far away from the dead man, and icy sweat stood on his forehead.

11. Then for a short time he was mad'—remembering that if he cast Hal into the sea', the world might tell his children he was a murderer'; and in his madness he piled over the dead all things that came to hand'. Yet still he saw the awful outline of the dead. Then once again he caught it in his arms and wept. And so the first night passed, and Christmas day had come.

12. Three months must pass ere human life would bless

him with its presence. They seemed thrice three hundred years. He notched the days on a stick', and so lost was he sometimes', he gave a week a dozen days at least'. In one way alone could he have gained the human help he needed' —by letting out the lamp', thus giving the alarm'. This he would not do; and every night the light shone out a comfort to all mariners.

13. At last he scarce knew how the time went on. Down the steps with the tide he moved and came back only with it; so that he might be as far away as possible from that which daily grew more and more terrible. He played cards with himself', and quarreled with himself', that he might hear a human voice'. Then as ships passed far off', he waved to them white drapery; and', if he heard a cheer', it was a red letter day'.

14. So the time dragged from miserable day to day. And all this time the light shone clear. The winter passed', and spring had come', and the three months were gone': On that blessed day when they were passed he wept for joy. The hours lagged at first', but as the good sun declined', they fled as panic stricken'. Had he not lived for this dear liberating day'?

15. He drew the limit of his future at this date. And he had grown so sure of liberation on this day', that to think that he must still live with it was madness'. "Oh, God, pity me!" (For he had learned to pray heartily while in this tomb.) The sun set calmly, saying "Peace." But he was all unrestful. He had endured three months of nights —he could endure no more.

16. His haggard eyes streamed in terror shorewards over the vacant waves. The twilight coming, then he to the rocks fell prone amidst the heaving tide. He sought death— he would never rise again. The mounting waves should toss him about till they reckoned him dead asleep. Twilight was gone', and night had come'. For the first time the "Light" was blind.

17. As he lay — the water rising, he thought he heard the grating of a keel upon the rocks. Yet turned he not, for he had often thought the same when it was the wind. 'Twas the rising tide he thought . . . Breath! He felt warm human breath upon his face. He opened his eyes — saw brethren near — near him. "Oh, God!" he cried, "the *boat* — the BOAT — the BOAT!"

18. The lights are safer now. Not less than three men tend each, and they with watching can with ease hold converse with the land. My tale is done.

LESSON XLVIII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

sī**dlst**	ō**glst**	hûr**lst**
dlst	**glst**	**rlst**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

2. Com-pūt′-ing, *calculating.*
3. Re-mŏn′-strançe, *expostulating.*
3. Rus-ti-eā-tion, *residence in the country.*
3. Ref-or-mā′-tion, *change from worse to better.*
3. Lăps′-eṣ, *faults.*
3. Al′-mȧ Mā′-ter, *the college where one is educated.*
4. Nĕc′-ro-măn-çer, *wizard.*
4. Wight, *person.*
4. Sôr′-did, *avaricious; mean.*
4. Jăn′-i-tor, *door-keeper.*
5. Hâr′-um Scâr′-um, *wild fellow.*
6. Cur-mŭd′-ġeon, *an avaricious, churlish fellow.*
6. Çĕr′-be-rŭs, (in mythology,) *a monster in the shape of a dog, guarding the entrance into the infernal regions, usually represented as having three heads.*

THE COLLEGIAN AND PORTER.

1. AT Trin. Coll. Cam., which means, in proper spelling,
Trinity College, Cambridge, there resided
One Harry Dorrington; a youth excelling
In all the learning commonly provided

For those who choose that classic station
For finishing their education:

2. That is, he understood computing
The odds at any race or match′,
Was a dead hand at pigeon shooting˙;
Could kick up rows˙, knock down the watch˙,
Play the truant and rake at random′,
Drink˙, tie cravats, and drive a tandem˙.

3. Remonstrance˙, fine˙, or rustication′,
Instead of working reformation′,
Only made his lapses greater˙:
Till he was warned′, that next offence
Would have this certain consequence′—
Expulsion from his Alma Mater˙.

4. One need not be a necromancer
To guess that, with such a wight′,
The next offence occurred next night˙.
When our incurable came rolling
Home as the midnight bells were tolling′,
And rang the college bell˙;—
No answer˙;
The second peal was vain˙; the third
Made the street echo its alarum˙;
When to his great delight he heard
That sordid janitor′, old Ben′,
Rousing and growling in his den˙.

5. "Who's there˙? I suppose young Harum Scarum˙."
"'Tis I˙, my worthy Ben′—'tis Harry˙."
"Ay˙, I thought so˙, and there you'll tarry˙;
'Tis past the hour′, the gates are closed˙;
You know my orders˙; I shall lose
My place′, if I undo the door˙."

"And I′," young hopeful interposed′,
"Shall be expelled\, if you refuse′;
So prythee′"—Ben began to snore.

6. "I'm wet′," cries Harry, "to the skin\.
Hip\! holloa\, Ben′! don't be a ninny′;
Beneath the gate I've thrust a guinea\;
So tumble out and let me in\."
"Humph," growled the greedy old curmudgeon,
Half overjoyed, and half in dudgeon,
"Now, you may pass; but make no fuss′,
On tiptoe walk′, and hold your prate\."
"Look on the stones\, old Cerberus′,"
Cried Harry as he passed the gate;
"I've dropt a shilling\; take the light\;
You'll find it just outside—good night."

7. Behold the Porter′, in his shirt′,
Chiding the rain′, which never stopt′,
Groping and raking in the dirt′,
And all without success\; but that
Is hardly to be wondered at′,
Because no shilling had been dropt\.

8. So′, he gave o'er the search at last′,
Regained the door, and found it fast\;
With sundry oaths\, and growls\, and groans′,
He rang\—once\, twice′, and thrice\; and then′,
Mingled with giggling′, heard the tones
Of Harry′, mimicking old Ben\:—

9. "Who's there\? 'Tis really a disgrace
To ring so loud′; I've closed the gate\;
You know my orders′—you're too late\;
You would not have me lose my place′?"

10. "Pshaw', Mr. Dorrington', remember
This is the middle of November';
I'm stripp'd'—'tis raining cats and dogs'."
"Hush'! hush'!" quoth Hal, "I'm fast asleep';"
And then he snored as loud and deep
As a whole company of hogs.

11. "But harkee, Ben', I'll grant admittance
At the same rate I paid myself'."
"Nay, master', leave me half the pittance,"
Replied the avaricious elf.
"*No*, NO—all or none; a full acquittance.
The terms', I own', are somewhat high',
But *you* have fixed the price'—not *I*'."
So, finding all this haggling vain',
Ben', with a grin and groan of pain',
Drew out the guinea and restored it'.

12. "Surely you'll give me'," cried the outwitted
Porter', when again admitted',
"Something', now you've done your joking',
For all this trouble', time', and soaking."
"Oh'! surely', surely'," Harry said;
"Since', as you urge', I broke your rest',
And you're half drowned', and quite undrest',
I'll give you'—*leave to go to bed*'."

LESSON XLIX.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

bĕ**vlst**	dă**zlst**	hä**rmst**
vlst	**zlst**	**rmst**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Rídg′-es, *long and continued ranges of hills.*
1. Whīz′-zing, *making a humming or hissing sound.*
2. Stā′-tions, *ranks; conditions of life.*
2. Fāme, *public report or rumor.*
3. Lōōm′-ing, *appearing taller than the real height.*
4. Blūes, *low spirits; melancholy.*
4. Vīe′-ar, *a person authorized to perform the office of another; the priest of a parish.*
5. Ŏb′-vi-oŭs-ly, *evidently.*
6. A-māin′, *furiously.*
6. Pēep′-ers, *eyes.*
8. Vīs′-a-vīs′, *face to face.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

Rat′-tl*ing;* rum′-bl*ing;* buz′-z*ing;* loom′-*ing;* s*ing*′-*ing;* sit′-t*ing;* look′-*ing;* vis′-a-vis′, (vīz′-a-vē′;) vol′-ume, (vŏl′-yum.)

RIDING ON A RAIL.

1. SINGING through the forests\',
Rattling over ridges\',
Shooting under arches\',
Rumbling over bridges\',
Whizzing through the mountains\',
Buzzing o'er the vale\',—
Bless me\'! this is pleasant′,
Riding on the rail′!

2. Men of different stations,
In the eye of fame,
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same\';
High and lowly people\',
Birds of every feather\',
On a common level′,
Traveling together\'!

3. Gentleman in shorts′,
Looming very tall\';

Gentleman at large′,
Talking very small‵;
Gentleman in tights′,
With a loose-ish mien‵;
Gentleman in gray′,
Looking rather green‵;

4. Gentleman quite old′,
Asking for the news‵;
Gentleman in black′,
In a fit of blues‵;
Gentleman in claret′,
Sober as a vicar‵;
Gentleman in tweed′,
Dreadfully in liquor‵!

5. Stranger on the right′,
Looking very sunny‵,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny‵:
Now the smiles are thicker‵;
Wonder what they mean‵?
Faith‵, he's got the Knicker-
Bocker Magazine‵!

6. Stranger on the left′,
Closing up his peepers‵;
Now he snores amain′,
Like the seven sleepers‵;
At his feet a volume
Gives the explanation′,
How the man grew stupid′
From "association‵!"

7. Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks,

That there must be peril
'Mong so many sparks';
Roguish looking fellow',
Turning to a stranger',
Says it's his opinion',
She is out of danger'!

8. Woman with her baby',
Sitting vis-a-vis';
Baby keeps a squalling',
Woman looks at me';
Asks about the distance',
Says its tiresome talking';
Noises of the cars
Are so very shocking'!

9. Singing through the forests',
Rattling over ridges',
Shooting under arches',
Rumbling over bridges',
Whizzing through the mountains',
Buzzing o'er the vale',—
Bless me'! this is pleasant',
Riding on a rail'!

LESSON L.

THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S.

1. THE earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein:

2. For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3. Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? and who shall stand in his holy place?

4. He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6. This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

7. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8. Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10. Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

LESSON LI.

THE MODERN CAIN.

1. "Am I my brother's keeper?"
Long ago,
When first the human heart-strings felt the touch
Of death's cold fingers; when upon the earth,
Shroudless and coffinless, death's first-born lay,
Slain by the hand of violence, the wail
Of human grief arose:

2. "My son, my son!
Awake thee from this strange and awful sleep;
A mother mourns thee, and her tears of grief
Are falling on thy pale, unconscious brow:
Awake, and bless her with thy wonted smile."

3. In vain, in vain! That sleeper never woke;
His murderer fled, but on his brow was fixed
A stain which baffled wear and washing. As he fled
A voice pursued him to the wilderness:
"Where is thy brother, Cain?"

4. "Am I my brother's keeper?"
Cain! Cain!
Thou art thy brother's keeper, and his blood
Cries up to heaven against thee! Every stone
Will find a tongue to curse thee, and the winds
Will ever wail this question in thy ear:
"Where is thy brother?" Every sight and sound
Will mind thee of the lost.

5. I saw a man
Deal death unto his brother. Drop by drop
The poison was distilled for cursèd gold;
And in the wine-cup's ruddy glow sat death,
Invisible to that poor trembling slave.
He seized the cup, he drank the poison down,
Rushed forth into the streets—home had he none—
Staggered and fell, and miserably died!
They buried him—ah! little recks it where
His bloated form was given to the worms.

6. Once had he friends;
A happy home was his, and love was his.
His Mary loved him, and around him played
His smiling children. Oh! a dream of joy
Were those unclouded years; and, more than all,
He had an interest in the world above.
The big "Old Bible" lay upon the stand,
And he was wont to read its sacred page,
And then to pray: "Our Father, bless the poor,
And save the tempted from the tempter's art;
Save us from sin, and ever let us be
United in thy love; and may we meet,
When life's last scenes are o'er, around the throne."

7. Thus prayed he—thus lived he. Years passed,
And o'er the sunshine of that happy home
A cloud came from the pit; the fatal bolt

Fell from that cloud. The towering tree
Was shivered by the lightning's vengeful stroke,
And laid its coronal of glory low.
A happy home was ruined; want and woe
Played with his children, and the joy of youth
Left their sweet faces, no more to return.
His Mary's face grew pale and paler still.
Her eyes were dimmed with weeping, and her soul
Went out through those blue portals. Mary died.

8. And yet he wept not. At the demon's call
He drowned his sorrow in the maddening bowl;
And when they buried her from sight, he sunk
In drunken stupor by her new-made grave!
His friend was gone—he never had another—
And the world shrunk from him; all save one,
And *he* still plied the bowl with deadly drug
And bade him drink, forget his God, and die!

9. He died!
"Cain! Cain! Where is thy brother now?
Lives he still—if dead, still where is he?
Where? In heaven? Go read the sacred page.
"No drunkard shall inherit there."
Who sent him to the pit? Who dragged him down?
Who bound him hand and foot? Who smiled and smiled
While yet the hellish work went on? Who grasped
His gold, his health, his life, his hope, his all?
Who saw his Mary fade and die? Who saw
His beggared children wandering in the streets?
Speak, coward! If thou hast a tongue,
Tell why with hellish art you slew A MAN.

10. "Where is my brother?"
"Am I my brother's keeper?"
Ah! man, a deeper mark is on thy brow
Than that of Cain. Accursèd was the name

Of him who slew a righteous man, whose soul
Was ripe for heaven; thrice accursèd he
Whose art malignant sinks a soul to hell.

LESSON LII.

A TRAGEDY.

1. How many acts are there in a tragedy? Five, I believe.

2. Act I.—Young man starting from home. Parents and sisters weeping to see him go. Wagon passing over the hill. Farewell kiss thrown back. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop!

3. Act II.—Marriage altar. Bright lights. Full organ. White vail trailing through the aisle. Prayer and congratulations, and exclamations of "How well she looks!" Ring the bell and let the curtain drop!

4. Act III.—Midnight. Woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck into broken window panes. Many marks of hardship on the face. Biting the nails of bloodless fingers. Neglect, cruelty, disgrace. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop!

5. Act IV.—Three graves in a very dark place. Grave of a child, who died for want of medicine; grave of husband and father, who died of dissipation; grave of wife and mother, who died of a broken heart. Plenty of weeds, but no flowers! Oh, what a blasted heath with three graves! Ring the bell and let the curtain drop!

6. Act V.—A destroyed soul's eternity. No light; no music; no hope! Despair coiling around the heart, with unutterable anguish. Blackness of darkness for ever! Woe! Woe! Woe! I cannot bear longer to look. I close my eyes at this last act of the tragedy. Quick! Quick! Ring the bell and let the curtain drop!

LESSON LIII.

MERCY.

1. The quality of mercy is not strained.
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.

2. 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
Th' attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

3. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer should teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

The Mercy of God is Free.

1. Let me tell thee that the mercy of God flows freely. It wants no money and no price from thee, no fitness of frame and feelings, no preparation of good works or penitence.

2. Free as the brook which leaps from the mountain-side, at which every weary traveler may drink, so free is the mercy of God. Free as the sun that shines, and gilds the mountain's brow and makes glad the valleys, without fee

or reward, so free is the mercy of God to every needy sinner.

3. Free as the air which belts the earth, and penetrates the peasant's cottage as well as the royal palace, without purchase or premium, so free is the mercy of God in Christ. It tarrieth not for thee; it cometh to thee as thou art. It waylayeth thee in love; it meeteth thee in tenderness.

LESSON LIV.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

fą**lnst**	ẽ**rnst**	lĕ**vnst**
lnst	**rnst**	**vnst**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

2. Queūe, *a tail-like twist of hair worn at the back of the head.*
2. Crĭmpt, *pinched up into ridges.*
3. Fūr′-rōws, *hollows made by wrinkles in the face.*
4. Dăp′-per, *lively.*
8. Of Yōre, *of old time.*
11. Lĭm′-pid, *pure; clear.*
11. Nĕc′-tar, *any very pleasant drink.*
13. Se-rēne′-ly, *calmly.*
13. Nĕst′-ling, *lying close and snug.*
19. Nŭp′-tial, *pertaining to marriage.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

Queue, (kū;) ere, (âr;) nup′-tial, (nŭp′-shal;) yŏn′ der; nest′-ling, (nĕs′-ling.)

THE OLD MAN BY THE WAYSIDE.

1. By the wayside′, on a mossy stone′,
Sat a hoary pilgrim′, sadly musing\';
Oft I marked him sitting there alone′,
All the landscape like a page perusing\':
Poor, unknown′,—
By the wayside′, on a mossy stone\'.

2. Buckled knee and shoe′, and broad-rimmed hat′,
Coat as ancient as the form 'twas folding′,
Silver buttons‵, queue‵, and crimpt cravat‵,
Oaken staff his feeble hand upholding′,
There he sat‵!
Buckled knee and shoe′, and broad-rimmed hat‵.

3. Seem'd it pitiful he should sit there′,
No one sympathizing′, no one heeding′,
None to love him for his thin gray hair′,
And the furrows all so mutely pleading′
Age and care:
Seem'd it pitiful he should sit there.

4. It was summer, and we went to school,
Dapper country lads and little maidens,
Taught the motto of the "Dunce's stool,"
(Its grave import still my fancy ladens,)—
"HERE'S A FOOL!"
It was summer, and we went to school.

5. When the stranger seemed to mark our play′,
Some of us were joyous′, some sad-hearted‵;
I remember well‵, too well‵, that day‵!
Oftentimes the tears unbidden started‵,—
Would not stay‵,—
When the stranger seem'd to mark our play.

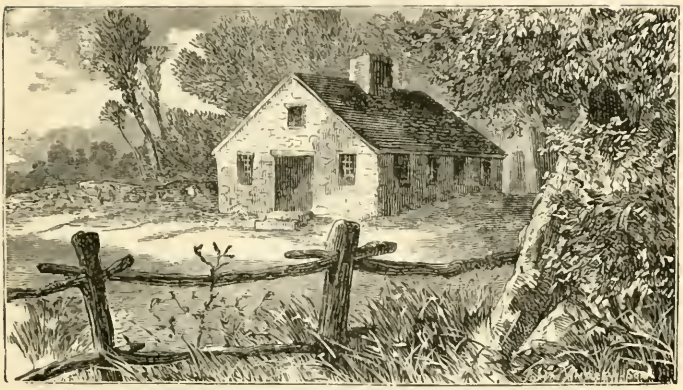
6. One sweet spirit broke the silent spell‵:
Ah′! to me her name was always heaven‵!
She besought him all his grief to tell‵,
(I was thirteen, and she eleven,)
ISABEL!
One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

7. "Angel′," said he′, sadly′, "I am old‵;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow‵:
Yet′, why I sit here thou shalt be told‵."
Then his eye betray'd a pearl of sorrow‵;
Down it rolled‵!
"Angel′," said he′, sadly′, "I am old‵!

8. "I have tottered here to look once more′
On the pleasant scene where I delighted′
In the careless′, happy days of yore′,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core‵!
I have totter'd here to look once more‵!

9. "All the picture now to me how dear‵!
E'en this gray old rock where I am seated′

Is a jewel worth my journey here\':
Ah, that such a scene must be completed
With a tear\'!
All the picture now to me how dear!



10. "Old stone school-house\'! it is still the same\'!
There's the very step I so oft mounted\';
There's the window creaking in its frame\',
And the notches that I cut and counted′,
For the game\'!
Old stone school-house\'! it is still the same\'!

11. "In the cottage yonder I was born';
Long my happy home that humble dwelling;
There the fields of clover', wheat', and corn',
There the spring, with limpid nectar swelling'.
Ah, forlorn'!
In the cottage yonder I was born.

12. "There's the orchard where we used to climb
When my mates and I were boys together',
Thinking nothing of the flight of time',
Fearing naught but work and rainy weather',—
Past its prime'!
There's the orchard where we used to climb!

13. "There's the mill that ground our yellow grain';
Pond and river still serenely flowing';
Cot, there nestling in the shaded lane',
Where the lily of my heart was blowing',—
Mary Jane'!
There's the mill that ground our yellow grain!

14. 'There's the gate on which I used to swing',
Brook', and bridge', and barn', and old red stable';

But, alas! no more the morn shall bring
That dear group around my father's table,—
Taken wing'!
There's the gate on which I used to swing!

15. "I am fleeing'! all I loved are fled'!
Yon green meadow was our place for playing';
That old tree can tell of sweet things said',
When around it I and Jane were straying':
She is dead'!
I am fleeing'! all I loved are dead!

16. "Yon white spire',—a pencil on the sky',
Tracing silently life's changeful story',—
So familiar to my dim old eye',
Points me to seven that are now in glory
There on high'!
Yon white spire,—a pencil on the sky!

17. "Oft the aisle of that old church we trod',
Guided thither by an angel mother';
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod';
Sire and sisters', and my little brother';
Gone to God'!
Oft the aisle of that old church we trod!

18. "There I heard of wisdom's pleasant ways';
Bless the holy lesson'! but', ah', never
Shall I hear again those songs of praise',
Those sweet voices', silent now for ever'!
Peaceful days'!
There I heard of wisdom's pleasant ways!

19. "There my Mary blest me with her hand',
When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing',
Ere she hasten'd to the spirit land';
Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing':
Broken band'!
There my Mary blest me with her hand!

20. "I have come to see that grave once more.
And the sacred place where we delighted,—
Where we worship'd in the days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!
I have come to see that grave once more.

21. "Angel'," said he', sadly, "I am old'!
Earthly hope no longer has a morrow:
Now, why I sit here thou hast been told."
In his eye another pearl of sorrow,—
Down it roll'd!
"Angel," said he, sadly, "I am old!"

22. By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;
Still I mark'd him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing:
Poor, unknown,—
By the wayside, on a mossy stone!

LESSON LV.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

dĕ**lvst**	kûr**vst**	trī**flst**
lvst	**rvst**	**flst**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

9. Re-şĕrv′-ed, *kept; retained*
12. Plē′-ia-dēş *a group of seven small stars in the neck of the constellation Taurus.*
12. Are-tū′-rus, *a star of the first magnitude in the northern constellation Boötes (herdsman)*
12. O rī′-on, *a large and bright constellation crossed by the equinoctial line. It was named after the celebrated hunter Orion of Greek mythology.*
12. Măz′-a-rŏth, *the twelve signs of the zodiac.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

Ple′-ia-des, (plē′-ya-dēz;) Bo-o′-tes, (bo-ō′-tēz;) cov′-ert, (kŭv′-ert;) swad′-dling, (swŏd′-dling.)

WHO CAN UNDERSTAND THE MIGHTY WORKS OF GOD?

1. THEN the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said, "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge'? Gird up now thy loins like a man'; for I will demand of thee′, and answer thou me'.

2. "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth'? Declare if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest'? or who hath stretched the line upon it'?

3. "Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened'? or who laid the corner stone thereof', when the morning stars sang together′, and all the sons of God shouted for joy'? Or who shut up the sea with doors', when it brake forth′, as if it had issued out of the womb'?

4. "When I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddling band for it, and brake up for it

my decreed place, and set bars and doors, and said, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed?"

5. "Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days', and caused the day-spring to know his place', that it might take hold of the ends of the earth', that the wicked might be shaken out of it'?

6. "It is turned as clay to the seal', and they stand as a garment'. And from the wicked their light is withholden', and the high arm shall be broken'.

7. "Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea'? or hast thou walked in the search of the depth'? Have the gates of death been opened unto thee'? or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death'?

8. "Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth'? Declare if thou knowest it all'. Where is the way where light dwelleth'? and as for darkness, where is the place thereof, that thou shouldst take it to the bound thereof, and that thou shouldst know the paths to the house thereof'?

9. "Knowest thou it, because thou wast then born'? or because the number of thy days is great'? Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow'? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail, which I have reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war'?

10. "By what way is the light parted, which scattereth the east wind upon the earth'? Who hath divided a watercourse for the overflowing of the waters, or the way for the lightning of thunder, to cause it to rain on the earth, where no man is; on the wilderness, wherein there is no man; to satisfy the desolate and waste ground, and to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth?

11. "Hath the rain a father'? or who hath begotten the drops of dew'? Out of whose womb came the ice'? and the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it'? The waters are hid as with a stone', and the face of the deep is frozen'.

12. "Canst thou bind the sweet influence of the Pleiades',

or loose the bands of Orion′? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season′? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons′? Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven′? Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth′?

13. "Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds, that abundance of waters may cover thee′? Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, 'Here we are′?" Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts'? or who hath given understanding to the heart'?

14. "Who can number the clouds in wisdom'? or who can stay the bottles of heaven, when the dust groweth into hardness, and the clouds cleave fast together'?

15. "Wilt thou hunt the prey for the lion, or fill the appetite of the young lions, when they couch in their dens, and abide in the covert to lie in wait'? Who provideth for the raven his food'? When his young ones cry unto God, they wander for lack of meat."

LESSON LVI.

Exercise in Articulation.

hē**lpst**	sĕ**tlst**	hä**rkst**
lpst	**tlst**	**rkst**

Exercise in Spelling and Defining.

1. Un-dăz′-zled, *not dimmed or blinded by intense light.*
1. Ăv a-lănçhe′, *a mass or body of snow or ice sliding down a mountain.*
2. Pol-lūte′, *contaminate.*
2. Bēet′-ling, *projecting; jutting.*
4. Prē′-saġe, *something which foreshows a future event.*
5. Rē′-gal, *royal; kingly.*
6. A-brĕast′, *side by side.*
6. Flaws, *sudden gusts or blasts of short duration.*
6. Thrall′-dŏm, *slavery; bondage.*

Exercise in Pronunciation.

prē′-sage, or prĕs′-age; wreathes, (rēthz;) mās-ter; blăst; ăsk′-ing.

TELL ON HIS NATIVE MOUNTAINS.

1. Once more I breathe the mountain air'; once more
I tread my own free hills'! My lofty soul
Throws all its fetters off in its proud flight'.
'Tis like the new-fledged eaglet', whose strong wing
Soars to the sun it long has gazed upon
With eye undazzled'. O ye mighty race',
That stand like frowning giants fixed to guard
My own proud land', why did ye not hurl down
The thundering avalanche when at your feet
The base usurper stood'?

2. A touch', a breath',—
Nay, even the breath of prayer',—ere now has brought
Destruction on the hunter's head'; and yet
The tyrant passed in safety'. God of heaven'!
Where slept thy thunderbolts'? O liberty'!
Thou choicest gift of Heaven', and wanting which
Life is as nothing', hast thou then forgot
Thy native home'? Must the feet of slaves
Pollute this glorious scene'?

3. It cannot be'!
Even as the smile of heaven can pierce the depths
Of these dark caves', and bid the wild flowers bloom
In spots where man has never dared to tread'.
So thy sweet influence still is seen amid
These beetling cliffs'. Some hearts still beat for thee',
And bow alive to Heaven'; thy spirit *lives*',—
Ay, and *shall* live when even the very *name*
Of tyrant is *forgot*'.

4. Lo'! while I gaze
Upon the mist that wreathes yon mountain's brow',
The sunbeam touches it', and it becomes
A crown of glory on his hoary head';

Oh! is not this a presage of the dawn
Of freedom o'er the world'? While kneeling thus', I vow
To *live* for freedom, or with her to *die!*

5. Oh, with what pride I used
To walk these hills', and look up to my God
And bless him that it was so'! It was *free'*;
From end to end', from cliff to lake', 'twas FREE';
FREE as our torrents are', that leap our rocks',
And plow our valleys without asking leave';
Or as our peaks', that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun'!
How *happy* was I in it then! I *loved*
Its very *storms!* *Yes;* I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own!

6. Ye know the jutting cliff", round which a track
Up hither winds', whose base is but the brow
To such another one', with scanty room
For two abreast to pass'? O'ertaken there
By the mountain blast', I've laid me flat along',
And', while gust follow'd gust more furiously',
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink',
And I have thought of other lands, where storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there,—the thought that mine was *free*
Has checked that wish', and I have raised my head',
And cried in thraldom to that furious wind',
"BLOW ON! *this is the land* of LIBERTY!"

LESSON LVII.

SPELL AND DEFINE—

2. A-flāme′.	4. Mĭl′-i-tant.	4. Ad-vançe′.
2. Gôrge.	4. Rĕck′-less.	4 Re-trēat′.

KNYP-HAU-SEN, (Knip′-how-zn;) a German general, born in Alsace about 1730. He commanded an army of Hessians, who were hired by the British ministry to fight against the Americans.

CALDWELL OF SPRINGFIELD.

1. HERE's the spot. Look around you. Above, on the height,
Lay the Hessians encamped. By that church on the right
Stood the gaunt Jersey farmers. And here ran a wall—
You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball.
Nothing more. Grasses spring, waters run, flowers blow
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.

2. Nothing more, did I say? Stay, one moment; you've heard
Of Caldwell, the parson, who once preached the Word
Down at Springfield? What! no? Come—that's bad; why he had
All the Jerseys aflame! And they gave him the name
Of the "rebel high priest." He stuck in their gorge,
For he loved the Lord God, and he hated King George!

3. He had cause, you might say! When the Hessians that day
Marched up with Knyphausen, they stopped on their way
At the "Farms," where his wife, with a child in her arms,
Sat alone in the house. How it happened none knew
But God, and that one of the hireling crew
Who fired the shot. Enough! there she lay,
And Caldwell, the chaplain, her husband, away!

4. Did he preach—did he pray? Think of him as you stand
By the old church, to-day; think of him, and that band

Of militant plowboys! See the smoke and the heat
Of that reckless advance—of that straggling retreat!
Keep the ghost of that wife, foully slain, in your view—
And what could you, what should you, what would you do?

5. Why, just what he did! They were left in the lurch
For the want of more wadding. He ran to the church,
Broke the door, stripped the pews, and dashed out in the road
With his arms full of hymn-books, and threw down his load
At their feet! Then, above all the shouting and shots,
Rang his voice—"Put Watts into 'em, boys! give' em Watts!"

6. And they did. That is all. Grasses spring, flowers blow,
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.
You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball,
But not always a hero like this—and that's all.

LESSON LVIII.

THROUGH PEACE TO LIGHT.

1. I do not ask, O Lord! that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load;
I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet:
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.
For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord! I plead:
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed—
Through Peace to Light.

2. I do not ask, O Lord! that thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.
I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see,—
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.
Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord! till perfect day shall shine
Through Peace to Light.

LESSON LIX.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

ka**ldst**	kä**mdst**	sĭ**ndst**
ldst	**mdst**	**ndst**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Prĭn′-çi-ple, *element.*
1. Ū′-ni-vẽrse, *the whole creation.*
1. As-sō-ci-ātes, *joins as friends or companions.*
1. Ôr′-ders, *classes.*
1. In-tĕl′-li-gent, *endowed with reason.*
1. Sĕn′-tient, *having a faculty of receiving impressions or knowledge of external objects by means of the senses.*
1. Spĭr′-it-ū-al, *relating to the spirit, mind, or soul.*
2. Per-vā′-ded, *penetrated in every part.*
2. Răm-i-fi-cā′-tion, *a branch or division.*
2. Grăv-i-tā-tion, *the mutual tendency which all bodies in nature have to approach each other.*
3. Gẽr′-mi-nat-ing, *sprouting.*
3. Ăl′-i-ment, *food; nutriment.*
4. Dĭ′-a-dem, *crown.*
4. Pĕt′-al, *a flower leaf.*
4. Quĕr′-u-loŭs, *complaining.*
4. Cŏr-o-nā′-tion, *the act or ceremony of crowning.*
5. Hăr′-mo-ny, *agreement.*
6. Căn′-ny, *gentle.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

So′-cial, (sō′-shal;) sen′-tient, (sĕn-shĕnt;) courte′-sy-ing, (kûrt′-sy-ing;) se′-ries, (sē′-rēz;) mead′-ow, (mĕd′-ō;) yel-low, (yĕl′-lō;) swal′-low, (swŏl′-lō;) stoure, (stour.)

SOCIAL INFLUENCES.

1. THERE is a social principle which reaches through the universe of mind and associates all the orders of intelligent, sentient beings, and diffuses everywhere a spiritual attraction of heart to heart', mind to mind', angel to angel', man to man', man to God', and God to man'.

2. Even matter itself is pervaded with a ramification of this principle', which sustains the same relation to gravitation', as the nervous system does to the veins and arteries of the human body'. You cannot go into the meadow and pluck up a single daisy by the roots without breaking up a society of nice relations, and detecting a principle more extensive and refined than mere gravitation. The handful of earth that follows the tiny roots of the little flower is replete with social elements.

3. A little social circle had been formed around that germinating daisy. The sunbeam and the dewdrop met there; and the soft summer breeze came whispering through the tall grass to join the silent concert. And the earths took them to their bosom', and introduced them to the daisy germ'; and they all went to work to show that flower to the sun'. Each mingled in the honey of its influence, and they nursed "the wee canny thing" with an aliment that made it grow. And when it lifted its eyes toward the sky', they wove a soft carpet of grass for its feet'.

4. And the sun saw it through the green leaves', and smiled as he passed on'; and then by starlight and by moonlight' they worked on'. And the daisy lifted up its head', and one morning', while the sun was looking upon the dews', it put on its silver-rimmed diadem', and showed its yellow

petals\'. And it nodded to the little birds that were swimming in the sky\'; and all of them that had silver-lined wings came\'; and birds in black\', and gray\', and quaker brown\', came\'; and the querulous blue bird\', and the courtesying yellow bird\', came\'; and each sung a native air at the coronation of that daisy\'.

5. Everything that sung or shone upon that wee modest flower\' was a member of that social circle\', and conspired to its harmony\', and added to its music\'. Heaven\', earth\', sky\', and sea\', were its companions\'; the sun and stars walked hand in hand with it as kindly as if they never saw another daisy\' or had another companion\'. The sober ocean, even the distant Pacific, laded the fleet-winged clouds with sweet-savored dews to brighten its countenance when the sun appeared.

6. Such was the social circle which you broke up when you put forth your hand to crush the little canny thing "*among the stoure.*" Such were the companions you severed and the harmony you interrupted. This little social system was one of the least of those concentric circles, which go on increasing in diameter until the last sweeps around the whole universe, and completes the infinite series of harmonies, which was celebrated by the morning stars on the birthday of creation.

7. Now, all the members of this social circle were necessary to the well being of that daisy. It needed such companions. It needed the sunbeam\', the dew drop\', and the rain drop\', and the soft summer breeze\', to develop its character\', and unfold its beauties\'. It needed the morning song of the birds, and the chirping lay of the meadow stream, to keep time by, as it waved its silver diadem to the twittering swallow's wing.

8. If, then\', my young friends\', our heavenly Father has provided such companions and social influences for the lily or the daisy\', what provision has he not made for the society of his children! In the first place, his relation to them

as Creator makes them all brethren and sisters\, all children of one Father\. Then all the revelations of his word and providence are designed to associate us together in one great family, offering to us all the same motives to obedience\, the same earth\, the same heaven′ and home\.

9. All the teachings of our Savior\, all the promises of the gospel′, are designed to fit us for society\—the society of earth′, and the society of heaven\; for the society of our fellow-beings\, and the society of angels\, our Redeemer′, and our God\. Whatever may be your destiny in this world or that to come′, you never will be left *alone′:* you will still be the member of a society\; you will be associated′, through all the years of time and eternity′, with beings whose happiness or misery you will have the capacity and disposition to increase\.

LESSON LX.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

dē**fnst**	hŭ**slst**	tē**chst**
fnst	**slst**	**chst**

SPELL AND DEFINE—

2. Briēf.	4. Prow′-ess.	4. Thrŭst.
2. Măg′-ie.	4. Tri-ŭmph′-ant.	6. Feūd̤.

DRIVING THE COW.

1. THE grass is green on Billy's grave,
The snow is on my brow,
But I remember still the night
When we two drove the cow!
The butter-cups and tangled weeds,
The goldfinch pecking thistle seeds,
The small green snake amid the brake,
The white flowers on the bough,
And Billy with his keen, gray eyes—
I seem to see them now!

2. Oh, Billy was my first of friends;
Our hearts were warm and light;
The darkest of November rains
Had, shared with him, seemed bright:
And far too brief for boyish play
Had been the summer's longest day.
But powerless fell Love's magic spell,—
Its charm was lost that night;
It needed but one word, and we
Were both in for a fight!

3. One word! 'twas Billy spoke that word;
But, sore at heart, I know
It was another hand than his
That dealt the earliest blow.
He touched my forehead's longest curl,
And said, "Ha! John! my pretty girl!"
A jest or not, my blood was hot,
My cheek was all aglow;
"*Take that!* TAKE THAT! Say, could a *girl*,
A GIRL, have struck you *so?*"

4. But Billy was as stout as I;
The scar upon my brow
The memory of his prowess keeps
Before me even now!
His furious blows fell thick and fast;
But just as I had thought, at last,
That yield I must, a skillful thrust
I gave, I know not how,
And, a triumphant conqueror,
I went on for my cow!

5. We never were firm friends again.
Before the spring-time air
Again the graveyard flowers made sweet,
Poor Billy rested there!

And I since then have wandered wide,
And seen the world on every side
By land and sea, and learned—ah me!—
That warm, true hearts are rare;
And he who is best loved on earth
Has not one friend to spare!

6. The grass is green on Billy's grave,
My brow is white with snow;
I never can win back again
The love I used to know!
The past is past; but, though for me
Its joys are sweet in memory,
'Tis only pain to call again
The feuds of long ago,
And worse to feel that in a fight
I dealt the earliest blow!

LESSON LXI.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

trŭ**bldst**	brī**dldst**	wī**dndst**
bldst	**dldst**	**dndst**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

Mo͟nk, *a man who retires from the world and devotes himself to religion.*

Cas-tĭl′-ian, *a native of Castile in Spain.*

Trăn̦′-pōrt, *rapture; excessive joy.*

In-ġĕn′-ū-oŭs, *open; frank.*

Fĕll, *cruel; savage; fierce.*

Dĕs′-o-lātes, *lays waste; ruins.*

Plănt′-ain, *a tropical tree, which grows fifteen or twenty feet high, and whose fruit is a substitute for food.*

Scoŭrge, *he or that which greatly afflicts, harasses, or destroys.*

Răn̦′-cor-oŭs, *deeply malignant.*

Vĕn′-om, *malignity.*

In-fūse′, *instill.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

Cas-til′-ian, (kăs-tĭl′-yan;) plant′-ain, (plănt′-in;) ran′-cor-ous. (răngk′-or-us;) would*st;* could*st;* dĕs′-pe-rate; ŏb′-sti-nate; in-gen′-u-ous, (in-jĕn′-yo͟-us.)

SCENE FROM "PIZARRO."

Rolla, disguised as a monk. A Sentinel, walking near.

Rolla. Inform me, friend′; is not Alonzo′, the Spanish prisoner′, confined in this dungeon′?

Sentinel. He is'.

Rol. I must speak with him'.

Sen. You must not'.

Rol. He is my friend.

Sen. Not if he were your brother.

Rol. What is to be his fate'?

Sen. He dies at sunrise'.

Rol. Ha′! then I am come in time'!

Sen. Just to witness his death.

Rol. Soldier′, I *must* speak with him.

Sen. Back'! back'! it is impossible.

Rol. I do entreat you, but for one moment.

Sen. You entreat in vain; my orders are most strict.

Rol. Even now I saw a messenger go hence.

Sen. He brought a pass which we are all accustomed to obey.

Rol. Look on this wedge of massive gold'; look on these precious gems'. In thy own land they will be wealth for thee and thine', beyond thy hope and wish'. Take them'; they are thine'; let me but pass one minute with Alonzo'.

Sen. Away'! Wouldst thou corrupt me'?—*me!* an old Castilian'! I know my duty better'.

Rol. Soldier'! hast thou a wife'?

Sen. I have'.

Rol. Hast thou children'?

Sen. Four,—honest', lovely boys'.

Rol. Where didst thou leave them'?

Sen. In my native village'; even in the cot where myself was born'.

Rol. Dost thou love thy children and thy wife'?

Sen. Do I love them'? God knows my heart'; I do'.

Rol. Soldier'! imagine thou wert doomed to die a cruel death in this strange land: what would be thy last request'?

Sen. That some of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children.

Rol. But if that comrade were at the prison-gate', and should there be told', "Thy fellow-soldier dies at sunrise', yet thou shalt not for a moment see him', nor shalt thou bear his dying blessing to his poor children or his wretched wife'," what wouldst thou think of him who thus could drive thy comrade from the door'?

Sen. How'?

Rol. Alonzo has a wife and child. I am come but to receive for her and for her babe the last blessing of my friend.

Sen. Go in.

Rol. O holy nature! thou dost never plead in vain. There is not of our earth a creature bearing form and life, human or savage, native of the forest wild or giddy air, around whose parent bosom thou hast not a cord entwined of power to tie them to their offspring's claims, and at thy will to draw them back to thee. Alonzo'! Alonzo'! my friend'! Ha! in gentle sleep! Alonzo'! arise'!

Al. How! is my hour elapsed'? Well, I am ready.

Rol. Alonzo', know me'.

Al. What voice is that'?

Rol. 'Tis Rolla's'.

Al. Rolla'! my friend'! (*Embraces him.*) How couldst thou pass the guard'? Did this habit'—

Rol. There is not a moment to be lost in words. This disguise I tore from the dead body of a friar, as I passed our field of battle'; it has gained me entrance to thy dungeon'; now take it thou and fly'.

Al. And Rolla'—

Rol. Will remain here in thy place'.

Al. And die for me'? No'; rather eternal tortures rack me'!

Rol. I shall not die', Alonzo'. It is thy life Pizarro seeks'—not Rolla's'; and from my prison soon will thy arm deliver me'. Or', should it be otherwise, I am as a blighted plantain', standing alone amid the sandy desert'. Nothing smiles or lives beneath my shelter'. Thou art a husband and a father'; the being of a lovely wife and helpless infant hangs upon *thy* life'. *Go!* GO! Alonzo! GO! to save, not *thyself'*, but *Cora* and thy *child'*!

Al. Urge me not thus', my friend'. I have prepared to die in peace'.

Rol. To die in peace'! devoting her you have sworn to live for to madness', misery', and death'? for, be assured, that state I left her in forbids all hope but from thy quick return.

Al. O Heavens!

Rol. If thou art yet irresolute', Alonzo', now heed me well. I think thou hast not known that Rolla ever pledged his word and shrunk from its fulfillment. If thou art proudly obstinate to deny thy friend the transport of preserving Cora's life in thee', no power that sways the will of man shall stir me hence'; and thou'lt have but the desperate triumph of seeing Rolla perish by thy side', with the assured conviction that Cora and thy child are lost forever'!

Al. O Rolla'! you distract me'!

Rol. A moment's further pause', and all is lost'. The dawn approaches. Fear not for me; I will treat with Pizarro as for surrender and submission. I shall gain time, doubt not, while thou, with a chosen band, passing the secret way, mayst at night return, release thy friend, and bear him back in triumph. Yes', hasten', dear Alonzo'; even now I hear the frantic Cora call thee'. Haste! haste! haste!

Al. Rolla', I fear your friendship drives me from honor and from right'.

Rol. Did Rolla ever counsel dishonor to his friend'?

Al. Oh! my preserver! (*Embracing him.*)

Rol. I feel thy warm tears dropping on my cheeks. Go'! I am rewarded. (*Throws the friar's garment over* ALONZO.) There, conceal thy face'; and, that they may not clink, hold fast thy chains. Now, God be with thee!

Al. At night we meet again, then—so aid me Heaven!—I return, to save or perish with thee! (*Exit.*)

Rol. (*alone.*) He has passed the outer porch'; he is safe'! he will soon embrace his wife and child! Alonzo flatters himself that we shall meet again! Yes, there (*lifting his hand to heaven*) assuredly we shall meet again; there possess in peace the joys of everlasting love and friendship,—on earth imperfect and embittered! (*Retires into the recess.*)

Enter ELVIRA.

Elvira. No'! not Pizarro's brutal taunts'—not the glowing admiration which I feel for this noble youth'—shall

raise an interest in my harassed bosom which honor would not sanction. If he reject the vengeance my heart has sworn against the tyrant whose death alone can save this land', yet shall the delight be mine to restore him to his Cora's arms', to his dear child', and to the unoffending people whom his virtues guide and valor guards'. Alonzo', come forth'! (*Enter Rolla.*) Ha'! who art thou'? Where is Alonzo'?

Rol. Alonzo's fled'.

Elv. Fled'?

Rol. Yes'; and he must not be pursued'. Pardon this roughness, (*seizing her hand,*) but a moment's precious to Alonzo's flight'.

Elv. What if I call the guard'?

Rol. Do so'; Alonzo still gains time'.

Elv. What if I thus free myself'? (*Shows a dagger.*)

Rol. Strike it to my heart'! still', with the convulsive grasp of death', I'll hold thee fast'.

Elv. Release me'! I give my faith', I neither will alarm the guard' nor cause pursuit'.

Rol. At once I trust thy word. A feeling boldness in those eyes assures me that thy soul is noble.

Elv. What is thy name'? Speak freely'; by my order the guard is removed far beyond the outer porch.

Rol. My name is Rolla'.

Elv. The Peruvian leader'?

Rol. I was so yesterday. To-day, the Spaniard's captive.

Elv. And friendship for Alonzo moved thee to this act'?

Rol. Alonzo is my friend'. I am prepared to die for him'.

Elv. Noble', ingenuous Rolla'! know that my purpose here was thine'; and were I to save thy friend—

Rol. How'! a woman blessed with gentleness and courage', and yet not Cora'?

Elv. Does Rolla think so meanly of all female hearts'?

Rol. Not so'; you are worse and better than we are'!

Elv. Were I to save thee, Rolla, from the tyrant's vengeance,—restore thee to thy native land, and thy native land to peace,—wouldst thou not rank Elvira with the good'?

Rol. To judge the action\ I must know the means\.

Elv. Take this dagger\.

Rol. How to be used?

Elv. I will conduct thee to the tent where fell Pizarro sleeps\;—the scourge of innocence\, the terror of thy race', the fiend that desolates thy afflicted country\.

Rol. Hast thou not been injured by Pizarro'?

Elv. Deeply as scorn and insult can infuse their deadly venom\.

Rol. And thou askest that I should murder him in his sleep'?

Elv. Would he not have murdered Alonzo in his chains'? He that sleeps and he that's bound are equally defenceless. Hear me\, Rolla'; so may I prosper in this perilous act', as, searching my full heart\, I have put by all rancorous motive of private vengeance there\, and feel that I advance to my dread purpose in the cause of human nature', and at the call of sacred justice\.

Rol. The God of justice sanctifies no evil as a step toward good. Great actions cannot be achieved by wicked means\.

Elv. Then', Peruvian', since thou dost feel so coldly for thy country's wrongs', this hand', though it revolt my soul', shall strike the blow\.

Rol. Then is thy destruction certain', and for Peru thou perishest\! Give me the dagger\!

Elv. Now follow me; but first'—and dreadful is the hard necessity'—thou must strike down the guard\.

Rol. The soldier who was on duty here'?

Elv. Yes\, him\; else', seeing thee', the alarm will be instant\.

Rol. And I must stab that soldier as I pass'? Take back thy dagger\.

Elv. Rolla'!

Rol. That soldier′, mark me, is a man\'! All are not men that bear the human form. He refused my prayers\'; refused my gold\',—denying to admit me till his own feelings bribed him\'. For my nation's safety I would not harm that man!

Elv. Then he must with us. I will answer for his safety.

Rol. Be that plainly understood between us\'; for′, whate'er betide our enterprise′, I will not risk a hair of that man's head to save my heartstrings from consuming fire\'.

LESSON LXII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

bŭ**kldst**	blă**kndst**	trĭ**fldst**
kldst	**kndst**	**fldst**

SPELL AND DEFINE—

1. Sŏm′-ber.	2. Be-grīmes′.	5. Dŭsk′-y.
1. Chēer′-y.	2. An-nounçes′.	5. Pro-clāim′.

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

Soot-y, (sụt-y;) be-grimes, (be-grīmz′;) bo-som, (bụ′-zom;) rogu′-ish, (rōg′-ish.)

THE CHARCOAL MAN.

1. THOUGH rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon seat;
His somber face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
While echo faint and far replies,—
"Hark, O! hark, O!"

"Charco'!"—"Hark, O!"—Such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds.

2. The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
His coat is darker far than that;
'Tis odd to see his sooty form,
All speckled with the feathery storm;
Yet in his honest bosom lies
Nor spot nor speck,—though still he cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
And many a roguish lad replies,—
"Ark, ho! ark, ho!"
"Charco'!"—"Ark, ho!"—Such various sounds
Announce Mark Haley's morning rounds.

3. Thus all the cold and wintry day
He labors much for little pay;
Yet feels no less of happiness
Than many a richer man, I guess,
When through the shades of eve he spies
The light of his own home, and cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
And Martha from the door replies,—
"Mark, ho! Mark, ho!"
"Charco'!"—"Mark, ho!"—Such joy abounds
When he has closed his daily rounds.

4. The hearth is warm, the fire is bright;
And while his hand, washed clean and white,
Holds Martha's tender hand once more,
His glowing face bends fondly o'er
The crib wherein his darling lies,
And in a coaxing tone he cries,—
"Charco'! charco'!"
And baby with a laugh replies,—
"Ah, go! ah, go!"

"Charco'!"—"Ah, go!"—while at the sounds
The mother's heart with gladness bounds.

5. Then honored be the charcoal-man!
Though dusky as an African,
'Tis not for you, that chance to be
A little better clad than he,
His honest manhood to despise,
Although from morn till eve he cries,—
"Charco'! charco!"
While mocking echo still replies,—
"Hark, O! hark, O!"
"Charco'!"—"Hark, O!"—Long may the sounds
Proclaim Mark Haley's daily rounds!

LESSON LXIII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

strŭ**gldst**	kû**rbdst**	hû**rldst**
gldst	**rbdst**	**rldst**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

Di-vōrç'-ed, *separated.*
Ăt'-tri-būtes, *qualities.*
Ex-tĭn'-guish-es, *puts an end to.*
Re-sĕnt'-ment, *anger.*
Com-pŭnc'-tioŭs, *repentant; contrite.*
Lăv'-ish-ed, *bestowed with profusion.*
As-si-dū'-i-tĭes, *attentions.*
Glāz'-ing, *becoming glassy.*
Un-re-quīt'-ed, *not repaid.*
Con-trī'-tion, *grief of heart for having done wrong.*
Un-grā'-cioŭs, *unpleasing.*
Dōle'-fụl-ly, *dismally; sadly.*
Chăp'-let, *a garland or wreath for the head.*
Fū'-tĭle, *worthless; useless.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

Com-punc'-tions, (kom-pŭnk'-shŭs;) con-trī'-tion, (kon-trĭsh'-un;) un-re-quit'-ed, (un-re-kwīt'-ed;) hăst.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

1. THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal,—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open, this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament?

2. Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved,—when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal,—would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No! the love that survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul.

3. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection,—when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness,—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart?

4. Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No! there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living.

5. Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should

ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies moldering before him?

6. But the grave of those we loved,—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness—the solemn, awful tenderness—of the parting scene.

7. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendants, its mute, watchful assiduities; the last testimonies of expiring love; the feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand; the faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection; the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence.

8. Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

9. If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent,—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought or word or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan and pour the unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

10. Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

LESSON LVII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

färmdst	**bûrndst**	**kûrvdst**
rmdst	**rndst**	**rvdst**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

Flēet, *navy or squadron of ships.*

Răv′-aġe, *waste; destruction.*

Un′-knĕll′-ed, *untold.*

Ärm′-a-ments, *naval forces equipped for war.*

Le-vī′-a-than, *a great sea animal described in the book of Job; here used for ships.*

Är′-bi-ter, *one who decides, directs, and controls.*

Yēast, *foam.*

Ar-mā′-da, *a fleet of armed ships. The term is here applied to the Spanish fleet called the* INVINCIBLE ARMADA, *consisting of one hundred and thirty ships, intended to act against England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth,* A. D. 1588.

Traf-al-gär′, *a cape on the coast of Spain, celebrated for a great naval battle fought in its vicinity, October 21, 1805, between the English fleet under Nelson, and the combined French and Spanish fleets. The English were victorious; but their commander, Nelson, was slain during the action.*

Glăss′-eṣ, *shows or represents as in a glass or mirror.*

Wạn′-toṅ-ed, *sported.*

Frĕsh′-en-ing, *becoming agitated with high winds; turbulent.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

päth′-less; ex-alt′-ed, (ĕgz-ạlt′-ed;) mū′-sic; blūe; rĕalms; dĕṣ′-erts; tĕm′-pests; bub′-bles, (bŭb′-blez;) fresh′-en-iṇg, (frĕsh′-niṇg;) ru′-in, (rụ′-in.)

THE OCEAN.

1. Oh that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
Ye elements! in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted, can ye not
Accord me such a being? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

2. There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

3. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
Man marks the earth with ruin; his control
Stops with the shore: upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

4. His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee: the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,

And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

5. The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

6. Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee:
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play;
Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

7. Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime;
The image of eternity; the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

8. And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be

Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers; they to me
Were a delight; and, if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.

LESSON LXV.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

rēzndst	rĭpldst	sĕtldst
zndst	pldst	tldst

SPELL AND DEFINE—

1. Pru̧′-dençe.	2. Mis-fôrt′-ūne.	5. Ca-prí′-cioŭs.
2. Be-sĕt′.	2. Prŏf′-li-ga-çy.	5. Vā′-ri-a-ble-ness.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

1. SOME one asked the Duke of Wellington what his secret was for winning battles. And he said that he had no secret, that he did not know how to win battles, and that no man knew. For all, he said, that man could do was to look beforehand steadily at all the chances, and lay all possible plans beforehand; but from the moment the battle begun, he said, no mortal prudence was of use, and no mortal man could know what the end would be. A thousand new accidents might spring up every hour, and scatter all his plans to the winds; and all that man could do was to comfort himself with the thought that he had done his best, and to trust in God.

2. Now, my young friends, learn a lesson from this, a lesson for the battle of life, which every one of us has to

fight from our cradle to our grave—the battle against misery, poverty, misfortune, sickness—the battle against worse enemies even than they—the battle against our own weak hearts and the sins which so easily beset us; against laziness, dishonesty, profligacy, bad tempers, hard-heartedness, deserved disgrace, the contempt of our neighbors, and just punishment from Almighty God.

3. Take a lesson, I say, from the great duke for the battle of life. Be not fretful and anxious about the morrow. Face things like men; count the chances like men; lay your plans like men; but remember, like men, that a fresh chance may any moment spoil all your plans; remember that there are a thousand dangers around you from which all your prudence cannot save you.

4. Do your best, and then, like the great duke, comfort yourselves with the thought that you have done your best, and, like him, trust in God. Remember that God is really and in very truth your Father, and that without him not a sparrow falls to the ground; and are ye not of more value than many sparrows, O ye of little faith?

5. Remember that he knows what you have need of before you ask him; that he gives you all day long, of his own free generosity, a thousand things for which you never dream of asking him. Remember that in all the chances and changes of this life, in bad luck as well as in good, in failure as well as success, in poverty as well as wealth, in sickness as well as health, he is giving you and me and all mankind numberless good and perfect gifts. Remember that he is neither neglectful, capricious, nor spiteful; for in him is neither variableness nor shadow of turning, but he is always loving unto every man, and his mercy is over all his works.

LESSON LXVI.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

1. It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

2. She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

3. Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh,—
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

4. "I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout;
And often, when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in the great victory."

5. "Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes,—

"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

6. "It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

7. "My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

8. "With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a loving mother there
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

9. "They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won,—
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

10. "Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good Prince Eugene."

"Why 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay! my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

11. "And everybody praised the duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

LESSON LXVII.

THE BEAUTY OF YOUTH.

1. How beautiful is youth,—early manhood, early womanhood, how wonderfully fair! what freshness of life, cleanness of blood, purity of breath! What hopes! There is nothing too much for the young maid or man to put into their dream, and in their prayer to hope to put into their day. O young men and women! there is no picture of ideal excellence of manhood and womanhood that I ever draw that seems too high, too beautiful, for your young hearts.

2. What aspirations there are for the good, the true, the fair, and the holy! The instinctive affections,—how beautiful they are, with all their purple prophecy of new homes and generations of immortals that are yet to be! The high instincts of reason, of conscience, of love, of religion, how beautiful and grand they are in the young heart, fragrantly opening its little cup, not yet full-blown, but with the promise of a man!

3. I love to look on these young faces, and see the firstlings of the young man's beard, and the maidenly bloom blushing over the girl's fair cheek. I love to see the pure eyes beaming with joy and goodness, to see the unconscious

joy of such young souls, impatient of restraint, and longing for the heaven which we fashion here.

4. So have I seen in early May, among the New England hills, the morning springing in the sky, and gradually thinning out the stars that hedge about the cradle of day; and all cool and fresh and lustrous came the morning light, and a few birds commenced their songs, prophets of many more; and ere the sun was fairly up, you saw the pinky buds upon the apple-trees, and scented the violets in the morning air, and thought of what a fresh and lordly day was coming up the eastern sky.

LESSON LXVIII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

hä**rpst**	drĭ**vldst**	dă**zldst**
rpst	**vldst**	**zldst**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Es-cŭtch′-eon, *the shield of a family.*
2. Gôr′-ġeoŭs, *showy; magnificent.*
2. Păġ′-eant, *spectacle; show.*
2. Sĭm′-bol, *representation.*
7. Hĕr′-it-aġe, *inheritance.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

I-ron, (ī′-urn;) gor′-geous, (gôr′-jus;) dī′-a-mond; pag′-eant, (păj′-ant;) es-cutch′-eon, (es-kŭch′-un.)

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

1. My home a stately dwelling is′,
   With lofty arching doors‘;
   There is carving on the ceiling high′,
   And velvet on the floors‘;
   A rich and costly building′,
   Where noiseless servants wait‘;

And 'neath the escutcheon's gilding',
None enter but the great';
But a happier home is near it, a humble cottage small,
And I envy its sweet mistress the shadows on her wall.

2. My pictures are the pride of art',
And drawn by cunning hands',
But the painted figures never move',
Nor change the painted land';
Before the poorest window',
More gorgeous pageants glide';
Within the lowliest household',
More lifelike groups abide';
And I turn from soulless symbols', that crowd my gloomy hall',
To watch the shifting shadows upon the cottage wall'.

3. My garden palings broad and high,
Shut in its costly spoils,
And through the ordered paths all day
The silent gardener toils;
My neighbor's is a grass-plot,
With a hardy buttercup,
Where the children's dimpled fingers
Pull dandelions up,
Where on a baby's silken head all day the sunbeams fall,
'Till evening throws its shadows upon the cottage wall.

4. My petted lap-dog', warm and soft',
Nestles upon my knee';
My birds have shut their diamond eyes
That love to look for me;
Lonely', I watch my neighbor',
And watching can but weep',
To see her rock her darlings

Upon her breast asleep\.
Alas! my doves are gentle\, my dog comes at my call′,
But there's no childish shadow upon my chamber wall.

5. My stately husband never bends
To kiss me on the lips\;
His heart is in his iron safe\;
His thoughts are with his ships\;
But when the twilight gathers
Adown the dusky street′,
The little housewife listens
For sounds of coming feet\;
And by the gleaming firelight I see a figure tall,

Bend down to kiss a shadow—a shadow on the wall.

6. My beauty is the talk of fools\;
And by the gas-light's glare′,
In glittering dress and gleaming gems′,
I know that I am fair\;

But there is something fairer′,
Whose charm in loving lies‵;
And there is something dearer′,
The light of happy eyes‵.
So I return triumphant‵, queen of the brilliant ball′,
To envy the sweet shadow of the housewife on the wall‵.

7. My earthly lot is rich and high′,
And hers is poor and low‵;
Yet I would give my heritage
Her deeper joys to know‵;
For husbands that are lovers
Are rare in all the lands;
And hearts grow fit for heaven′,
Molded by childish hands‵.
And while I go up lonely′, before the Judge of all′,
A cherub troop will usher the shadow on the wall.

LESSON LIX.

Exercise in Articulation.

hĕ**lpst**	lû**rkst**	ō**pndst**
lpst	**rkst**	**pndst**

Exercise in Spelling and Defining.

1. Tăl′-ent, *genius; ability.*
1. Tact, *ready power of appreciating and doing what is required by circumstances.*
1. In-tẽr′-pre-ter, *one who explains.*
2. Mo-mĕn′-tum, *the force of matter in motion.*
3. Trăġ′-e-dy, *a dramatic poem representing human passions, and the woes and misfortunes of life, in such a manner as to excite grief, pity, and indignation.*
3. Färçe, *a short play of low comic character.*
3. Dra-măt′-ic, *represented by action.*
4. Rī′-val-ry, *competition.*

SPELL AND DEFINE –

4. Log′-ic-al-ly.	8. In-sĭn′-ū-āte.	9. Dĕx′-ter-oŭs-ly.
7. Ap-pro-bā′-tion.	8. Glĭb′-ness.	13. Dis-crim-i-nā′-tion.
7. Pre-fĕr′-ment.	9. Pro-fŭn′-di-ty.	13. A-vāil′-a-ble-ness.

TACT *versus* TALENT.

1. TALENT is something, but not everything. Talent is serious', sober', grave', and respectable'. Tact is all that', and more too'. It is not a seventh sense', but it is the life of all the five'— it is the open eye', the quick ear', the judging taste', the keen smell', and the lively touch'; it is the interpreter of all riddles', the surmounter of all difficulties', the remover of all obstacles'.

2. It is useful in all places', and at all times'—it is useful in solitude', for it shows a man his way into the world'; it is useful in society', for it shows a man his way through the world'. Talent is power'; tact is skill'. Talent is weight'; tact is momentum'. Talent knows what to do'; tact knows how to do it'. Talent makes a man respectable'; tact will make him respected'. Talent is wealth'; tact is ready money'.

3. For all the practical purposes of life', tact carries it against talent ten to one'. Take them to the theater', and put them against each other on the stage', and talent will produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be condemned',—while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent', there is no want of dramatic tact', but they are seldom together'; hence we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful'.

4. Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry. Talent sees its way clearly', but tact is first at its journey's end'. Talent receives many a compliment from the bench'; but tact receives fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically'; tact triumphantly'.

5. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no

faster; tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast—and the secret is, that it has no weight to carry, it makes no false step, it hits the right nail on the head, it loses no time, it takes all hints, and by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows.

6. Take them into the church. Talent has always something worth hearing'; tact is sure of abundance of hearers'. Talent may obtain a living'; tact will make one'. Talent gets a good name'; tact a great one'. Talent conquers'; tact convinces'. Talent is an honor to the profession'; tact gains honor from the profession'.

7. Take them to court. Talent feels its weight'; tact finds its way'. Talent commands'; tact is obeyed'. Talent is honored with approbation'; and tact is blessed by preferment'. Place them in the senate. Talent has the ear of the house'; but tact wins its heart and has its votes'.

8. Talent is fit for employment; but tact secures it. It has a knack of slipping into place with a secret silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard ball insinuates itself into the pocket. It seems to know everything, without learning anything; it needs no drilling, it never ranks in the awkward squad; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side.

9. It puts on no look of wondrous wisdom—it has no air of profundity—but plays with the detail of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of a pianoforte. It has all the air of commonplace, with all the force and power of genius.

10. It can change sides with an almost imperceptible movement, and be at all points of the compass, while talent is ponderously and learnedly sifting a single point. Talent calculates slowly, reasons logically, makes out a case as clear as daylight, and utters its oracles with all the weight of justice and reason. Tact refutes without contradiction, puzzles the profound with profundity, and without art outwits the wise.

11. Set them together on a race for popularity, and tact

will distance talent by half the course. Talent brings to market that which is wanted; tact produces that which is wished for. Talent instructs; tact enlightens. Talent leads where no one follows; tact follows where the humor leads.

12. Talent is pleased that it ought to have succeeded; tact is delighted that it has succeeded. Talent toils for a posterity which will never repay it; tact throws away no pains, but catches the passions of the passing hour. Talent builds for eternity; tact on a short lease, and gets good interest.

13. In short, talent is certainly a very fine thing to talk about, a very good thing to be proud of, a very glorious eminence to look down from; but tact is useful, portable, applicable, always alert, and marketable. It is a talent of talent, the availableness of resources, the application of power, the eye of discrimination, and the right hand of intellect.

LESSON LXX.

Exercise in Articulation.

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Exercise in Spelling and Defining.

1. Sŭp′-pli-ançe, *supplication.*
1. Trō′-phíeṣ, *flags, arms, etc., taken and preserved as memorials of victory.*
1. Síg′-net, *seal.*
2. Pla-tǣ′-a, *a town in ancient Greece, celebrated for a battle fought between the Greeks and Persians, in which the latter were defeated.*
2. Sụ′-li-ot, *pertaining to the Suliots, a brave, hardy, active, resolute, and faithful people of Arnaout and Greek descent; inhabiting the mountainous regions north of Greece.*
2. Mär′-co Boz-zăr′-is, *a brave Suliot commander who fell in a battle fought upon the site of ancient Platæa, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were, "Could a Suliot leader die a nobler death?"*
3. Sĕn′-tríeṣ, *soldiers on guard; sentinels.*
6. Stō′-ri-ed, *celebrated in story or history.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

Tro′-phies, (trō′-fiz;) bade, (băd;) con′-quer-or, (kŏn̲k′-er-ur;) Mos′-lem, (Mŏz′-lem;) hur-ra′, (hu̲r-rä′.)

MARCO BOZZARIS.

1. AT midnight′, in his guarded tent′,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece′, her knee in suppliance bent′,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court′, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror‘.
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring‘;
Then press'd that monarch's throne′, a king‘:
As wild his thoughts′, and gay of wing′,
As Eden's garden bird‘.

2. At midnight′, in the forest's shades′,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliot band′,
True as the steel of their tried blades′,
Heroes in heart and hand‘.
There had the Persian's thousands stood‘,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood′,
On old Platæa's day‘;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there‘,
With arm to strike and soul to dare′,
As quick‘, as far′, as they‘.

3. An hour pass'd on′; the Turk awoke‘:
That bright dream was his last.
He woke to hear the sentries shriek
"*To arms! they come!* the *Greek!* the GREEK!"
He woke to die 'midst flame and smoke‘,
And shout‘, and groan‘, and saber-stroke‘,
And death-shots falling thick and fast

As lightnings from the mountain-cloud',
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud',
Bozzaris cheer his band':—
"*Strike*—till the last armed foe expires'!
STRIKE—for your altars and your fires!
STRIKE—for the green graves of your sires',
God, and your *native land!*"

4. They fought, like brave men', long and well';
They piled the ground with Moslem slain';
They conquered'; but Bozzaris fell',
Bleeding at every vein'.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile', when rang their proud hurra',
And the red field was won';
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly', as to a night's repose',
Like flowers at set of sun'.

5. Come to the bridal chamber', Death'!
Come to the mother when she feels',
For the first time', her firstborn's breath'!
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke',
And crowded cities wail its stroke'!
Come in consumption's ghastly form',
The earthquake's shock', the ocean-storm'!
Come when the heart beats high and warm',
With banquet song', and dance', and wine'!
And thou art terrible: the tear',
The groan', the knell', the pall', the bier,
And all we know', or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.
But to the hero', when his sword
Has won the battle for the free',
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word';

And, in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.

6. Bozzaris'! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time',
Rest\ thee; there is no prouder grave',
Even in her own proud clime\.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,—
The heartless luxury of the tomb,
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed\,
Her marble wrought', her music breathed\;
For thee she rings the birth-day bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells.

7. For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch', and cottage bed\;
Her soldier', closing with the foe',
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow\;
His plighted maiden', when she fears
For him', the joy of her young years',
Thinks of thy fate', and checks her tears\.
And she', the mother of thy boys',
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak',—
The memory of her buried joys,—
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will', by their pilgrim-circled hearth',
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,—
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

LESSON LXXI.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

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EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Sym'-pa-thy, *fellow-feeling; compassion.*
1. So-brī'-e-ty, *calmness.*
1. A-trŏç'-i-tĭes, *extreme cruelties.*
1. Ex-tĭnc'-tion, *destruction.*
3. Lâir, *the bed or couch of a wild beast.*
4. Sa-găç'-i-ty, *quickness of apprehension.*
6. Sā'-chem, *an Indian chief.*
6. Pĕs'-ti-lençe, *any contagious disease.*
10. Ab-sôrb'-ed, *swallowed up.*
10. Stī'-fles, *suppresses.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

rus'-tling, (rŭs'-ling;) cent'-u-ries, (sĕnt'-yu-rĭz;) vĭ'-to-ry; venge-ance, (vĕnj'-ans;) hearth, (härth;) sa'-chem.

FATE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

1. THERE is indeed, in the fate of the unfortunate Indians, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much that may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their character which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history'? By a law of their nature', they seem destined to a slow but sure extinction'.

2. Everywhere, at the approach of the white man', they fade away'. We hear the rustling of their footsteps', like that of the withered leaves of autumn', and they are gone for ever'. They pass mournfully by us', and they return no more'. Two centuries ago the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley', from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida'; from the ocean to the Mississippi' and the Lakes'.

3. The shouts of victory and the war-dance rung through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows' and the

deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests'; and the hunter's trace', and the dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs'. The warriors stood forth in their glory'; the young listened to the songs of other days'; the mothers played with their infants', and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future'.

4. The aged sat down'; but they wept not'. They would soon be at rest in fairer regions', where the Great Spirit dwelt', in a home prepared for the brave beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived'; truer men never drew the bow'. They had courage', and fortitude', and sagacity', and perseverance', beyond most of the human race'.

5. They shrunk from no dangers', and they feared no hardships'. If they had the vices of savage life', they had the virtues also'. They were true to their country', their friends', and their homes'. If they forgave not injury', neither did they forget kindness'. If their vengeance was terrible', their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also'.

6. Their love', like their hate', stopped not on this side of the grave'. But where are they'? Where are the villages and warriors and youth', the sachems and the tribes', the hunters and their families'? They have perished'; they are consumed'. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work'. No'; nor famine', nor war'.

7. There has been a mightier power',—a moral canker which hath eaten into their heart-cores'; a plague which the touch of the white man communicated'; a poison which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own.

8. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes'—the aged', the helpless', the women', and the warriors', "few and faint', yet fearless

still'." The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow', unsteady step'.

9. The white man is upon their heels', for terror or dispatch'; but they heed him not'. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears'; they utter no cries'; they heave no groans'. There is something in their hearts which passes speech.

10. There is something in their looks', not of vengeance or submission', but of hard necessity', which stifles both'; which chokes all utterance'; which has no aim nor method'. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them': no', never'! Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel that there is for them still one remove further, not distant nor unseen. It is the general burial-ground of the race.

LESSON LXXII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

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SPELL AND DEFINE—

1. Fûr'-tĭve.
4. Chăt'-tels.
4. Sĭm'-ple-ton.
4. Bŭtt.
5. Ġēn'-ius.
5. Sup-prĕss'-ed.

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

1. A DISTRICT school, not far away,
'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of three-score mingled girls and boys;
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent.

2. The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book;
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!
As 'twere a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss!

3. "What's that?" the startled master cries;
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willeith, if you pleathe--
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"

4. Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.

5. With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered—"I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school to boot—
What evil genius put you to't?"

6. "'Twas she, herself, sir," sobbed the lad,
"I did not mean to be so bad;
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered, I was 'fraid of girls,
And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,

But up and kissed her on the spot!
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
But, somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

LESSON LXVIII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

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SPELL AND DEFINE—

1. Ĕs-cu-lā′-pi-an.
1. Bō′-lus.
2. Hū′-di-bras.
3. Phär′-ma-çy.
4. Păd.
4. Por-tĕnd′-ing.

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

bel-les-let′-tres, (bel-lĕt′-ter;) court′-iers, (kōrt′-yerz;)
dis-as′-ter, (diz-ăs′-ter;) draught, (drăft.)

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

1. A MEMBER of the Esculapian line lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; no man could better gild a pill, or make a bill, or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister; or draw a tooth out of your head; or chatter scandal by your bed, or spread a plaster. His fame full six miles round the country ran: in short, in reputation he was solus: all the old women called him a "fine man!" His name was Bolus.

2. Benjamin Bolus, though in trade (which oftentimes will genius fetter,) read works of fancy, it is said, and cultivated the "*belles-lettres.*" Bolus loved verse; and took so much delight in't, all his prescriptions he resolved to write in't. No opportunity he e'er let pass of writing the directions on his labels in dapper couplets, like Gay's Fables, or, rather, like the lines in Hudibras.

3. He had a patient lying at death's door, some three

miles from the town,—it might be four,—to whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article in pharmacy that's called cathartical: and on the label of the stuff he wrote this verse, which one would think was clear enough, and terse,—

"When taken
To be well shaken."

4. Next morning early Bolus rose, and to the patient's house he goes, upon his pad, who a vile trick of stumbling had;—but he arrived, and gave a tap, between a single and a double rap. The servant lets him in, with dismal face, long as a courtier's out of place,—portending some disaster. John's countenance as rueful looked and grim, as if the apothecary had physicked him, and not his master.

5. "Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said. John shook his head. "Indeed!—hum—ha!—that's very odd!—He took the draught?"—John gave a nod.—"Well? how? what then?—speak out, you dunce!" "Why then," says John, "we shook him once."—"Shook him! how? how?" friend Bolus stammered out.—"We jolted him about."

6. "What! shake the patient, man!—Why, that won't do." "No, sir," quoth John, "and so we gave him two." "Two shakes! O, luckless verse! 'Twould make the patient worse!"—"It did so, sir, and so a third we tried."—"Well, and what then?"—"Then, sir, my master—died!"

LESSON LXIV.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

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EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

9. Clăs'-sic, *refined.*
9. Bûrn'-ing, *vehement: powerful.*
9. Lī'-bel, *slander; reproach; disgrace.*
11. Prō'-si-est, *dullest.*
11. Blăst'-ed, *blighted.*
12. Spĭr'-its, *souls.*
13. Dĕad'-en, *blunt; lessen.*

THE VAGABONDS.

1. We are two travelers, Roger and I;
Roger's my dog. Come here, you scamp;
Jump for the gentlemen—mind your eye!
Over the table—look out for the lamp!
The rogue is growing a little old!
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out doors when nights were cold,
And ate, and drank,—and starved together.

2. We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen,)
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,
(This out-door business is bad for strings,)
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings.

3. No, thank ye, sir—I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral—
Aren't we, Roger?—see him wink!
Well, something hot, then—we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too—see him nod his head?
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said;
And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

4. The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir,) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

5. There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable, thankless master!
No, sir! see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water;
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter.

6. We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger here (what a plague a cough is, sir,)
Shall march a little. Start, you villain!
Paws up! Eyes front! Salute your officer!
'Bout face! Attention! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see.) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle
To aid a poor old patriot soldier.

7. March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
The night's before us; fill the glasses.
Quick, sir! I'm ill—my brain is going!
Some brandy!—thank you,—there!—it passes.

8. Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times, when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

9. Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love—but I took to drink—
The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features—
You needn't laugh, sir; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures:
I was one of your handsome men!—

10. If you had seen her, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guess'd

That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,

Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog!

11. She's married since—a parson's wife:
'Twas better for her that we should part—
Better the soberest, prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent
On the dusty road; a carriage stopped;
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
Who kiss'd the coin that her fingers dropp'd!

12. You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry:
It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
It is amusing? you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
'Twas well she died before. Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

13. Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing, in place of a heart;
He is sad, sometimes, and would weep if he could,
No doubt, remembering things that were—
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

14. I'm better now; that glass was warming.
You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleeper needs neither victuals nor drink;
The sooner the better for Roger and me.

LESSON LXXV.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

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SPELL AND DEFINE—

3. Glā′-çier. | 3. Sĕr′-aph. | 3. Mȳs′-tic.
3. Ī′-ris. | 3. Çe-lĕs′-tial. | 3. Re-frăc′-tion.

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

Gla′-cier, (glā′-sẽr;) sick′-en-ing, (sĭk′-ning.)

A GLASS OF COLD WATER.

1. WHERE is the liquor which God brews for all his children? Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors, and rank corruptions, doth our Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life,—the pure cold water. But in the green glade and glassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play; there God brews it.

2. And down, low down in the lowest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing;—and high upon the tall mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun; where the storm-cloud broods, and the thunder-storms crash; and away far out on the wide wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar; there he brews it—that beverage of life—health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dew-drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice-gem, till the leaves all seem to turn to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon.

3. Sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail shower; folding its bright snow curtains

softly about the wintry world; and waving the many colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the raindrop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction.

4. Still always it is beautiful, that life-giving water; no poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep no burning tears into its depth; no drunken, shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in the words of eternal despair; speak on, my friends, would you exchange for it demon's drink, *alcohol?*

LESSON LXXVI.

Exercise in Articulation.

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Exercise in Spelling and Defining.

2. Gạll, *bitterness.*
3. Be-sŏt′-ted, *made stupid and unfeeling by drink.*
3. Bur-lĕsqu′-ed, *turned into ridicule.*
6. Ăṉ′-guish, *distress.*
7. For-swōrn′, *guilty of false swearing.*
7. Blīght, *that which impairs or destroys.*
8. A-tōne′, *make amends for an offence or crime.*

HATE OF THE BOWL.

1. Go, feel what I have felt,
   Go, bear what I have borne;
   Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
   And the cold proud world's scorn;
   Thus struggle on from year to year,
   Thy sole relief the tear.

2. Go, weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall,
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewn all the way,
That led me up to woman's day.

3. Go, kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech, and pray,
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay:
Be cast, with bitter tears, aside,
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

4. Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow,
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold the livid brow;
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirror'd his soul's misery.

5. Go, hear what I have heard,
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory's feeling fount hath stirr'd,
And its revealing there,
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

6. Go, to my mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer,
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear:
Mark her dimm'd eye, her furrow'd brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,

Her toil worn frame, her trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him,
Whose plighted faith in early youth
Promised eternal love and truth;

7. But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup;
And led down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there, 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing, a drunkard's wife;
And stamp'd on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight, a drunkard's child.

8. Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know
All that my soul hath felt and known:
Then look upon the wine cup's glow.
See if its brightness can atone.
Think if its flavor you will try,
If all proclaimed—"'Tis drink and die!"

9. Tell me I hate the bowl,—
Hate is a feeble word;—
I loathe, abhor—my very soul
With strong disgust is stirr'd
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of that dark beverage of hell!

LESSON LXVII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

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EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

3. Scru′-ple, *a kind of repugnance to do a thing.*
3. In-frĭnġe′, *encroach.*
3. Et-i-quĕtte′, *forms required by good breeding to be observed in social life.*
4. Con-vĭv′-i-al-ist, *a jovial person.*
5. Bēak′-er, *drinking-cup.*
10. Prĭnçe′-ly, *grand; magnificent.*
10. Tĕn′-sion, *stiffness; rigidity.*
12. Vĭv′-id, *true to life.*
13. Ī′-dol-īz-ed, *loved to excess.*
14. Ăg′-o-ny, *suffering; distress.*
18. For-swōre′, *earnestly renounced.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

Et-i-quette, (ĕt-ĭ-kĕt′;) scru′-ple, (skru′-pl;) brill′-iant, (brĭl′-yant;) glance; glass.

PLEDGE WITH WINE.

1. "PLEDGE with wine—pledge with wine!" cried the young and thoughtless Harry Wood. "Pledge with wine!" ran through the brilliant crowd.

2. The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come; she pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder.

3. "Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the judge, in a low tone, going towards his daughter; "the company expect it, do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette;—in your own house act as you please; but in mine, for this once please me."

4. Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinions so soon.

5. Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles towards Marion. She was still very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not as smiling back,

she gratefully accepted the crystal tempter, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of—"Oh, how terrible!" "What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

6. "Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing one jewelled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen; I will paint it for you if I can: It is a lonely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge.

7. "There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce; trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there, a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows; and in their midst lies a manly form, but his cheek, how deathly; his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him, nay, I should say kneels, for he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

8. "Genius in ruins! Oh! the high, holy looking brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws the damp curls! See him clasp his hands! Hear his thrilling shrieks for life! Mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name; see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

9. "See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat; "see! his arms are lifted to heaven; he prays, how wildly, for mercy!

Hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken, the dark men move silently, and leave the living and dying together."

10. There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob, from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

11. "It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lay gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister — death is there. Death! and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder!—he is dead!"

12. A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also, that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

13. "Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more and more broken; "and there they scoop him a grave; and there without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies — my father's son — my own twin brother! a victim to this deadly poison. Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

14. The form of the old judge was convulsed with agony.

He raised his head, but with a smothered voice he faltered—"No, no, my child, in God's name, no."

15. She lifted the glittering goblet, and, letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movements, and instantly every wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying:—

16. "Let no friend, hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand; who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

17. His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile, was her answer. The judge left the room, and when an hour later he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to dash the enemy at once and for ever from his princely rooms.

18. Those who were present at that wedding, can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour forswore the social glass.

LESSON LXXVIII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

b d g j l

SPELL AND DEFINE—

2. Grā′-cious.
4. A-blŭsh′.
5. Sov′-er-eign.
6. Ad vĕnt′-ūr-oŭs.
6. Ĕn′-ter-prīse.
11. Re-prōach′-fụl.

Exercise in Pronunciation.

Su'-mach, (shu'-mak;) sov'-er-eign, (sŭv'-er-in;) gra'-cious, (grā'-shus;) tās'-sĕl.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

1. O, good painter, tell me true,
   Has your hand the cunning to draw
   Shapes of things that you never saw?
   Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

2. Woods and cornfields a little brown,—
   The picture must not be over bright,—
   Yet all in the golden and gracious light
   Of a cloud when the summer sun is down.

3. Alway and alway, night and morn,
   Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
   Lying between them, not quite sere,
   And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
   When the wind can hardly find breathing room
   Under their tassels,—cattle near,
   Biting shorter the short green grass,
   And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
   With bluebirds twittering all around,—
   Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!

4. These and the little house where I was born,
   Low and little and black and old,
   With children, many as it can hold,
   All at the windows, open wide,—
   Heads and shoulders clear outside,
   And fair young faces all ablush;
   Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
   Roses crowding the self-same way,
   Out of a wilding, way-side bush.

5. Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me;
Oh, if I could only make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul and the angel's face

That are beaming on me all the while!
I need not speak these foolish words:
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
She is my mother; you will agree,
That all the rest may be thrown away.

6. Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir; one like me,—
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise:
At ten years old he went to sea,—
God knoweth if he be living now,—
He sailed in the good ship "Commodore,"—
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.

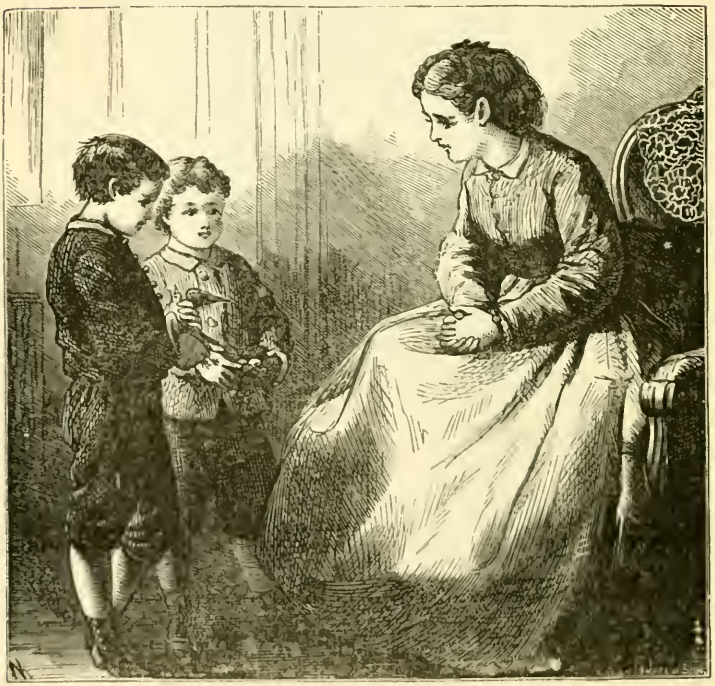
7. Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay,
With my great-hearted brother on her deck;
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.

8. Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee;
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

9. Out in the fields, one summer night,
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,—
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And, over the hay-stack's pointed top,
All of a tremble, and ready to drop
The first half-hour, the great yellow star
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall red mulberry tree
Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew,—

Dead at the top,—just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads, when we came to play
In its handbreadth of shadow day after day.

10. Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,—
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,



Not so big as a straw of wheat:
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

11. At last we stood at our mother's knee,
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me;
I think 'twas solely mine, indeed:
But that's no matter,—paint it so;
The eyes of our mother,—(take good heed—)
Looking not on the nest-full of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces down to our lies,
And oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise,
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
A sharp blade struck through it.

12. You, sir, know,
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—
Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree,—
The mother,—the lads, with their bird, at her knee,
But, oh that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

LESSON LXXIX.

CAUDLE HAS BEEN MADE A MASON.

1. Now, Mr. Caudle,—Mr. Caudle, I say: oh! you can't be asleep already, I know. Now what I mean to say is this: there's no use, none at all, in our having any disturbance about the matter; but at last my mind's made up, Mr. Caudle; I shall leave you. Either I know all you've been doing to-night, or to-morrow morning I quit the house. No, no; there's an end of the marriage state, I think,—an

end of all confidence between man and wife,—if a husband's to have secrets and keep 'em all to himself.

2. Pretty secrets they must be, when his own wife can't know 'em. Not fit for any decent person to know, I'm sure, if that's the case. Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel, there's a good soul: tell me, what's it all about? A pack of nonsense, I dare say; still,—not that I care much about it,—still, I should like to know. There's a dear. Eh? *Oh, don't tell me there's nothing in it;* I know better. I'm not a fool, Mr. Caudle; I know there's a good deal in it. Now, Caudle, just tell me a little bit of it. I'm sure I'd tell you anything. You know I would. Well?

3. And you're not going to let me know the secret, eh? You mean to say—*you're not?* Now, Caudle, you know it's a hard matter to put me in a passion,—not that I care about the secret itself; no, I wouldn't give a button to know it, for it's all nonsense, I'm sure. It isn't the secret I care about; it's the slight, Mr. Caudle; it's the studied insult that a man pays to his wife, when he thinks of going through the world keeping something to himself which he won't let her know.

4. Man and wife one, indeed! I should like to know how that can be when a man's a mason,—when he keeps a secret that sets him and his wife apart? Ha! you men make the laws, and so you take good care to have all the best of them to yourselves; otherwise a woman ought to be allowed a divorce when a man becomes a mason,—when he's got a sort of corner-cupboard in his heart, a secret place in his mind, that his poor wife isn't allowed to rummage.

5. Was there ever such a man? A man, indeed! A brute!—yes, Mr. Caudle, an unfeeling, brutal creature, when you might oblige me, and you won't. I'm sure I don't object to your being a mason; not at all, Caudle; I dare say it's a very good thing; I dare say it is: it's only your making a secret of it that vexes me. But you'll tell me,—you'll tell your own Margaret? *You won't?* You're a wretch Mr. Caudle.

LESSON LXXX.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

b d g j

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

coll'-ier, (kŏl'-yer;) wak'-en, (wāk'-n;) beck'-on, (bĕk'-n;)
moist-en, (moi'-sn;) strick'-en, (strĭk'-n.)

LITTLE JIM.

1. THE cottage was a thatch'd one,
The outside old and mean,
Yet everything within that cot
Was wondrous neat and clean.

2. The night was dark and stormy,
The wind was howling wild;
A patient mother knelt beside
The death-bed of her child.

3. A little worn-out creature—
His once bright eyes grown dim;
It was a collier's only child—
They called him Little Jim.

4. And oh! to see the briny tears
Fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offer'd up a prayer in thought—
She was afraid to speak,

5. Lest she might waken one she lov'd
Far better than her life;
For there was all a mother's love
In that poor collier's wife.

6. With hands uplifted, see! she kneels
Beside the sufferer's bed;
And prays that He will spare her boy,
And take herself instead!

7. She gets her answer from the child:
Soft fell these words from him:—
"Mother, the angels do so smile,
And beckon little Jim!

8. "I have no pain, dear mother, now,
But oh! I am so dry;
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again;
And, mother, don't you cry."

9. With gentle, trembling haste she held
The tea-cup to his lips;
He smiled, to thank her, as he took
Three little tiny sips.

10. "Tell father, when he comes from work,
I said good night to him;
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep:"—
Alas! poor little Jim.

11. She saw that he was dying—
The child she lov'd so dear
Had utter'd the last words that she
Might ever hope to hear.

12. The cottage door was open'd;
The collier's step was heard;
The mother and the father met,
Yet neither spake a word!

13. He knew that all was over—
He knew his child was dead;
He took the candle in his hand,
And walked toward the bed.

14. His quiv'ring lips gave token
Of grief he'd fain conceal;
And see! his wife has join'd him,—
The stricken couple kneel!

15. With hearts bowed down with sadness,
They humbly ask of Him,
In heaven, once more, to meet again
Their own poor Little Jim.

LESSON LXXXI.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

m n r v w

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

4. Ex-tĕn′-ū-ā-ted, *lessened; diminished.*

4. En-fôrç′-ed, *strengthened; increased.*

BRUTUS' ADDRESS.

1. ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his.

2. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him.

3. There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended.

Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

4. None! then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

5. Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart: That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

LESSON LXXXII.

Exercise in Articulation.

y z zh th ng

Exercise in Spelling and Defining.

1. Scrēam′-ing, *creaking.*
1. Ăl′-che-mist, *one who practices the more sublime or difficult parts of chemistry.*
2. Cru′-çi-ble, *the melting-pot of a chemist or goldsmith.*
2. Păl′-let, *a small bed.*
3. An-tïque′, *ancient; of old fashion.*
3. Hŏr′-o-lŏġe, *a clock.*
3. Sū-per-năt′-ū-ral, *miraculous.*
6. Re-coil′, *a starting or falling back.*
10. Mўs′-tic, *obscure; secret.*
10. Tran-sçĕnd′, *surpass; excel.*
17. A-lĕm′-bic, *a chemical vessel used in distillation.*

Exercise in Pronunciation.

a-slânt′; slāk′-en; an-tique, (an-tēk′;) hor-o-loge, (hŏr′-o-lŏj:) phi′-al, (fī′-al;) grânt; ăў; ho-rī′-zon.

THE DYING ALCHEMIST.

1. The night-wind with a desolate moan swept by;
And the old shutters of the turret swung
Screaming upon their hinges; and the moon,
As the torn edges of the clouds flew past,
Struggled aslant the stain'd and broken panes
So dimly, that the watchful eye of death
Scarcely was conscious when it went and came.

2. The fire beneath his crucible was low:
Yet still it burn'd; and ever as his thoughts
Grew insupportable, he raised himself
Upon his wasted arm, and stirr'd the coals
With difficult energy; and, when the rod
Fell from his nerveless fingers, and his eye
Felt faint within its socket, he shrunk back
Upon his pallet, and with unclosed lips
Mutter'd a curse on death.

3. The silent room,
From its dim corners, mockingly gave back
His rattling breath; the humming in the fire
Had the distinctness of a knell; and when
Duly the antique horologe beat one,
He drew a phial from beneath his head
And drank. And instantly his lips compress'd,
And, with a shudder in his skeleton frame,
He rose with supernatural strength, and sat
Upright, and communed with himself:—

4. "I did not think to die
Till I had finish'd what I had to do:
I thought to pierce the eternal secret through
With this my mortal eye.
I felt—O God! it seemeth even now
This cannot be the death-dew on my brow!

5. "And yet it is: I feel
Of this dull sickness at my heart, afraid!
And in my eye the death-sparks flash and fade:
And something seems to steal
Over my bosom like a frozen hand,—
Binding its pulses with an icy band.

6. "And this is death! But why
Feel I this wild recoil? It cannot be
Th' immortal spirit shuddereth to be free!
Would it not leap to fly,
Like a chain'd eaglet, at its parent's call?
I fear, I fear that this poor life is all!

7. "Yet thus to pass away!
To live but for a hope that mocks at last;
To agonize, to strive, to watch, to fast,
To waste the light of day,
Night's better beauty, feeling, fancy, thought,
All that we have and are, for this—for naught!

8. "Grant me another year,
God of my spirit!—but a day—to win
Something to satisfy this thirst within!
I would know something here!
Break for me but one seal that is unbroken!
Speak for me but one word that is unspoken!

9. "Vain! vain! my brain is turning
With a swift dizziness, and my heart grows sick,
And these hot temple-throbs come fast and thick,
And I am freezing—burning—
Dying!—O God, if I might only live!—
My phial!—Ha!—it thrills me!—I revive!

10. "Ay; were not man to die,
He were too mighty for this narrow sphere!

Had he but time to brood on knowledge here,
Could he but train his eye,
Might he but wait the mystic word and hour,
Only his Maker would transcend his power!

11. "Earth has no mineral strange,
Th' illimitable air no hidden wings,
Water no quality in covert springs,
And fire no power to change,
Seasons no mystery, and stars no spell,
Which the unwasting soul might not compel.

12. "Oh, but for time to track
The upper stars into the pathless sky—
To see the invisible spirits, eye to eye—
To hurl the lightning back—
To tread unhurt the sea's dim-lighted halls—
To chase Day's chariot to the horizon-walls!

13. "And more, much more;—for now
The life-sealed fountains of my nature move
To nurse and purify this human love;
To clear this godlike brow
Of weakness and mistrust, and bow it down,
Worthy and beautiful, to the much-loved one!—

14. "This were indeed to feel
The soul-thirst slaken at the living stream—
To live—O God! that life is but a dream!
And death—Aha! I reel—
Dim—dim—I faint—darkness comes o'er my eye:
Cover me! save me!—God of heaven! I die!"

15. 'Twas morning, and the old man lay alone.
No friend had closed his eyelids, and his lips,
Open and ashy pale, th' expression wore
Of his death-struggle. His long, silvery hair

Lay on his hollow temples, thin and wild;
His frame was wasted and his features wan
And haggard as with want, and in his palm
His nails were driven deep, as if the throe
Of the last agony had wrung him sore.

16. The storm was raging still. The shutters swung
Screaming as harshly in the fitful wind,
And all without went on, as aye it will,
Sunshine or tempest, reckless that a heart
Is breaking, or has broken, in its change.

7. The fire beneath the crucible was out;
The vessels of his mystic art lay round,
Useless and cold as the ambitious hand
That fashion'd them; and the small rod,
Familiar to his touch for threescore years,
Lay on th' alembic's rim, as if it still
Might vex the elements at its master's will.

18. And thus had pass'd from its unequal frame
A soul of fire; a sun-bent eagle, stricken
From his high soaring down; an instrument
Broken with its own compass. Oh, how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird that hath outflown
His strength upon the sea, ambition wreck'd!
A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits,
Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest.

LESSON LXXVII.

MOTHER, HOME, AND HEAVEN.

1. Mother, Home, and Heaven, says a writer, are three of the most beautiful words in the English language. And

truly I think that they may well be called so. What word strikes so forcibly upon the heart as mother? Coming from the sunny lips of children, it has a peculiar charm; for it speaks of one to whom they look and trust for protection.

2. A mother is the truest friend we have. When trials heavy and sudden fall upon us; when adversity takes the place of prosperity; when friends, who rejoiced with us in our sunshine, desert us as soon as troubles thicken around us, she still clings to us, and endeavors by her kind precepts and counsels to dissipate the clouds of darkness, and cause peace to return to our hearts.

3. The kind voice of a mother has often been the means of reclaiming an erring one from the path of wickedness to a life of happiness and prosperity.

4. The lonely convict, immured in his dreary cell, thinks of the innocent days of his childhood, and feels that though other friends forsake him, he has still a guardian angel watching over him; and that, however dark his sins may have been, they have all been forgiven and forgotten by her.

5. Mother is indeed a sweet name, and her station is indeed a holy one; for in her hands are placed minds, to be molded almost at her will; ay, fitted to shine—not much, it is true, on earth, compared, if taught aright, with the dazzling splendor which awaits them in heaven.

6. Home! how often we hear persons speak of the home of their childhood. Their minds seem to delight in dwelling upon the recollections of joyous days spent beneath the parental roof, when their young and happy hearts were as light and free as the birds who made the woods resound with the melody of their cheerful voices.

7. What a blessing it is, when weary with care, and burdened with sorrow, to have a home to which we can go, and there, in the midst of friends we love, forget our troubles, and dwell in peace and quietness!

8. Heaven! that land of quiet rest—toward which those, who, worn down and tired with the toils of earth, direct

their frail barks over the troubled waters of life, and after a long and dangerous passage, find it—safe in the haven of eternal bliss. Heaven is the home that awaits us beyond the grave. There the friendships formed on earth, and which cruel death has severed, are never more to be broken: and parted friends shall meet again, never more to be separated.

9. It is an inspiring hope that, when we separate here on earth at the summons of death's angel, and when a few more years have rolled over the heads of those remaining, if "faithful unto death," we shall meet again in heaven, our eternal *home*, there to dwell in the presence of our heavenly Father, and go no more out forever. And "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared ' in that eternal home for all that love him.

LESSON LXXXIV.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

1. *Quick!* MAN THE LIFE-BOAT! See yon bark!
She drives before the wind;
The rock's ahead—and, loud and dark,
The raging storm behind!
No human power, in such an hour,
Can avert the doom that's o'er her:
See! the mainmast's gone, and still she drives on
To the yawning gulf before her.
The life-boat! MAN THE LIFE-BOAT!

2. *Quick!* MAN THE LIFE-BOAT! Hark!—the gun
That thunders through the air!
And see! the signal-flag flies on,
The emblem of despair!
That forked flash, that pealing crash,

Seem'd from the wave to sweep her;
Ha! the ship has struck!—she's on the rock:
And the wail comes louder and deeper.
The life-boat! MAN THE LIFE-BOAT!

3. *Quick!* MAN THE LIFE-BOAT! see! the crew
Gaze on their watery grave:
Already some, a gallant few,
Are battling with the wave;
And one there stands, and wrings his hands,
As thoughts of home come o'er him;
For his wife and child, through the tempest wild,
He sees on the heights before him.
The life-boat! MAN THE LIFE-BOAT!

4. *Speed,* SPEED *the life-boat!*—off she goes!
And, as they pull'd the oar,
From shore and ship a shout arose,
That startled ship and shore:
Life-saving ark! yon doomed bark
Has immortal souls within her;
More than gems or gold is the wealth untold
Thou'lt save, if thou canst but win her.
The life-boat! SPEED THE LIFE-BOAT!

5. HURRAH! *the life-boat dashes on!*
The middens darkly frown;
The rock is there: the ship is gone
Full twenty fathoms down;
But desperate men were battling then
With the billows, single handed;—
They are all in the boat!—HURRAH! *they're afloat!*—
And now they are safely landed.
Hurrah! HURRAH *for the life-boat!*

LESSON LXXV.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

p s t k h

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Au-spī'-cious, *favorable.*
3. Ăd'-e-quāte, *fully sufficient.*
4. In-fū'-şed, *introduced.*
5. Căt'-a-lógue, *a list of the names of men or things disposed in a certain order*
10. In-flĕx'-i-ble, *unchangeable.*
10. In-vĭn'-çi-ble, *unconquerable*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

au'-spi-cious, (a-spĭsh'-us;) prŏd'-ucts; ex-pĕr'-i-ment;
gov'-ern-ment, (gŭv'-ern-ment;) gath'-er-ed, (găth'-erd.)

OUR COUNTRY.

1. We stand the latest, and, if we fail, probably the last experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the Old World.

2. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning; simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products and many means of independence.

3. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospects of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created?

4. Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breeze of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France and the lowlands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the North, and, moving onward to the South, has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days.

5. Can it be that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself? that she is to be added to the catalogue of republics the inscription upon whose ruins is, "They were, but they are not"? Forbid it, my countrymen; forbid it, Heaven!

6. I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are and all you hope to be, resist every project of dis-

union, resist every encroachment upon your liberties, resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

7. I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman, the love of your offspring; teach them, as they climb your knees or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or forsake her.

8. I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are, whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon if necessary in defence of the liberties of your country.

9. I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave, with the recollection that you have lived in vain! May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves!

10. We who are now assembled here must soon be gathered to the congregation of other days. The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theater of life. May God speed them and theirs! May he who at the distance of another century shall stand here to celebrate this day still look round upon a free, happy, and virtuous people! May he have reason to exult as we do! May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth as well as of poetry, exclaim that here is still his country,—

"Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms!"

LESSON LXXXVI.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

f ch th sh wh

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Strĭk′-ing-ly, *forcibly.*
3. Cŏûrt′-e-sў, *civility.*
3. Es-trāng′-ed, *alienated; turned from affection and kindness to hatred or indifference.*
4. Jew′-el-ed, *set with jewels.*
5. Săck′-cloth, *a coarse cloth or garment worn in mourning, distress, or mortification.*
7. Yĕarn′-ing, *longing.*
10. Cŭp, *sufferings and afflictions.*
10. Drĭnk, *receive or endure.*

NOTE.—David's lament for Absalom, commencing with the sixth paragraph of this lesson, affords an excellent exercise for illustrating the PLAINTIVE TREMOR of the voice. The pupil may find some difficulty in reading it well at first; but let him "try, try again," until he can read it with that tremulousness of voice which almost always characterizes the language of sorrow.

ABSALOM.

1. THE waters slept. Night's silvery vail hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curl'd
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream; the willow-leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the running tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And lean'd, in graceful attitudes, to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashion'd for a happier world!

2. King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest,
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now

They gather'd round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bow'd his head upon his hands to pray.

3. Oh! when the heart is full, when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such a very mockery, how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He pray'd for Israel; and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He pray'd for those
Whose love had been his shield; and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom,
For his estranged, misguided Absalom,—
The proud, bright being who had burst away,
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherish'd him,—for him he pour'd,
In agony that would not be controll'd,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

* * * * * *

4. The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straighten'd for the grave; and, as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betray'd
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels, as they sway'd
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.
His helm was at his feet; his banner, soil'd
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him; and the jewel'd hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his cover'd brow.

5. The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he fear'd the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasp'd his blade
As if a trumpet rang! but the bent form
Of David enter'd, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
Who left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bow'd his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:—

6. "Alas, my noble boy, that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom?

7. "Cold is thy brow, my son; and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet 'my father' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

8. "The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music and the voices of the young,
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

9. "And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet amid death's gathering gloom
To see thee, Absalom!

10. "And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee;
And thy dark sin!—Oh, I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee!
May God have call'd thee, like a wanderer, home,
My erring Absalom!"

11. He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child: then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasp'd
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer,
And, as if a strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

LESSON LXXVII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

b	d	g	j	l
m	n	r	v	w

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Ĕm′-i-nençe, *an elevated situation among men.*
2. Rā′-di-ant, *beaming with brightness.*
2. Per-suā′-sĭve, *having the power of influencing.*
2. Phăn′-toms, *fancied visions.*
3. Ĕū′-lo-gy, *panegyric; a laudatory discourse.*
3. Scŭlpt′-ūr-ed, *carved; engraved.*
3. Per-pĕt′-ū-ate, *to preserve from oblivion.*
4. Ĕm′-ū-loŭs, *eager to imitate, equal or excel another.*
4. A-droit′-ness, *dexterity.*
4. Sŭb-ter-rā′-ne-oŭs, *being situated within the earth or under ground.*
6. Dis-so lū′-tion, *destruction.*

Exercise in Pronunciation.

Since, (sĭns;) en-liv′-en-ing, (en-līv′-ning;) eu′-lo-gy, (yu̱′-lo-ġy;) sculp′-tur-ed, (skŭlpt′-yu̱rd;) il-lu′-min-ed, (il-lū′-mĭnd.)

DEATH OF HAMILTON.

1. "How are the mighty fallen!" And, regardless as we are of common death, shall not the fall of the mighty affect us? A short time since, and he who is the occasion of our sorrows was the ornament of his country. He stood on an eminence, and glory covered him. From that eminence he has fallen,—suddenly, forever fallen. His intercourse with the living world is now ended; and those, who would hereafter find him, must seek him in the grave.

2. There, cold and lifeless, is the heart that just now was the seat of friendship; there, dim and sightless, is the eye whose radiant and enlivening orb beamed with intelligence; and there, closed forever, are those lips on whose persuasive accents we have so often and so lately hung with transport! From the darkness which rests upon his tomb, there proceeds, methinks, a light in which it is clearly seen that those gaudy objects which men pursue are only phantoms. In this light how dimly shines the splendor of victory!—how humble appears the majesty of grandeur! The bubble which seemed to have so much solidity has burst; and we again see that all below the sun is vanity.

3. True, the funeral eulogy has been pronounced, the sad and solemn procession has moved, the badge of mourning has already been decreed; and presently the sculptured marble will lift up its front, proud to perpetuate the name of Hamilton, and rehearse to the passing traveler his virtues. Just tributes of respect, and to the living useful; but to him, mouldering in his narrow and humble habitation, what are they? How vain! how unavailing!

4. Approach, and behold, while I lift from his sepulcher its covering! Ye admirers of his greatness, ye emulous of

his talents and his fame, approach and behold him now! How pale! how silent! No martial bands admire the adroitness of his movements; no fascinated throng weep, and melt, and tremble at his eloquence. Amazing change! A shroud! a coffin! a narrow, subterraneous cabin! This is all that now remains of Hamilton. And is this all that remains of him? During a life so transitory, what lasting monument, then, can our fondest hopes erect?

5. My brethren, we stand on the borders of an awful gulf, which is swallowing up all things human. And is there amidst this universal wreck nothing stable, nothing abiding, nothing immortal, on which poor, frail, dying man can fasten? Ask the hero; ask the statesman, whose wisdom you have been accustomed to revere, and he will tell you.

6. He will tell you, did I say? He has already told you from his death-bed; and his illumined spirit still whispers from the heavens, with well-known eloquence, the solemn admonition:—"Mortals hastening to the tomb, and once the companions of my pilgrimage, take warning, and avoid my errors. Cultivate the virtues I have recommended; choose the Saviour I have chosen; live disinterestedly; live for immortality; and, would you rescue anything from final dissolution, lay it up in God."

LESSON LXXXVIII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

y	**z**	**zh**	**th**	**ng**
p	**s**	**t**	**k**	**h**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

2. Glōw'-ing, *animating; enlivening.*
4. Thrŏng'-ed, *crowded together.*
5. Ar-dĕnnes, *a celebrated forest in the vicinity of Waterloo*
5. In-ăn'-i-māte, *destitute of animal life.*
6. Măr'-shal-ing, *arranging in due order*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

Ar-dennes, (är-dĕn′, or är′-dĕn;) vo-lup′-tu-ous, (vo-lŭpt′-yu̱-us;) ne'er, (nâr;) ere, (âr;) bu′-ri-al, (bĕr′-ri-al.)

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

1. THERE was a sound of revelry by night:
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes, like a rising knell.

2. Did ye not hear it? No: 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;—
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet:
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And *nearer*, CLEARER, DEADLIER than before!
Arm! ARM! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

3. Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

4. And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;
And near the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe! They come, they come!"

5. And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

6. Last noon beheld them full of lusty life;
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn the marshaling in arms, the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

LESSON LXXXIV.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

f	ch	th	sh	wh
ā	ä	ạ	ă	ē	ĕ

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

Al′-pine, (ăl′-pīn;) fal′-chion, (fa̲l′-chun;) monk, (mŭn̲k;) gla′-cier, (glā′-sēr.)

EXCELSIOR.

1. THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village pass'd
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with a strange device,—
Excelsior!

2. His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,—
Excelsior!

3. In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glacier shone;
And from his lips escaped a groan,—
Excelsior!

4. "Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,—
Excelsior!

5. "Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;
A voice replied, far up the height,—
Excelsior!

6. At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Utter'd the oft repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

7. A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping, in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,—
Excelsior!

8. There in the twilight, cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,—
Excelsior!

LESSON XC.

SOUTH CAROLINA DURING THE REVOLUTION.

1. THE gentleman has made a great flourish about his fidelity to Massachusetts. I shall make no profession of zeal for the interests and honor of South Carolina: of that my constituents shall judge. If there be one State in the Union, Mr. President, (and I say it not in a boastful spirit,) that may challenge comparison with any other for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina.

2. Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made, no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity; but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection.

3. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound; every man became at once reconciled to his brethren; and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

4. What, sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle; but, great as is the praise which

belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South.

5. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren with a generous zeal which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother-country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create commercial rivalship, they might have found in their situation a guaranty that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain.

6. But, trampling on all considerations either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and, fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred cause of freedom. Never was there exhibited in the history of the world higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the Whigs of Carolina during the Revolution.

7. The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens: black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children.

8. Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumpters and her Marions, proved by her conduct that, though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

LESSON XCI.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

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EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Eū-lō′-ġi-um, *eulogy; praise.*
1. Con-cūr′-rençe, *approbation.*
5. Găn′-grēn-ed, *mortified.*
6. Tīthe, *a tenth part.*
8. En-cō′-mi-um, *praise; commendation.*
10. Hawk, *to fly at.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

gan′-gren-ed, (găng′-greend;) nur′-tur-ed, (nûrt′-yurd.)

MASSACHUSETTS AND SOUTH CAROLINA.

1. THE eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her Revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character South Carolina has produced.

2. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride, of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions,—Americans all, whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

3. In their day and generation they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears,—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts instead of South Carolina?

4. Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir: increased gratitude and delight rather. Sir, I thank God that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is

able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down.

5. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit because it happens to spring up beyond the limits of my own State or neighborhood; when I refuse for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven,—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South, and if, moved by local prejudice or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame,—may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

6. Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrances of the past; let me remind you that in early times no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and of feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return!

7. Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution: hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

8. Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts: she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history: the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever.

9. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie

forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit.

10. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure,—it will stand in the end by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

LESSON XCII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

b	**d**	**g**	**j**	**l**	**m**	**n**	**r**
v	**w**	**y**	**z**	**zh**	**th**	**ng**	**ng**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

1. Shâft, *the body of a column or the part of it between the base and capital.*
1. Är′-chi-trāve, *the chief beam; that part of the entablature which rests immediately upon the column.*
1. Vault, *an arched ceiling or roof.*
1. Ăn′-thems, *divine songs or hymns.*
2. In-ac-çĕss′-i-ble, *not to be approached.*
2. Săne′-tū-a-ries, *places or houses devoted to the worship of God.*
3. A-dōre′, *worship.*
5. In stĭnct′, *animated; excited.*
6. Wĕlls, *issues: flows.*
7. Grāçe, *whatever adorns and recommends to favor.*
7. Cŏr′-o-nal, *a crown; wreath; garland.*
7. Grāç-ed, *adorned.*
8. Ĕm-a-nā-tion, *that which proceeds or issues from any source.*
9. Fal′-ter-ing, *failing.*
11. Ärch, *chief; principal.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

Arch′-i-trave, (ärk′-i-trave;) ere, (âr;) sanc′-tu-a-ries, (săn̲kt′-yu̲-a-rĭz;) cen′-tu-ry, (sĕnt′-yu̲-re;) ghast′-ly, (gäst′-ly;) shâft; mâss′-y.

A FOREST HYMN.

1. THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learn'd
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them, ere he framed
The lofty vault to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offer'd to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.

2. For his simplest heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
Which from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks, that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath, that sway'd at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bow'd
His spirit with the thought of boundless power,
And inaccessible majesty.

3. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn,—thrice happy if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

4. Father, thy hand
Hath rear'd these venerable columns. Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down

Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till at last they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker.

5. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race, to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here; thou fillest
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds,
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath,
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes scarcely felt. The barky trunks, the ground,—
The fresh, moist ground,—are all instinct with thee.

6. Here is continual worship. Nature here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, 'midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and, wandering, steeps the roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does.

7. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak,
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem

Almost annihilated,—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him.

8. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest-flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mold,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

9. My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me,—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finish'd, yet renew'd
For ever. Written on thy works, I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die; but see, again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses,—ever gay and beautiful youth,
In all its beautiful forms!

10. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Molder beneath them. Oh! there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie.

11. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy, Death; yea, seats himself

Upon thy tyrant's throne,—the sepulcher,—
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

12. There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seem'd
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them; and there have been holy men
Who deem'd it were not well to pass life thus.

13. But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink,
And tremble, and are still.

14. O God, when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift, dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages,—when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities, who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?

15. Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad, unchain'd elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate
In these calm shades thy milder majesty,

And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

LESSON XCIII.

LIBERTY AND UNION.

1. I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country.

2. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life.

3. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

4. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering not how the Union may be best preserved, but how

tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed.

5. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the vail. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!

6. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full-high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as *What is all this worth?* nor those other words of delusion and folly—*Liberty first and union afterward;* but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart:—*Liberty* AND *Union, now* and *forever, one* and *inseparable!*

LESSON XCIV.

THE WORLD FOR SALE.

1. THE WORLD FOR SALE!—Hang out the sign!
Call every traveler here to me!
Who'll buy this brave estate of mine
And set me from earth's bondage free?

'Tis going!—Yes; I mean to fling
This bauble from my soul away;
I'll sell it, whatsoe'er it bring:—
THE WORLD AT AUCTION HERE TO-DAY!

2. It is a glorious thing to see;
Ah, it has cheated me so sore!
It is not what it seems to be.
For sale! It shall be mine no more.
Come, turn it o'er and view it well;
I would not have you purchase dear:
'Tis *going!* GO-ING! I must sell!
Who bids?—Who'll buy the Splendid Tear?

3. Here's WEALTH in glittering heaps of gold:
Who bids?—But, let me tell you fair,
A baser lot was never sold:—
Who'll buy the heavy heaps of care?
And here, spread out in broad domain,
A goodly landscape all may trace;
Hall, cottage, tree, field, hill, and plain,
Who'll buy himself a burial place?

4. Here's LOVE, the dreamy, potent spell
That beauty flings around the heart:
I know its power, alas! too well:
'Tis *going!* Love and I must part!
Must part!—What can I more with Love?
All over the enchanter's reign;
Who'll buy the plumeless, dying dove,—
An hour of bliss,—an age of pain?

5. And FRIENDSHIP,—rarest gem of earth,—
(Who e'er hath found the jewel his?)
Frail, fickle, false, and little worth:
Who bids for friendship—as it is?

'Tis *going!* GO-ING! Hear the call:
Once, TWICE, and THRICE!—'Tis very low!
'Twas once my hope, my stay, my all;
But now the broken staff must go!

6. FAME! Hold the brilliant meteor high.
How dazzling every gilded name!
Ye millions, now's the time to buy!—
How much for fame? How much for fame?
Hear how it thunders!—Would you stand
On high Olympus, far renown'd?—
Now purchase, and a world command!
And be with a world's curses crown'd!

7. Sweet star of HOPE! with ray to shine
In every sad, foreboding breast
Save this desponding one of mine:
Who bids for man's last friend and best?
Ah, were not mine a bankrupt life,
This treasure should my soul sustain:
But Hope and I are now at strife,
Nor ever may unite again.

8. And SONG!—For sale my tuneless lute,—
Sweet solace, mine no more to hold;
The chords that charm'd my soul are mute;
I cannot wake the notes of old!
Or e'en were mine a wizard shell,
Could chain a world in raptures high,
Yet now a sad farewell!—farewell!—
Must on its last faint echoes die.

9. Ambition, fashion, show, and pride,—
I part from all forever now;
Grief, in an overwhelming tide,
Has taught my haughty heart to bow.

Poor heart! distracted, ah, so long,—
And still its aching throb to bear;—
How broken, that was once so strong!
How heavy, once so free from care!

10. No more for me life's fitful dream;—
Bright vision, vanishing away!
My bark requires a deeper stream,
My sinking soul a surer stay.
By death—stern sheriff!—all bereft,
I weep, yet humbly kiss the rod,
The best of all I still have left:—
My Faith, my Bible, and my God.

LESSON XCV.

SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE.

"I've done now," said Sam, with slight embarrassment; "I've been a writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy."

"Why, it's no use a sayin' it ain't," replied Sam. "It's a walentine."

"A what?" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word

"A walentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities; after all I've said to you upon this here wery subject; arter actiwally seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought was a moral lesson as no man could ever ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I didn't think you'd

ha' done it!" These reflections were too much for the good old man; he raised Sam's tumbler to his lips and drank off its contents.

"Wot's the matter now?" said Sam.

"Nev'r mind, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, "it'll be a wery agonizin' trial to me at my time of life, but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the wery old turkey remarked ven the farmer said he vos afeerd he should be obliged to kill him for the London market."

"Wot'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy; to see you a deluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all wery capital," replied Mr. Weller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy."

"Nonsense," said Sam; "I ain't a goin' to get married, don't fret yourself about that; I know you're a judge o' these things; order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter,—there!"

We cannot distinctly say whether it was the prospect of the pipe, or the consolatory reflection that a fatal disposition to get married ran in the family and couldn't be helped, which calmed Mr. Weller's feelings, and caused his grief to subside. We should be rather disposed to say that the result was attained by combining the two sources of consolation, for he repeated the second in a low tone, very frequently; ringing the bell meanwhile, to order in the first. He then divested himself of his upper coat; and lighting the pipe and placing himself in front of the fire with his back towards it, so that he could feel its full heat, and recline against the mantel-piece at the same time, turned towards Sam, and, with a countenance greatly mollified by the softening influence of tobacco, requested him to "fire away."

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air:—

"'Lovely—'"

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the inwariable, my dear."

"Very well, sir," replied the girl, who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and *disappeared.*

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before, in my time. Go on, Sammy."

"'Lovely creetur','" repeated Sam.

"'Tain't in poetry, is it?" interposed his father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Wery glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral. No man ever talked poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows. Never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin agin, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity; and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows:—

"'Lovely creetur', I feel myself adorned—'"

"That ain't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No; it ain't adorned," observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light, "it's 'ashamed,' there's a blot there; 'I feel myself ashamed.'"

"Wery good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"'Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir—' I forget what this here word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* a lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot: here's a 'c,' and a 'i,' and a 'd.'"

"Circumwented, p'rhaps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it ain't that," said Sam: "'circumscribed;' that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell, p'rhaps it is a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it.'"

"That's a wery pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is raythor good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there ain't no callin' names in it,—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind; wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Wenus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what, indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might just as vell call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is wery vell known to be a collection o' fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows; his father continuing to smoke, with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency, which was particularly edifying.

"'Afore I see you I thought all women was alike.'"

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

"'But now,'" continued Sam, "'now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed, ink-red'lous turnip I must ha' been; for there ain't nobody like you, though I like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that raythor strong," said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed.

"'So I take the priviledge of the day, Mary, my dear,—as the gen'lem'n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday,—to tell you that the first and only time I see you, your likeness wos took on my heart in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness wos took by the profeel macheen (which p'rhaps you may have heerd on, Mary, my dear,) altho' it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter.'"

"I am afeered that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

"No it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly to avoid contesting the point.

"'Except of me, Mary, my dear, as your walentine, and think over what I've said. My dear Mary, I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's rayther a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam: "she'll vish there vos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'."

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "there's somethin' in that; and I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conversation on the same gen-teel principle. Ain't you agoin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty," said Sam; "I don't know what *to* sign it."

"Sign it,—Veller," said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam. "Never sign a walentine with your own name."

"Sign it Pickvick, then," said Mr. Weller; "it's a wery good name, and a easy one to spell."

"The wery thing," said Sam. "I *could* end with a werse; what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller; "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one, as made an affectin' copy o' werses the night afore he was hung for highway robbery, and he was only a Cambervell man, so even that's no rule."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter,—

"Your love-sick
Pickvick."

LESSON XCVI.

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

Na-varre′, (na-vär′;) Ro-chelle, (ro-shĕl′;)
Ap-pen-zel, (äp-pent-sĕl′;) Ma-yenne′, (mä-yĕn′;)
Co-lign′-i, (ko-lēn-′yē;) D'Au-male, (dō-mäl′;)
Gen-e-vieve′, (jen-e-vēv′;) or-i-flamme, (ŏr′-ĭ-flăm;)
Guel′-ders, (gĕl′-derz.)

BATTLE OF IVRY.

1. Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all glories are!
   And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
   Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
   Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
   And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
   Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
   As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy;
   For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
   Hurrah! HURRAH! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
   Hurrah! HURRAH! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre.

2. Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
   We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
   With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
   And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand!
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

3. The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

4. Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.

Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the Golden Lilies now—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rush'd, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

5. Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then, we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew," was pass'd from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

6. Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey;

But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white—
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide—that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought his church such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a foot-cloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

7. Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho, matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mock'd the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

LESSON XCVII.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

bl	**br**	**bd**	**bz**	**lb**
rb	**dr**	**dl**	**dz**	**dw**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

2. Mŏd-ū-lā′-tion, *the act of varying the voice.*
3. Ac-cŏm′-pa-ni-ment, (*in music,*) *a subordinate part accompanying the principal voice or instrument.*
3. In-ter-spērs′-ed, *scattered here and there.*
5. Çe-lĕr′-i-ty, *speed; swiftness.*
3. Ex-pănd′-ed, *spread; extended.*
4. En-thū-ṣi-ăst′-ic, *highly excited.*
5. Mĭm′-ic, *one who imitates.*
5. Pre-çip-i-tā′-tion, *great hurry.*
7. Quā′-ver-ings, *warblings.*
8. Re-ĭt-er-ā′-tions, *repetitions.*
8. Ĕx′-qui-ṣīte-ly, *with great perfection.*
9. In-ĭm′-i-ta-ble, *very excellent.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

Spe′-cies, (spē′-shēz;) buoy′-ant, (bwoy̆′-ant;) whis′-tles, (hwĭs′-lz;) bris′-tled, (brĭs′-ld;) whis-tl-ings, (hwĭs′-lingz)

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

1. THE plumage of the mocking-bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it; and, had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice; but his figure is well proportioned, and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening, and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising.

2. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear, mellow tones of the wood-thrush, to the savage screams of the bald-eagle. In measure and accent, he faithfully follows his originals; in force and

sweetness of expression, he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted upon the top of a tall bush or half-grown tree, in the dawn of dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminent over every competitor.

3. The ear can listen to his music alone, to which that of all the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative. His own native notes are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or, at the most, five or six syllables, generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued, with undiminished ardor, for half an hour,

or an hour, at a time. His expanded wings and tail, glistening with white, and the buoyant gayety of his action, arrest the eye, as his song most irresistibly does the ear.

4. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy; he mounts and descends, as his song swells or dies away; and, as my friend Mr. Bartram has beautifully expressed it, "he bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, which expired in the last elevated strain." While thus exerting himself, a bystander destitute of sight would suppose that the whole feathered tribes had assembled together, on a trial of skill, each striving to produce its utmost effect; so perfect are his imitations.

5. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates. Even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mates, or dive with precipitation into the depths of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk.

6. The mocking-bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken; and the hen hurries about, with hanging wings and bristling feathers, clucking to protect her injured brood.

7. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow, with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quaverings of the canary and the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale or red-bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority and become altogether silent; while he seems to triumph in their defeat, by redoubling his

exertions. This excessive fondness for variety, however, in the opinion of some, injures his song.

8. His elevated imitations of the brown thrush are frequently interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and the warblings of the blue-bird, which he exquisitely manages, are mingled with the screaming of swallows or the cackling of hens. Amidst the simple melody of the robin, we are suddenly surprised by the shrill reiterations of the whip-poor-will; while the notes of the killdeer, blue-jay, martin, Baltimore, and twenty others, succeed, with such imposing reality, that we look around for the originals, and discover, with astonishment, that the sole performer in this singular concert is the admirable bird now before us.

9. During this exhibition of his powers, he spreads his wings, expands his tail, and throws himself around the cage in all the ecstasy of enthusiasm; seeming not only to sing, but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his own music. Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of the night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo, and serenades us the livelong night with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighborhood ring with his inimitable melody.

LESSON XCVIII.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

1. Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below!
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along;
Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong,

Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak—
Beautiful snow from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

2. Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in their maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one,
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by!
It lights on the face, and it sparkles the eye;
And the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around;
The town is alive and its heart in a glow
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!

3. How wild the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges, like meteors, flash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye!
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dancing they go
Over the crust of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure, when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by—
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

4. Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell!
Fell, like the snow flakes, from heaven—to hell;

Fell, to be trampled as filth in the street;
Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living, and fearing the dead;
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

5. Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace,
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!
Father,
Mother,
Sister, all,
God and myself I've lost by my fall;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,
Will make a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh:
For all that is on or about me, I know
There is nothing as pure as the beautiful snow.

6. How strange it should be that the beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it would be, when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice strike my desperate brain,
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying—alone;
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town.
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down,
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow!

LESSON XCIX.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

dn	**gd**	**ld**	**rd**	**nd**
md	**vd**	**zd**	**gl**	**gr**

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

2. Vĕs′-per, *evening.*
4. Dăsh′-ed, *interrupted.*
4. Hī-lăr′-i-ty, *merriment.*
5. Ôr-ni-thŏl-o-ġy, *the science which treats of birds.*
8. En-ăm′-el-ed, *made to resemble enamel.*
9. Răp′-tūr-oŭs, *delightful beyond measure.*
10. In-tox-i-cā′-tion, *high excitement.*
12. Vo-lŭp′-tū-a-ry, *one who is addicted to the gratification of the appetite.*
13. Re-fine′-ment, *elegance.*
15. Gŏur′-mănd, *a glutton.*
15. Bon-vi-vant′, *jovial companion.*
15. Găs-tro-nŏm′-i-cal, *pertaining to good living.*
15. Cŏr′-pu-lent, *fleshy.*
16. Ôr′-to-lan, *a small bird found in Southern Europe which is delicious food.*
16. Ĕp′-i-cūre, *one who indulges in the luxuries of the table.*
17. Găs′-tro-nōme, *one who loves good living; an epicure.*
17. In-cŏr′-ri-ġi-ble, *that cannot be corrected or reformed.*

EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION.

light′-en-ed, (līt′-nd;) live′-long, (lĭv′-long;)
bon-vi-vant′, (bōng-vē-vŏng′;) gour′-mand, (ġoor′-mänd;)
găs′-tro-nōme; sin′-gu-lar-ly, (sĭng′-gu-lar-ly.)

BIRDS OF SPRING.

1. THOSE who have passed the winter in the country are sensible of the delightful influences that accompany the earliest indications of spring; and of these, none are more delightful than the first notes of the birds.

2. There is one modest little sad-colored bird, much resembling a wren, which came about the house just on the skirts of winter, when not a blade of grass was to be seen,

and when a few prematurely warm days had given a flattering foretaste of soft weather. He sung early in the dawning, long before sunrise, and late in the evening, just before the closing in of night, his matin and his vesper hymns.

3. It is true he sang occasionally throughout the day, but at these still hours his song was more remarked. He sat on a leafless tree, just before the window, and warbled forth his notes, free and simple, but singularly sweet, with something of a plaintive tone that heightened their effect. The first morning that he was heard was a joyous one among the young folks of my household.

4. The long, deathlike sleep of winter was at an end; nature was once more awakening: they now promised themselves an immediate appearance of buds and blossoms. A sharp return of winter almost silenced my little songster, and dashed the hilarity of the household; yet still he poured forth, now and then, a few plaintive notes, between the frosty pipings of the breeze, like gleams of sunshine between wintry clouds.

5. I have consulted my books of ornithology in vain to find out the name of this kindly little bird, who certainly deserves honor and favor far beyond his modest pretensions. He comes like the lowly violet, the most unpretending but welcomest of flowers, breathing the sweet promise of the early year.

6. About this time, too, arrives the blue bird, so poetically, yet truly, described by Wilson. His appearance gladdens the whole landscape. You hear his soft warble in every field. He sociably approaches your habitation, and takes up his residence in your vicinity.

7. The happiest bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark, in my estimation, is the Boblincoln, or Boblink, as he is commonly called. He arrives in the latter part of May or the first of June, when nature is in all her freshness and fragrance: "the rains are over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing

of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

8. The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed by the sweet-brier and the wild rose; the meadows are enameled with clover blossoms; while the young apple, the peach, and the plum, begin to swell, and

the cherry to glow, among the green leaves. This is the chosen season of revelry of the Boblink.

9. He comes amidst the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows; and most in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a

tree, or on some flaunting weed, and, as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich, tinkling notes, crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the skylark, and possessing the same rapturous character.

10. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his mate;

always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody, and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight.

11. Of all the birds of our groves and meadows the

Boblink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather and the sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom, but when I—luckless urchin!—was doomed to be mewed up during the livelong day in that purgatory of boyhood, a schoolroom: it seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me, as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot.

12. Oh, how I envied him! No lessons, no tasks, no hateful school; nothing but holiday, frolic, green fields, and fine weather. Further observation and experience have given me a different idea of this feathered voluptuary, which I will venture to impart for the benefit of my school-boy readers, who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged.

13. I have shown him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he in a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music, and song, and taste, and sensibility, and refinement. While this lasted, he was sacred from injury; the very school-boy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strain. But mark the difference.

14. As the year advances, as the clover-blossoms disappear and the spring fades into summer, he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits, doffs his poetical suit of black, assumes a russet, dusty garb, and sinks to the gross enjoyments of common vulgar birds. His notes no longer vibrate on the ear; he is stuffing himself with the seeds of the tall weeds on which he lately swung and chanted so melodiously.

15. He has become a "bonvivant," a "gourmand;" with him now there is nothing like the "joys of the table." In a little while he grows tired of plain, homely fare, and is off on a gastronomical tour in quest of foreign luxuries. We next hear of him, with myriads of his kind, banqueting

among the reeds of Delaware, and grown corpulent with good feeding.

16. He has changed his name in traveling,—Boblincoln no more; he is the *Reed-bird* now, the much sought for titbit of Pennsylvanian epicures; the rival in unlucky fame

of the ortolan. Wherever he goes—pop! pop! pop!—every rusty fire-lock in the country is blazing away. He sees his companions falling by thousands around him.

17. Does he take warning and reform? Alas! not he. Incorrigible epicure! again he wings his flight. The rice-swamps of the South invite him. He gorges himself among them almost to bursting; he can scarcely fly for corpulency.

He has once more changed his name, and is now the famous *Rice-bird* of the Carolinas. Last stage of his career; behold him spitted with dozens of his corpulent companions, and served up a vaunted dish on the table of some Southern gastronome.

18. Such is the story of the Boblink; once spiritual, musical, admired; the joy of the meadows, and the favorite bird of spring; finally, a gross, little sensualist, who expiates his sensuality in the larder. His story contains a moral worthy the attention of all little birds and little boys, warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual pursuits, which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity during the early part of his career, but to eschew all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence, which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end.

LESSON C.

THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

1. HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—Ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened, without delay;—
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

2. Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive!
That was the year when Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down;
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.

It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

3. Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always, somewhere, a weakest spot—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or cross-bar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will—
Above or below, or within or without—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise breaks down, but doesn't wear out.

4. But the Deacon said—(as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum" or an "I tell yeou")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it couldn' break daown:
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

5. So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split, nor bent, nor broke—
That was for spokes, and floor, and sills:
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum"—
Last of its timber—they couldn't sell 'em;
Never an ax had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery tips;

6. Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace, bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, tough old hide,
Found in the pit where the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

7. Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away;
Children and grandchildren—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay,
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

8. Eighteen Hundred—it came, and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred, increased by ten—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;
Running as usual—much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive;
And then came fifty—and 'Fifty-five.

9. Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year,
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large:
Take it. You're welcome. No extra charge.)

10. First of November—the Earthquake-day.
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,

A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part,
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,

And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring, and axle, and hub encore.

And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be worn out!

11. First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson. Off went they!

12. The parson was working his Sunday text,—
Had got to the *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed,
And what the—mischief—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
—First a shiver, then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!

13. What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once—
All at once, and nothing first—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.
End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is Logic. That's all I say.

LESSON CI.

SPELL AND DEFINE—

1. Re-vēr-ber-ā-′tion.
2. Re-çĕp′-tion.
2. Trans-mĭt′-ted.
2. Ben-e-dĭc′-tion.
3. Rā′-di-a-ting.
4. Op-er-ā′-tion.
6. Lĭn′-e-a-ment.
8. Neū′-tral.
9. Be-nĕf′-i-çent.

VOICES OF THE DEAD.

1. WE die, but we leave an influence behind us that survives. The echoes of our words are evermore repeated and reflected along the ages. It is what man was that lives and acts after him. What he said sounds along the years like voices amid the mountain gorges, and what he did is repeated after him in ever-multiplying and never-ceasing reverberations.

2. Every man has left behind him influences for good or for evil that will never exhaust themselves. The sphere in which he acts may be small, or it may be great. It may be his fireside, or it may be a kingdom; a village, or a great nation; it may be a parish, or broad Europe; but act he does, ceaselessly and for ever. His friends, his family, his successors in office, his relatives, are all receptive of an influence, a moral influence which he has transmitted and bequeathed to mankind; either a blessing which will repeat itself in showers of benedictions, or a curse which will multiply itself in ever-accumulating evil.

3. Every man is a missionary, now and for ever, for good or for evil, whether he intends and designs it, or not. He may be a blot, radiating his dark influence outward to the very circumference of society, or he may be a blessing, spreading benedictions over the length and breadth of the world; but a blank he cannot be.

4. The seed sown in life springs up in harvests of blessings, or harvests of sorrow. Whether our influence be great or small, whether it be for good or for evil, it lasts, it lives somewhere, within some limit, and is operative wherever it

is. The grave buries the dead dust, but the character walks the world, and distributes itself, as a benediction or a curse, among the families of mankind.

5. The sun sets beyond the western hills, but the trail of light he leaves behind him guides the pilgrim to his distant home. The tree falls in the forest; but in the lapse of ages it is turned into coal, and our fires burn now the brighter because it grew and fell. The coral insect dies, but the reef it raised breaks the surge on the shores of great continents, or has formed an island in the midst of the ocean, to wave with harvests for the good of man. We live and we die; but the good or evil that we do lives after us, and is *not* "buried with our bones."

6. The friend with whom we took sweet counsel is removed visibly from the outward eye; but the lessons that he taught, the grand sentiments that he uttered, the holy deeds of generosity by which he was characterized, the moral lineaments and likeness of the man, still survive and appear in the silence of eventide, and on the tablets of memory, and in the light of morn and noon and dewy eve; and, being dead, he yet speaks eloquently, and in the midst of us.

7. Mahomet still lives in his practical and disastrous influence in the East. Napoleon still is France, and France is almost Napoleon. Martin Luther's dead dust sleeps at Wittenberg, but Martin Luther's accents still ring through the churches of Christendom. Shakspeare, Byron, and Milton, all live in their influence for good or evil. The apostle from his chair, the minister from his pulpit, the martyr from his flame-shroud, the statesman from his cabinet, the soldier in the field, the sailor on the deck, who all have passed away to their graves, still live in the practical deeds that they did, in the lives they lived, and in the powerful lessons that they left behind them.

8. What we do is transacted on a stage of which all in the universe are spectators. What we say is transmitted in echoes

that will never cease. What we are is influencing and acting on the rest of mankind. Neutral we cannot be. Living we act, and dead we speak; and the whole universe is the mighty company for ever looking, for ever listening; and all nature the tablets for ever recording the words, the deeds, the thoughts, the passions of mankind!

9. It is only the pure fountain that brings forth pure water. The good tree only will produce the good fruit. If the center from which all proceeds is pure and holy, the radii of influence from it will be pure and holy also. Go forth, then, into the spheres that you occupy, the employments, the trades, the professions of social life; go forth into the high places, or into the lowly places of the land; mix with the roaring cataracts of social convulsions, or mingle amid the eddies and streamlets of quiet and domestic life; carrying into whatever sphere you fill a holy heart, and you will radiate around you life and power, and leave behind you holy and beneficent influences.

LESSON CII.

WILLIAM TELL.

1. "PLACE there the boy," the tyrant said;
"Fix me the apple on his head.
Ha! rebel, now!
There's a fair mark for your shaft:
To yonder shining apple waft
An arrow." And the tyrant laughed.
With quivering brow
Bold Tell looked there; his cheek turned pale,
His proud lips throbbed as if would fail
Their quivering breath.
"Ha! doth he blanch?" fierce Gesler cried:
"I've conquered, slave, thy soul of pride."
No voice to that stern taunt replied—
All mute as death.

2. "And what the meed?" at length Tell asked.
"Bold fool, when slaves like thee are tasked,
It is my will.
But that thine eye may keener be,
And nerved to such nice archery,
If thou cleav'st yon, thou goest free.
What! pause you still?
Give him a bow and arrow there—
One shaft—but *one*." Gleams of despair
Rush for a moment o'er the Switzer's face;
Then passed away each stormy trace,
And high resolve came in their place.

3. Unmoved, yet flushed,
"I take thy terms," he muttered low,
Grasped eagerly the proffered bow,
The quiver searched,
Sought out an arrow keen and long,
Fit for a sinewy arm, and strong,
And placed it on the sounding thong
The tough yew arched.
He drew the bow, whilst all around
That thronging crowd there was no sound,
No step, no word, no breath.
All gazed, with an unerring eye,
To see the fearful arrow fly;
The light wind died into a sigh,
And scarcely stirred.

4. Afar the boy stood, firm and mute;
He saw the strong bow curved to shoot,
But never moved.
He knew the daring coolness of that hand,
He knew it was a father scanned
The boy he loved.

The Switzer gazed—the arrow hung—
"My only boy!" sobbed on his tongue;
He could not shoot.
"Ha!" cried the tyrant, "doth he quail?
Mark how his mighty brow grows pale!"
But a clear voice rung on the gale—
"Shoot, father, shoot!"

5. Again the drooping shaft he took,
And turned to heaven one burning look,
Of all doubts reft.
"Be firm, my boy,' was all he said.
The apple's left the stripling's head;
Ha! ha! 'tis cleft!
And so it was, and Tell was free.
Quick the brave boy was at his knee,
With rosy cheek.
His loving arms his boy embrace;
But again the tyrant cried in haste,
"An arrow in thy belt is placed;
What means it? Speak!"

6. The Switzer raised his clenched hand high,
Whilst lightning flashed across his eye
Incessantly.
"To smite thee, tyrant, to the heart,
Had Heaven willed it that my dart
Had touched my boy."
"Rebellion! treason! chain the slave!"
A hundred swords around him wave,
Whilst hate to Gesler's features gave
Infuriate joy.

7. But that one arrow found its goal,
Hid with revenge in Gesler's soul;
And Lucerne's lake
Heard his dastard soul outmoan
When Freedom's call abroad was blown,
And Switzerland, a giant grown,
Her fetters brake.
From hill to hill the mandate flew,
From lake to lake the tempest grew
With wakening swell,
Till proud oppression crouched for shame,
And Austria's haughtiness grew tame;
And Freedom's watchword was the name
Of William Tell.

LESSON CIII.

SPELL AND DEFINE—

1. In-ac-çĕss′-i-ble.
2. Boun′-ty.
3. Ąu′-spi-çeş.
3. Sŭs′-te-nançe.
4. Dĭs′-ti-nfeş.
4. Prĭ′-mal.
4. Rĕv-o-lū′-tion-ize.
5. Es-sĕn′-tial.
5. Ĭn-sti-tū′-tion.

THE COMMON SCHOOL.

1. BEHOLD yon simple building near the crossing of the village road! It is small and of rude construction, but stands in a pleasant and quiet spot. A magnificent old elm spreads its broad arms above, and seems to lean towards it, as a strong man bends to shelter and protect a child. A brook runs through the meadow near, and hard by there is an orchard; but the trees have suffered much, and bear no fruit, except on the most remote and inaccessible branches.

2. From within its walls comes a busy hum, such as you may hear in a disturbed bee-hive. Now peep through yon-

der window, and you will see a hundred children, with rosy cheeks, mischievous eyes and demure faces, all engaged, or pretending to be so, in their little lessons. It is the public school,—the free, the common school,—provided by law; open to all; claimed from the community as a right, not accepted as a bounty.

3. Here the children of the rich and poor, high and low, meet upon perfect equality, and commence, under the same auspices, the race of life. Here the sustenance of the mind is served up to all alike, as the Spartans served their food upon the public table. Here young Ambition climbs his little ladder, and boyish Genius plumes his half-fledged wing.

4. From among these laughing children will go forth the men who are to control the destinies of their age and country; the statesman, whose wisdom is to guide the Senate; the poet, who will captivate the hearts of the people, and bind them together with immortal song; the philosopher, who, boldly seizing upon the elements themselves, will compel them to his wishes, and, through new combinations of their primal laws, by some great discovery, revolutionize both art and science.

5. The common village-school is our country's fairest boast —the brightest jewel that adorns her brow. The principle that society is bound to provide for its members' education, as well as protection, so that none need be ignorant except from choice, is the most important that belongs to modern philosophy. It is essential to a republican government. Universal education is not only the best and surest, but the only sure foundation for free institutions. True liberty is the child of knowledge; she pines away and dies in the arms of ignorance.

LESSON CIV.

SPELL AND DEFINE—

2. Sĕr′-aph.	2. Hi′-e-rärch-ĭes.	4. Āl′-ien.
2. Ce-lĕs′-tial.	2. Ad-o-rā′-tion.	4. Re-vĕr′-ber-āte.
2. Ärch-ān′-ġel.	4. Ec-stăt′-ic.	6. A-bŷs′-mal.

THE VOICES AT THE THRONE.

1. A LITTLE child,
A little meek-faced, quiet village child,
Sat singing at her cottage door at eve
A low, sweet Sabbath song. No human ear
Caught the faint melody,—no human eye
Beheld the up-turned aspect, or the smile
That wreathed her innocent lips while they breathed
The oft-repeated burden of the hymn,
"Praise God! Praise God!"

2. A seraph by the throne
In full glory stood. With eager hand
He smote the golden harp-string, till a flood
Of harmony on the celestial air
Welled forth, unceasing. There, with a great voice,
He sang the "Holy, holy evermore,
Lord God Almighty!" and the eternal courts
Thrilled with the rapture, and the hierarchies,
Angel, and rapt archangel throbbed and burned
With vehement adoration.

3. Higher yet
Rose the majestic anthem, without pause,
Higher, with rich magnificence of sound,
To its full strength; and still the infinite heavens
Rang with the "Holy, holy evermore!"
Till, trembling with excessive awe and love,
Each sceptered spirit sank before the throne
With a mute hallelujah.

4. But even then,
When the ecstatic song was at its height,
Stole in an alien voice—a voice that seemed
To float, float upward from some world afar—
A meek and childlike voice, faint, but how sweet!
Even as a fountain's music with the roll
Of the reverberate thunder.

5. Loving smiles
Lit up the beauty of each angel's face
At that new utterance, smiles of joy that grew
More joyous yet, as ever and anon
Was heard the simple burden of the hymn,
"Praise God! Praise God!"

6. And when the seraph's song
Had reached its close, and o'er the golden lyre
Silence hung brooding—when the eternal courts
Rang with echoes of his chant sublime,
Still through the abysmal space that wandering voice
Came floating upward from its world afar,
Still murmured sweet on the celestial air,
"Praise God! Praise God!"

LESSON CV.

EXERCISE IN SPELLING AND DEFINING.

Re-hēars′-al, *the recital of a piece before the public exhibition of it.*
Tīr′-ing-house, *the room or place where players dress for the stage.*
Căl′-en-dar, *an almanac.*
Ăn, *in this lesson, signifies if.*
Ex-tĕm′-po-re, *without preparation.*
De-vī-çes, *plans; projects.*
Prō′-lōgue, *a discourse or poem spoken before a play begins.*
Crăn′-ny, *crevice; chink.*

NOTE.—It may be well occasionally to select from the class some boy whose voice has considerable fullness and compass, and require him to

read this whole lesson, while the remainder of the class listen. In such a case, let the pupil who reads give to the language of each speaker a particular Force, Pitch, Rate, and Voice. For instance, let him read the part of Quince with medium Force, Pitch, etc.; that of Bottom with low Pitch, orotund Voice, medium Rate, and energetic Force; and the other parts with such variations as will make them easily distinguishable to a listener.

SCENE FROM "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

(*Enter Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, Quince, and Starveling.*)

Quince. Is all our company here?

Bottom. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is, "The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death, of Pyramus and Thisby."

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? A lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest. Yet my chief humor is for a tyrant; I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

"The raging rocks,
With shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates.

And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish fates."

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flute. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? A wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask; and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice: *Thisne, Thisne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear;—Thy Thisby dear! and thy lady dear!*

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father; Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me; for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar that I will

make the duke say, "*Let him roar again!* LET HIM ROAR AGAIN!"

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man, a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentlemanlike man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colored beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-color beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all; and then you will play barefaced. But, masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night, and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight. There will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

LESSON CVI.

SCENE FROM "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."—THE REHEARSAL.

(*Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.*)

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvelous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby*, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Star. I believe you must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves. To bring in a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living: and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay; you must name his name, and half his face

must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through; saying thus, or to the same defect: Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to trouble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are. And there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly, he is Snug, the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight in to a chamber; for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine!

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake, and so every one according to his cue.

LESSON CVII.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

1. "WHICH shall it be? which shall it be?"
I looked at John—John looked at me,
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my locks were jet;)
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak.
"Tell me again what Robert said:"
And then I listening bent my head.
"This is his letter:"

2. "I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given."

3. I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.

4. "Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep;" so, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.

5. First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby, slept.
Her damp curls lay like gold alight,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.

Softly her father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily John said, "Not her—not her."

6. We stooped beside the trundle bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.

7. Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
We whispered, while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one,—
Could he be spared? "Nay, He who gave
Bids us befriend him to his grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."

8. Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in wilful way,
And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John, no,—
I cannot, will not let *him* go."

9. And so we wrote, in a courteous way,
We cannot give one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed.
Happy in truth that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

LESSON CVIII.

HUMOROUS CHAPTER ON EUROPEAN GUIDES.

1. GUIDES know about enough English to tangle every thing up so that a man can make neither head nor tail of it. They know their story by heart—the history of every statue, painting, cathedral or other wonder they show you. They know it and tell it as a parrot would—and if you interrupt, and throw them off the track, they have to go back and begin over again. All their lives long, they are employed in showing strange things to foreigners and listening to their bursts of admiration.

2. It is human nature to take delight in exciting admiration. It is what prompts children to say "smart" things, and do absurd ones, and in other ways "show off" when company is present. It is what makes gossips turn out in rain and storm to go and be the first to tell a startling bit of news. Think, then, what a passion it becomes with a guide, whose privilege it is, every day, to show to strangers wonders that throw them into perfect ecstasies of admiration! He gets so that he could not by any possibility live in a soberer atmosphere.

3. After we discovered this, we *never* went into ecstasies any more—we never admired anything—we never showed any but impassible faces and stupid indifference in the presence of the sublimest wonders the guide had to display. We had found their weak point. We have made good use of it ever since. We have made some of those people savage, at times, but we have never lost our own serenity.

4. The doctor asks the questions, generally, because he can keep his countenance, and look more like an inspired idiot, and throw more imbecility into the tone of his voice than any man that lives. It comes natural to him.

5. The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans so much wonder, and deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Colum-

bus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of animation—full of impatience. He said:

6. "Come wis me, genteelmen!—come! I show you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!—write it wis his own hand!—come!"

7. He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide's eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger:

8. "What I tell you, genteelmen! Is it not so? See! handwriting Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!"

9. We looked indifferent—unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately, during a painful pause.—Then he said, without any show of interest:

10. "Ah—Ferguson—what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

Another deliberate examination.

"Ah—did he write it himself, or—or how?"

11. "He write it himself!—Christopher Colombo! he's own hand-writing, write by himself!"

Then the doctor laid the document down and said:

"Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that."

12. "But zis is ze great Christo—"

"I don't care who it is! It's the worst writing I ever saw. Now you mustn't think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools, by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out!—and if you haven't, drive on!"

13. We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said:

14. "Ah, genteelmen, you come wis me! I show you

beautiful, O, magnificent bust Christopher Colombo! splendid, grand, magnificent!"

15. He brought us before the beautiful bust—for it *was* beautiful—and sprang back and struck an attitude:

"Ah, look, genteelmen!—beautiful, grand,—bust Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

16. The doctor put up his eye-glass—procured for such occasions:

"Ah—what did you say this gentleman's name was?"

"Christopher Colombo!—ze great Christopher Colombo!"

"Christopher Colombo—the great Christopher Colombo. Well, what did *he* do?"

17. "Discover America!—discover America, oh—"

"Discover America. No—that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it. Christopher Colombo—pleasant name—is—is he dead?"

18. "Oh, *oui!*—three hundred year!"

"What did he die of?"

"I do not know!—I can not tell."

"Small-pox, think?"

"I do not know, genteelmen!—I do not know *what* he die of!"

19. "Measles, likely?"

"May be—may be—I do *not* know—I think he die of somethings."

"Parents living?"

"Im-posseeble!"

"Ah—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?"

"Oh!—*zis* ze bust!—zis ze pedestal!"

"Ah, I see, I see—happy combination—very happy combination, indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?"

20. That joke was lost on the foreigner—guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke.

21. We have made it interesting for this Roman guide.

Yesterday we spent three or four hours in the Vatican, again, that wonderful world of curiosities. We came very near expressing interest, sometimes even admiration—it was very hard to keep from it. We succeeded though. Nobody else ever did, in the Vatican museums.

22. The guide was bewildered—non-plussed. He walked his legs off, nearly, hunting up extraordinary things, and exhausted all his ingenuity on us, but it was a failure; we never showed any interest in anything. He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder till the last—a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the world, perhaps. He took us there. He felt so sure, this time, that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him:

23. "See, genteelmen!—Mummy! Mummy!"

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

"Ah—Ferguson—what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was?"

"Name—he got no name!—Mummy!—'Gyptian mummy!"

"Yes, yes. Born here?"

"No! *'Gyptian* mummy!"

24. "Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume?"

"No!—*not* Frenchman, not Roman!—born in Egypta!"

"Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy—mummy. How calm he is—how self-possessed. Is, ah—is he dead?"

"Oh, *certainment*, been dead three thou'san' year!"

25. The doctor turned on him savagely:

"Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this? Playing us for Chinamen because we are strangers and trying to learn! Trying to impose your vile second-hand carcasses on *us!*—thunder and lightning, I've a notion to—to—if you've got a nice *fresh* corpse, fetch him out!—or we'll—we'll brain you!"

26. We make it exceedingly interesting for this French-

man. However, he has paid us back, partly, without knowing it. He came to the hotel this morning to ask if we were up, and he endeavored as well as he could to describe us, so that the landlord would know which persons he meant. He finished with the casual remark that we were lunatics.

LESSON CIX.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

1. THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
   The ringers rang by two, by three;
   "Pull, if ye never pulled before;
   Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
   "Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
   Ply all your changes, all your swells,
   Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

2. Men say it was a stolen tyde—
   The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
   But in myne ears doth still abide
   The message that the bells let fall:
   And there was naught of strange, beside
   The flights of mews and peewits pied
   By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

3. I sat and spun within the doore,
   My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
   The level sun, like ruddy ore,
   Lay sinking in the barren skies;
   And dark against day's golden death
   She moved where Lindis wandereth,
   My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

4. "Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song—

5. "Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot,
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot,
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

6. If it be long, ay, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharp and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth me,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

7. All fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene:

And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

8. The swanherds where there sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherds' lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kindly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

9. Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows,
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

10. "For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping downe;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne:
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby?'"

11. I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding down with might and main:
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again.
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

12. "The old sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,

And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

13. "Good sonne, where Lindis winds her way,
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells began to play
Afar I heard her milking song.
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

14. With that he cried and beat his breast;
For, lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud!
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

15. And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung up her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

16. So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

17. Upon the roofe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awsome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

18. They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

19. And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter dear;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was cleare.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

20. That flow strewed wrecks about the grass
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and me:
But each will mourn his own (she saith.)
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

21. I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;

I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

22. I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing in its falling
To the sandy, lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow,
Come uppe, Lightfoot, rise and follow;
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe, Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

LESSON CX.

EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

rg	**gz**	**lj**	**nj**	**rj**
lm	**ln**	**lv**	**lz**	**rl**

Exercise in Spelling and Defining.

1. Di-vērs′-i-fi-ed, *made various in form or qualities.*
2. Cûr′-so-ry, *slight; hasty.*
2. Līn′-e-a-ment, *form; make.*
2. Pär-tĕrre′, *a flower-garden.*
2. Cŏm′-mon-al-ty, *the common people.*
3. Vīr′-ġin, *pure.*
5. Pre-dŏm′-in-ant, *prevailing; ruling.*
5. Dim-i-nū′-tion, *decrease.*
5. Vi-văç′-i-ty, *liveliness.*
9. E-mĭs′-sive, *sending out.*
6. Par-tĭc-ū-lăr′-i-ty, *something peculiar or singular.*
9. Ex̆′-em-pla-ry, *worthy of imitation.*
10. Re-trĭēve′, *repairs.*
10. Ex̆-hāl′-ing, *sending out.*
11. Flō′-rist, *a cultivator of flowers.*
12. Wąn′-ton-ness, *gayety.*
14. In-trĭn′-sic, *real; true.*
15. Pro-fū′-sion, *rich abundance.*
16. Sĕrv′-ĭle-ly, *slavishly.*
19. Ac-çĕl′-er-a-ting, *hastening.*
19. Re-tärd′-ing, *delaying.*

Exercise in Pronunciation.

par-terre′, (pär-tĕr′;) au-rĭe′-ū-lar; pol-y-ăn′-thus; ra-nŭn′-cu-lŭs; a-nĕm′-o-ne; ex′-em-pla-ry, (ĕgz′-em-plar-y;) ex-hal′-ing, (ĕgz-hāl′-ing;) dis-dain′-ing, (diz-dān′-ing.)

THE FLOWERS OF SPRING.

1. What a surprising variety is observable among the flowery tribes! how has the bountiful hand of Providence diversified these nicest pieces of his workmanship! Every species exhibits something new. The charm of endless novelty is added to all their other perfections, because a constant uniformity would soon render the entertainment tiresome and insipid. The fashion spreads not from family to family, but every one has a mode of its own which is truly original.

2. By the most cursory glance an apparent difference is perceived in the airs and habits, the attitude and lineaments, of every distinct class. Some rear their heads with majestic mien, and overlook, like sovereigns or nobles, the whole parterre; others seem more moderate in their aims, and advance only to the middle stations; while others, free from

all aspiring views, creep unambitiously on the ground, and look like the commonalty of their kind.

3. Some are intersected with elegant stripes, or studded with radiant spots. Some affect to be genteelly powdered or neatly fringed, while others are plain in their aspect, unaffected in their dress, content to please with a naked simplicity. Some assume the monarch's purple; some look most becoming in virgin white; but black—doleful black—has no admittance into the wardrobe of spring. The weeds of mourning would be a manifest indecorum when nature holds a universal festival. She would then inspire none but delightful ideas, and, therefore, always makes her appearance in some amiable suit.

4. Here stands a warrior clad with crimson; there sits a magistrate robed in scarlet; and yonder struts a pretty fellow that seems to have dipped his plumes in the rainbow, and glitters in all the gay colors of that resplendent arch. Some rise into a curious cup, or fall into a set of beautiful bells; others spread themselves in a swelling tuft, or crowd into a delicious cluster.

5. In some the predominant stain softens by the gentlest diminutions, till it has even stolen away from itself. In others the fine tinges seem to be emulous of pre-eminence. Disdaining to mingle, they confront one another with the resolution of rivals, determined to dispute the prize of beauty; and each is improved, by the opposition, in vivacity of color.

6. In a grove of tulips, or a knot of pinks, one perceives a difference in almost every individual. Scarcely any two are turned and tinctured exactly alike; each allows himself a little particularity in his dress, though all belong to one family; so that they are various and yet the same.

7. Another remarkable circumstance in the flowery creation is their regular succession. They do not make their appearance all at once, but in an orderly rotation.

The snow-drop, foremost of the lovely train, breaks her

way through the frozen soil in order to present her early compliments to her owner. Dressed in the robe of innocence, she steps forth, fearless of danger, long before the trees have ventured to unfold their leaves, even while the icicles are pendent on the house.

8. Next peeps out the crocus, but cautiously, and with an air of timidity. She hears the howling blast, and skulks close to her lowly situation. She seems afraid to make long excursions from her root, while so many ruffian winds are abroad and scouring along the plains. With all the embellishments that would grace a royal garden, she condescends to line our hedges and grow at the feet of briers.

9. Freely, and without any solicitation, she distributes the bounty of emissive sweets; while she herself, with exemplary humility, retires from sight, seeking rather to administer pleasure than to win admiration. Emblem—expressive emblem—of those modest virtues which delight to bloom in obscurity, and which extend a cheering influence

to multitudes who are scarcely acquainted with the source of their comforts.

10. The poor polyanthus, that lately adorned the border with her sparkling beauties, is now no more. I saw her complexion fade; I perceived her breath decay; till at length she expired and dropped into her grave. Scarcely is she gone when in comes the auricula and more than retrieves her loss. She comes arrayed in a splendid variety of amiable forms, with an eye of crystal and garments of the most glossy satin, exhaling perfume and powdered with silver.

11. A very distinguished procession is this, and the favorite care of the florist. Scarcely one among them but is dignified with a character of renown, or has the honor of bearing some celebrated name. But these also, notwithstanding their illustrious titles, exhaust in time their whole stock of fragrance and mingle with the meanest dust.

12. One could hardly forbear grieving at their departure, if the tulips did not so soon begin to raise themselves on

their fine wands or stately stalks. They flush the parterre with one of the gayest dresses that blooming nature wears.

Did ever beau or belle make so gaudy an appearance in a birth-night suit? Here one may behold the innocent wantonness of beauty. Here she indulges in a thousand freaks, and sports herself in the most charming diversity of colors; yet I should wrong her were I to call her a coquette, because she plays her lovely changes not to enkindle dissolute affections, but to display her Creator's glory.

13. Soon the anemone arises, encircled at the bottom with a spreading robe and rounded at the top into a beautiful dome. In its loosely-flowing mantle you may observe a noble negligence; in its gently-bending tufts, the nicest symmetry. I would term it the fine gentleman of the garden, because it seems to have learned the singular address of uniting simplicity with refinement, of reconciling art with ease.

14. The same month has the merit of producing the ranunculus. All bold and graceful, it expands the riches of

its foliage, and acquires by degrees the loveliest enamel in the world. As persons of intrinsic worth disdain the superficial arts of recommendation practiced by fops, so this lordly flower scorns to borrow any of its excellence from powders and essences. It needs no such attractions to render it the darling of the curious, being sufficiently engaging from the elegance of its figure, the radiant variety of its tinges, and a certain superior dignity of aspect.

15. To crown the collection, nature introduces the carnation, which captivates every eye with a noble display of graces, and charms another sense with a profusion of exquisite odors. This single flower has centered in itself the perfections of all the preceding. The moment it appears, it so commands our attention that we scarcely regret the absence of the rest.

16. The gillyflower, like a real friend, attends you through all the vicissitudes and alterations of the season. While others make a transient visit only, this is rather an

inhabitant than a guest in our gardens,—adds fidelity to complaisance. It is in vain to attempt a catalogue of these amiable gifts; there is an endless multiplicity in their characters, yet an invariable order in their approaches. Every month, almost every week, has its peculiar ornaments, —not servilely copying its predecessor, but forming, still forming, and still executing, some new design. So lavish is the fancy, yet so exact is the process, of nature!

17. What goodness is this, to provide such a series of gratifications for mankind!—to take care that our paths should be in a manner incessantly strewed with flowers! And what wisdom, to make every one of these insensible beings to know precisely their time of coming forth, insomuch that no actor on a stage can be more exact in performing his part,—can make a more regular entry or a more punctual exit!

18. Who emboldens the daffodil to venture abroad in February, and trust her flowering gold with inclement and treacherous skies? Who informs the various tribes of fruit-bearing blossoms that vernal suns and a more genial warmth are fitted for their delicate texture? Who teaches the clove to stay till hotter beams are prepared to infuse a spicy richness into her odors, and tincture her complexion with the deepest crimson?

19. Who disposes these beautiful troops into such orderly bodies, retarding some and accelerating others? Who has instructed them to file off with such perfect regularity as

soon as the duty of their respective station is over? And, when one detachment retires, who gives the signal for another immediately to advance? Who but that unerring Providence, which, from the highest throne of angels to the very lowest degrees of existence, orders all things in number, weight, and measure?

LESSON CXI.

BETSY AND I ARE OUT.

1. Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
   Things at home are crossways, and Betsy and I are out.
   We, who have worked together so long as man and wife,
   Must pull in single harness the rest of our nat'ral life.

2. "What is the matter?" say you? Why, sir, it's hard to tell!
   Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
   I have no other woman—she has no other man,
   Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

3. So I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me;
   So we've agreed together that we can't never agree;
   Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
   We've been a gatherin' this for years, a little at a time.

4. There was a stock of temper we both had, for a start;
   Though we ne'er suspected 'twould take us two apart;
   I had my various failings, bred in flesh and bone,
   And Betsy, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

5. First thing I remember whereon we disagreed
   Was somethin' concernin' heaven—a difference in our creed.

We arg'ed the thing at breakfast—we arg'ed the thing at tea—
And the more we arg'ed the question, the more we didn't agree.

6. And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket, for certain—the question was only—How!
I held my own opinion, and Betsy, another had;
And when we were done a talkin', we both of us was mad.

7. And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

8. And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;
And so that blamed old cow was always a comin' up;
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got,
But it gives us a taste of somethin' a thousand times as hot.

9. And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way;
Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say;
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple dozen strong,
And lent their kindest service for to help the thing along.

10. And there has been days together—and many a weary week—
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak.

And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of
the winter and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then I won't
at all.

11. And so I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked
with me;
And we have agreed together, that we can't never
agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall
be mine,
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to
sign.

12. Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live stock, that she shall have her
half,
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary
day,
And it's nothing more than justice that Betsy has her
pay.

13. Give her the house and homestead; a man can thrive
and roam,
But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home;
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsy never should want a home, if I was taken
away.

14. There is a little hard cash, that's drawin' tol'rable pay;
Couple of hundred dollars, laid by for a rainy day;
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause, there, and give her half of that.

15. Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorces is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such.

True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young;
And Betsy was always good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

16. Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of 'em was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

17. Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was as hot as a roasted turkey and as crazy as a loon—
Never an hour went by me, when she was out of sight;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

18. And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy, as any I ever seen.
And I don't complain of Betsy, or any of her acts;
Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each other facts.

19. So draw up the paper, lawyer; and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right;
And then in the mornin' I'll sell to a tradin' man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

20. And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur;
That when I am dead, at last, she bring me back to her,
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy, before we quarreled so.

21. And when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by me;
And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree.
And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer,
If we loved each other the better for what we have quarreled here.

LESSON CXII.

THE DEATH OF LITTLE JO.

1. Mr. Snagsby being tender-hearted, and affected by the account he hears of Jo's condition, he readily engages to "look round" as early in the evening as he can manage it quietly. He looks round very quietly, when evening comes. Jo is very glad to see his old friend; and says, when they are left alone, that he takes it uncommon kind as Mr. Sangsby should come so far out of his way on accounts of sich as him. Mr. Snagsby, touched by the spectacle before him, immediately lays upon the table half-a-crown; that magic balsam of his for all kinds of wounds.

"And how do you find yourself, my poor lad?" inquires the stationer, with his cough of sympathy.

"I'm in luck, Mr. Sangsby, I am," returns Jo, "and don't want for nothink. I'm more cumf'bler nor you can't think, Mr. Sangsby. I'm wery sorry that I done it, but I didn't go fur to do it, sir."

The stationer softly lays down another half-crown, and asks him what it is that he is sorry for having done.

"Mr. Sangsby," says Jo, "I went and giv a illness to the lady as wos and yit as war'n't the t'other lady, and none of em never says nothink to me for having done it, on accounts of their being ser good and my having been s' unfortnet. The lady come herself and see me yes'day, and she ses, 'Ah, Jo!' she ses. 'We thought we'd lost you, Jo!' she ses. And she sits down a smilin' so quiet, and don't pass a word

nor yit a look upon me for having done it, she don't, and I turns agin the wall, I doos, Mr. Sangsby. And Mr. Jarnders, I see him a forced to turn away his own self. And Mr. Woodcot, he come fur to give me somethink fur to ease me, wot he's allus a doin' on day and night, and wen he come a bendin' over me and a speakin' up so bold, I see his tears a fallin', Mr. Sangsby."

The softened stationer deposits another half-crown on the table. Nothing less than a repetition of that infallible remedy will relieve his feeling.

"Wot I wos a thinkin' on, Mr. Sangsby," proceeds Jo, "wos, as you wos able to write wery large, p'raps?"

"Yes, Jo, please God," returns the stationer.

"Uncommon precious large, p'raps?" says Jo, with eagerness.

"Yes, my poor boy."

Jo laughs with pleasure. "Wot I wos a thinkin' on then, Mr. Sangsby, wos, that wen I wos moved on as fur as ever I could go, and couldn't be moved no furder, whether you might be so good p'raps, as to write out, wery large, so that anyone could see it anywheres, as that I wos very truly hearty sorry that I done it, and that I never went fur to do it; and that though I didn't know nothink at all, I knowd as Mr. Woodcot once cried over it, and wos allus grieved over it, and that I hoped as he'd be able to forgive me in his mind. If the writin' could be made to say it wery large, he might."

"It shall say it, Jo; very large."

Jo laughs again. "Thankee, Mr. Sangsby. It's wery kind of you, sir, and it makes me more cumf'bler nor I wos afore."

The meek little stationer, with a broken and unfinished cough, slips down his fourth half-crown,—he has never been so close to a case requiring so many,—and is fain to depart. And Jo and he, upon this little earth, shall meet no more. No more.

For the cart, so hard to draw, is near its journey's end, and drags over stony ground. All round the clock it labors up the broken steeps, shattered and worn. Not many times can the sun rise, and behold it still upon its weary road.

Jo is in a sleep or in a stupor to-day, and Allan Woodcourt, newly arrived, stands by him, looking down upon his wasted form. After a while, he softly seats himself upon the bedside with his face towards him, and touches his chest and heart. The cart had very nearly given up, but labors on a little more.

"Well, Jo, what is the matter? Don't be frightened."

"I thought," says Jo, who has started, and is looking round, "I thought I was in Tom-all-Alone's agin. A'n't there nobody here but you, Mr. Woodcot?"

"Nobody."

"And I a'n't took back to Tom-all-Alone's, am I, sir?"

"No."

Jo closes his eyes, muttering, "I am wery thankful."

After watching him closely a little while, Allan puts his mouth very near his ear, and says to him in a low, distinct voice: "Jo, did you ever know a prayer?"

"Never knowd nothink, sir."

"Not so much as one short prayer?"

"No, sir. Nothink at all. Mr. Chadbands he wos a prayin wunst at Mr. Sangsby's and I heerd him, but he sounded as if he wos a speakin to hisself, and not to me. He prayed a lot, but *I* couldn't make out nothink on it. Different times, there wos other genlmen come down Tom-all-Alone's a prayin, but they all mostly sed as the t'other wuns prayed wrong, and all mostly sounded to be a talkin to theirselves, or a passin blame on the t'others, and not a talkin to us. *We* never knowd nothink. *I* never knowd what it wos all about."

It takes him a long time to say this; and few but an experienced and attentive listener could hear, or, hearing, un-

derstand him. After a short relapse into sleep or stupor, he makes, of a sudden, a strong effort to get out of bed.

"Stay, Jo! What now?"

"It's time for me to go to that there berryin ground, sir," he returns with a wild look.

"Lie down, and tell me. What burying ground, Jo?"

"Where they laid him as wos wery good to me; wery good to me indeed, he wos. It's time for me to go down to that there berryin ground, sir, and ask to be put along with him. I wants to go there and be berried. He used for to say to me, 'I am as poor as you to-day, Jo,' he ses. I wants to tell him that I am as poor as him now, and have come there to be laid along with him."

"By-and-by, Jo; by-and-by."

"Ah! P'raps they wouldn't do it if I wos to go myself. But will you promise to have me took there, sir, and laid along with him?"

"I will, indeed."

"Thankee, sir! Thankee, sir! They'll have to get the key of the gate afore they can take me in, for it's allus locked. And there's a step there, as I used fur to clean with my broom.—It's turned wery dark, sir. Is there any light a comin?"

"It is coming fast, Jo."

Fast. The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end.

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a gropin—a gropin —let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I'll say anythink as you say, sir, for I knows it's good."

"Our Father."

"Our Father!—yes, that's wery good, sir."

"Which art in Heaven."

"Art in Heaven?—Is the light a comin, sir?"

"It is close at hand. Hallowed be thy name."

"Hallowed be—thy—"

The light is come upon the dark benighted way. Dead. Dead, your Majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day!

LESSON CXIII.

Exercise in Articulation.

rg	**gz**	**lj**	**nj**	**rj**
lm	**ln**	**lv**	**lz**	**rl**

Exercise in Spelling and Defining.

1. Crys'-tal-līne, *pure.*
1. Ru̇'-nic, *pertaining to the language and letters of the ancient Goths.*
1. Tĭn-tĭn-năb-ū-lā'-tion, *the tinkling or ringing of small bells.*
2. Tûr'-tle-Dove, *a species of dove noted for its gentleness and its constancy of affection.*
3. Vo-lū'-min-oŭs-ly, *very copiously.*
3. Eū'-pho-ny, *an agreeable sound.*
5. Păl'-pi-tā-ting, *vibrating.*
6. Mŏn'-o-dy, *a poem or song sung by one person to express his grief of feeling. Here it means a mournful succession of sounds.*
7. Ghoul, *an imaginary evil demon among Eastern nations, who was supposed to prey upon human bodies.*
8. Pæ'-an, *a loud and joyous song.*

Exercise in Pronunciation.

Crўs'-tal-līne; eu'-pho-ny, (yu̇'-fo-ne;) clan'-gor, (klăng'-gor;) mĕn'-açe; Ru̇'-nic; ghouls, (go̊lz *is the correct pronunciation; but to rhyme with* tolls *in the seventh stanza, it must be pronounced* gōlz;) pæ'-an, (pē'-an.)

Note.—This piece will be found an excellent concert exercise. In practicing it, let the Rate, Force, and Pitch be varied so that the reading will conform, *in these particulars*, to the different bells, or the different *ringings*, herein described.

THE BELLS.

1. HEAR the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to tinkle
With a crystalline delight,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells,
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

2. Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells!
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

4. Hear the loud alarum bells,
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation to the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire
And a resolute endeavor,
Now, now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!

5. How they clang and clash and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,

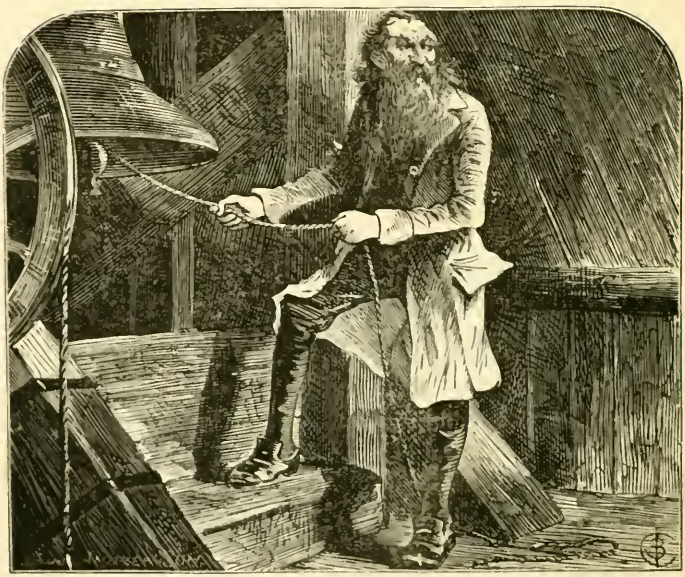
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells!

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

6. Hear the tolling of the bells,
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone;
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

7. And the people,—ah, the people!—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone;
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone,—
They are neither man nor woman;
They are neither brute nor human:
They are Ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls:
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells,
And he dances and he yells,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells,
Of the bells!

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,



In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells;
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells;
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells!

LESSON CXIV.

THE RIVAL POLITICIANS.

CHARACTERS.—TOM SLOWBOY, *Conservative;*
SAM SLY, *Radical.*

SCENE.—Platform at a School Exhibition.
SAM SLY seated among the audience.
[*Enter* TOM SLOWBOY *upon platform.*]

Slowboy. (*With extravagant and awkward gestures.*) Mr. Chairman and gentlemen: It is my *pe*-rivilege to stand before you to-night as the *ex*-ponent of a party, gentlemen, which is destined to make a new era in the world's history; a party, gentlemen, standing upon the platform upon which our forefathers stood; a party, gentlemen, above all trickery; *the* party which is to save this glorious country—this mighty, this stupendous country, which, stretching from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, washed by the Atlantic and the Pacific, yet hangs upon the verge of ruin.

"Lives there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said——"

Sly. Louder!

Slow. (*Louder.*) I say,—

"Lives there a man—"

Sly. Louder!

Slow. I'll just thank that small boy if he will preserve order.

"This is my own, my native land?"

Gentlemen, one man, and one alone, can save us. Need I tell you who he is? No, gentlemen, no.

Sly. Yes, gentlemen, yes; let's have his name.

Slow. It is, gentlemen, that sturdy patriot, that unflinching friend of the people, the great inventor of soup-houses, Nickodemus Orcutt—he for whom, to-morrow, you will cast such an overwhelming vote, as selectman of the town of Scratchgravel—

Sly. Hurrah for old Nick!

Slow. This is the man, gentlemen, who can save us. You know him well. The public spirit, the honesty, the worth of this famed patriot, this great promoter of—of—of—

Sly. The Onion.

Slow. The Onion; no, no; the Union. Sam Sly, I've had quite enough of this.

Sly. I guess we all have.

Slow. I didn't come here to be insulted. I go for free speech.

Sly. So do I. Go it, Slowboy.

Slow. Mr. Nickodemus Orcutt, gentlemen, is a warm, thoughtful friend of the people; not a rash man, seeking to drive the country to perdition with steamboats and locomotives, but a man anxious to do all in his power to revive the good old days of safety and sobriety; a man, gentlemen, deeply read—

Sly. Especially his nose.

Slow. Be quiet, Sly.—Thoroughly dyed—

Sly. Mark his whiskers.

Slow. Will somebody put that boy out?—Who would not turn a hair—

Sly. 'Cause he's bald.

Slow. O, won't you catch it?—A hair's breadth from the party lines; a conservative man, gentlemen, who will abolish railroads, which always end in a smash-up; prohibit steamboats, which blow out with a blow-up; and revive, in all their pristine beauty, the only secure means of travel—the stage-coach and the canal-boat; a man, gentlemen, who will so clip the American eagle—

Sly. Louder!

Slow. (*Louder.*) The American eagle.

Sly. Louder!

Slow. O, pshaw! Look here, Sam Sly what did you come here for?

Sly. To cheer for old Nick. You promised me a dollar if I would.

Slow. Why can't you be quiet?

Sly. (*Jumping up on his seat.*) What! and see the American eagle abused? No, sir; I claim the privilege, at all times and in all places, of standing up for the American eagle! He's the prey of every political spouter in the land. He's been lugged to the top of the Rocky Mountains, been made to roost on the towers of Moro Castle, skewered on every liberty pole, and nailed to the wall in every public hall; and now you propose to clip him. I protest against this outrage to the first of American poultry.

Slow. Sam Sly, whose meeting is this?

Sly. The people's meeting. You would like to make it the caucus of an old fogy party. But it won't do, Slowboy; it won't do.

Slow. Sly, I'll give you another dollar to be quiet.

Sly. (*Resumes his seat.*) All right, Slowboy; fire away.

Slow. Gentlemen, Mr. Nickodemus Orcutt has such a regard for the American eagle that he would clip its wings, that it might stay at home, and not run the risk of being sweltered in that Turkish bath, Cuba, or frozen in that ice cream saloon, Alaska. And, gentlemen, the constitution — the constitution, gentlemen, he would lay out—

Sly. Hold on, Slowboy.

Slow. What's the matter now?

Sly. (*Jumping up on his seat.*) Can't stand that, Slowboy; I must stand up for the constitution — the glorious constitution. It's been abused, Slowboy — shamefully abused. It's been left at Gettysburg, at Buffalo, at St. Louis, swung all around the circle, and now you want to lay it out.

Slow. Will you be quiet?—Nickodemus Orcutt would lay it out on the table of every farmer in the land, as the only true chart by which to steer.

Sly. (*Resuming his seat.*) O, that'll do: go on, Slowboy.

Slow. And now, gentlemen, I turn to that symbol of the

republic, the American flag—that flag which has lain in the dust—

Sly. Hold on, Slowboy; hold on. Can't stand that.

Slow. Sly, you're a nuisance. You've been the bane of my existence. Whenever, as speaker or as poet, I have endeavored to make my mark, you're always in the way. Perhaps you'd like to take my place.

Sly. (*Jumping upon platform.*) Thank you. I don't care if I do make a few feeble remarks.

Slow. Halloo! you ain't coming up here!

Sly. To be sure I am; didn't you invite me?

Slow. But I didn't mean it. Come, go down, that's a good fellow, and let me finish my speech.

Sly. No, sir; this is a public meeting, and I've just as good a right to speak as you have.

Slow. Public meeting! Pshaw! it's an exhibition, and I have the floor. You've no business here. Now, Sly, do go down.

Sly. After you've invited me here? No, sir.

Slow. You're spoiling everything. You've upset my ideas.

Sly. Well, that won't break anything.

Slow. I've only five minutes more to speak. Now, do go, Sly.

Sly. No, sir. Five minutes? I'll tell you what I'll do, Slow: I'll help you out. We'll divide the five minutes. You shall speak one, then I'll speak one; and so on, till the time is consumed.

Slow. O, pshaw! I can't do that; I've got the floor.

Sly. So have I. I don't believe in compromise; but for once I was willing to humor you; but, as you don't like it, here goes: Ladies and gentlemen,—

Slow. Hold on: I consent, though you have no right here.

Sly. I think I have, anything you have said to the contrary notwithstanding; so go ahead; there's the clock, and when time's up I'll give the word.

Slow. Gentlemen, Mr. Nick — Mr. Nick — Mr. Nick — See here, Sam Sly, you've knocked it all out of my head. Where did I leave off?—the American eagle? No, I said that. The constitution? O, pshaw! Mr. Nick.—Dear me, how time does fly! Ah, I have it at last. Gentlemen, Mr. Nickodemus Orcutt and the American flag—

Sly. (*Who has been standing watching the clock, pulls him by the sleeve.*) Time, Slowboy. Ladies and Gentlemen: Mr. Chairman: Sir, I appear before you to-night a humble American citizen, with a heart filled with gratitude to the noble founders of this glorious republic—this free and happy republic, whose equal cannot be found; and, would time permit, I should be proud and happy to pour forth, in humble imitation of my eloquent friend here, warm tributes to their patriotism and virtue. But time flies. Let me speak of one who is near and dear to all of us, our esteemed fellow-townsman, Samuel Sawyer, who is up for selectman in opposition to Mr. Nickodemus Orcutt. You all know him. A young, talented, enterprising lawyer—a true type of Young America.

Slow. Time's up, Sly.

Sly. A rising man, eloquent in the public assembly.

Slow. Sly, Sly! time's up.

Sly. Genial on a—

Slow. (*Pulling* SLY *by sleeve.*) Time's up.

Sly. O, is it? Go ahead, Slowboy.

Slow. Go ahead!—I should think so! Look here, Sly; you ain't playing fair; you've run over your time considerably; it's one of your regular sly dodges, and I won't stand it. Do you hear? I tell you I won't stand it! Why don't you speak? (SLY *points to the clock.*) O, dear! I forgot; where did I leave off? How that clock does go! Ladies and gentlemen: Mr. Chairman.—Dear me! where did I leave off? I have it: Mr. Nickodemus Orcutt and the American flag—

Sly. Time, Slowboy. Gentlemen: Mr. Sawyer, as I said

before, is a true type of Young America—a progressive man; a man of enlarged ideas, who believes in the spread of freedom, the rights of workingmen, the acquisition of territory, a patron of railroads, a warm advocate for woman's rights, universal suffrage, and the protection of American citizens even when on a train. Elect him, and you annex Cuba this year, Mexico the next, conquer Europe the year after, and raise the Stars and Stripes upon the Great Wall of China in 1870.

Slow. Time's up, Sly.

Sly. Elect him, and peace shall reign once more in the halls of Congress.

Slow. Time's up, Sly.

Sly. And in the South—

Slow. (*Pushing* SLY.) Time's up, Sly.

Sly. O, is it? How time does fly! Go ahead, Slowboy.

Slow. Go ahead! It's all very well to say, Go ahead! But how can I go ahead when you act so? I tell you what, Sly, if I catch you running over time again, I'll wallop you, you little—O, dear! my speech! Where was I? Mr. Sly, —I mean Mr. Speaker: ladies and gentlemen—Sly—Gent —O, dear!—American eagle—constitution—I have it! Mr. Nickodemus Orcutt and the American flag—

Sly. Time, Slowboy. Ladies and gentlemen: I could use an hour profitably in sounding the virtues of Mr. Sawyer, but time will not permit. I shall only ask you to compare this whole-souled patriotic type of Young America with that rusty, crusty old fogy, Old Nick—

Slow. Hold on, Sly; I can't stand that, time or no time. Abusing my candidate in that manner. (*To audience.*)— Gentlemen:—

Sly. Hold on, Slowboy; the five minutes are up. A bargain's a bargain, you know.

Slow. I don't care; I will speak.

Sly. Well, then, we'll give you another minute.

Slow. That's all I want. If it hadn't been for you I

should have been through long ago. What right have you here any way? If you attempt to interrupt me again, I'll have you placed in custody as a disturber of the peace. Ladies and gentlemen: I hope you will pardon this interruption; it was none of my seeking. You've seen this boy before. He's one of the small miseries of human life which must be endured. But to my speech. As I was saying—Dear me! what was I saying? Mr. Nickodemus Orcutt and the American flag—

Sly. Time, Slowboy, time. (*Runs off.*)

Slow. Clear out, you nuisance! Wait till after school; that's all.

LESSON CXV.

DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING MACHINE.

1. If ever there lived a Yankee lad,
Wise or otherwise, good or bad,
Who, seeing the birds fly, didn't jump
With flapping arms from stake or stump,
Or, spreading the tail
Of his coat for a sail,
Take a soaring leap from post or rail,
And wonder why
He couldn't fly,
And flap and flutter and wish and try,—
If ever you knew a country dunce
Who didn't try that as often as once,
All I can say is, that's a sign
He never would do for a hero of mine.

2. An aspiring genius was D. Green:
The son of a farmer,—age, fourteen;
His body was long and lank and lean,—
Just right for flying, as will be seen;

He had two eyes as bright as a bean,
And a freckled nose that grew between,
A little awry,—for I must mention
That he had riveted his attention
Upon his wonderful invention,
Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings,
And working his face as he worked the wings,
And with every turn of gimlet and screw
Turning and screwing his mouth round too,
Till his nose seemed bent
To catch the scent,
Around some corner, of new-baked pies,
And his wrinkled cheeks and his squinting eyes
Grew puckered into a queer grimace,
That made him look very droll in the face,
And also very wise.

3. And wise he must have been, to do more
Than ever a genius did before,
Excepting Dædalus of yore
And his son Icarus, who wore
Upon their backs
Those wings of wax
He had read of in the old Almanacs.
Darius was clearly of the opinion,
That the air is also man's dominion,
And that, with paddle or fin or pinion,
We soon or late shall navigate
The azure as now we sail the sea.
The thing looks simple enough to me;
And if you doubt it,
Hear how Darius reasoned about it.

4. "The birds can fly, an' why can't I?
Must we give in," says he with a grin,

"That the bluebird an' phœbe
Are smarter'n we be?
Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller
An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?
Does the little chatterin', sassy wren,
No bigger'n my thumb, know more than men?
Best show me that!
Ur prove 't the bat
Hez got more brains than's in my hat,
An' I'll back down, an' not till then!"

5. He argued further: "Nur I can't see
What's th' use o' wings to a bumble-bee,
Fur to git a livin' with, more'n to me;—
Ain't my business
Important 's his'n is?
That Icarus
Made a pretty muss—
Him an' his daddy Dædalus:
They might 'a' knowed wings made o' wax
Wouldn't stand sun-heat an' hard whacks.
I'll make mine o' luther,
Ur suthin' ur other."

6. And he said to himself, as he tinkered and planned:
"But I ain't goin' to show my hand
To nummies that never can understand
The fust idee that's big an' grand."
So he kept his secret from all the rest,
Safely buttoned within his vest;
And in the loft above the shed
Himself he locks, with thimble and thread
And wax and hammer and buckles and screws,
And all such things as geniuses use;—
Two bats for patterns, curious fellows!
A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows;
Some wire, and several old umbrellas;

A carriage-cover, for tail and wings;
A piece of harness; and straps and strings;
And a big strong box,
In which he locks
These and a hundred other things.

7. His grinning brothers, Reuben and Burke
And Nathan and Jotham and Solomon, lurk
Around the corner to see him work,—
Sitting cross-legged, like a Turk,
Drawing the waxed-end through with a jerk,
And boring the holes with a comical quirk
Of his wise old head, and a knowing smirk.
But vainly they mounted each other's backs,
And poked through knot-holes and pried through cracks;
With wood from the pile and straw from the stacks
He plugged the knot-holes and calked the cracks;
And a dipper of water, which one would think
He had brought up into the loft to drink
When he chanced to be dry,
Stood always nigh,
For Darius was sly!
And whenever at work he happened to spy
At chink or crevice a blinking eye,
He let the dipper of water fly.
"Take that! an' ef ever ye git a peep,
Guess ye'll ketch a weasel asleep!"
And he sings as he locks
His big strong box:—

8. "The weasel's head is small an' trim,
An' he is little an' long an' slim,
An' quick of motion an' nimble of limb,
An' ef you'll be
Advised by me,
Keep wide awake when ye're ketchin' him!"

So, day after day
He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,
Till at last 'twas done,—
The greatest invention under the sun!
"An' now," says Darius, "hooray fur some fun!"

9. 'Twas the Fourth of July,
And the weather was dry,
And not a cloud was on all the sky,
Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,
Half mist, half air,
Like foam on the ocean went floating by,—
Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen
For a nice little trip in a flying-machine.
Thought cunning Darius: "Now I sha'n't go
Along 'ith the fellers to see the show.
I'll say I've got sich a terrible cough!
An' then, when the folks 'ave all gone off,
I'll hev full swing fur to try the thing,
An' practice a little on the wing."

10. "Ain't goin' to see the celebration?"
Says brother Nate. "No; botheration!
I've got sich a cold—a toothache—I—
My gracious!—feel's though I should fly!"
Said Jotham, "'Sho!
Guess ye better go."
But Darius said, "No!
Shouldn't wonder 'f you might see me though,
'Long 'bout noon, ef I git red
O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain 'n my head."
For all the while to himself he said:—

11. "I tell ye what!
I'll fly a few times around the lot,

To see how 't seems, then soon 's I've got
The hang o' the thing, ez likely 's not,
I'll astonish the nation,
An' all creation,
By flyin' over the celebration!
Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle;
I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea-gull;
I'll dance on the chimbleys; I'll stand on the steeple;
I'll flop up to winders an' scare the people!
I'll light on the liberty pole, an' crow;
An' I'll say to the gawpin' fools below,
'What world 's this 'ere
That I've come near?'
Fur I'll make 'em b'lieve I'm a chap f'm the moon,
An' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' balloon!"

12. He crept from his bed;
And, seeing the others were gone, he said,
"I'm gittin' over the cold 'n my head."
And away he sped,
To open the wonderful box in the shed.

13. His brothers had walked but a little way,
When Jotham to Nathan chanced to say,
"What is the feller up to, hey?"
"Don'o'—the 's suthin' ur other to pay,
Ur he wouldn't 'a' stayed to hum to-day."
Says Burke, "His toothache 's all 'n his eye!
He never'd miss a Fo'th-o'-July,
Ef he hedn't got some machine to try."
Then Sol, the little one, spoke: "Consarn;
Le's hurry back an' hide 'n the barn,
An' pay him fur tellin' us that yarn!"
"Agreed!" Through the orchard they creep back,
Along by the fences behind the stack,

And one by one, through a hole in the wall,
In under the dusty barn they crawl,
Dressed in their Sunday garments all;
And a very astonishing sight was that,
When each in his cobwebbed coat and hat
Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.
And there they hid;
And Reuben slid
The fastenings back, and the door undid.
"Keep dark!" said he,
"While I squint an' see what the' is to see."

14. As knights of old put on their mail,—
From head to foot an iron suit,
Iron jacket and iron boot,
Iron breeches, and on the head
No hat, but an iron pot instead,
And under the chin the bail,
(I believe they called the thing a helm,)
Then sallied forth to overwhelm
The dragons and pagans that plagued the realm,—
So this *modern* knight,
Prepared for flight,
Put on his wings and strapped them tight—
Jointed and jaunty, strong and light,
Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip—
Ten feet they measured from tip to tip!
And a helm had he, but that he wore,
Not on his head, like those of yore,
But more like the helm of a ship.

15. "Hush!" Reuben said,
"He's up in the shed!
He's opened the winder—I see his head!
He stretches it out, an' pokes it about,

Lookin' to see 'f the coast is clear,
An' nobody near;—
Guess he don'o' who's hid in here!
He's riggin' a spring-board over the sill!
Stop laffin', Solomon! Burke, keep still!
He's a climbin' out now—Of all the things!
What's he got on? I van, it's wings!
An' that t'other thing? I vum, it's a tail!
An' there he sets like a hawk on a rail!
Steppin' careful he travels the length
Of his spring-board, and teeters to try its strength.
Now he stretches his wings like a monstrous bat;
Peeks over his shoulder, this way an' that,
Fur to see 'f the' 's any one passin' by;—
But the' 's on'y a ca'f an' a goslin' nigh.
They turn up at him a wonderin' eye,
To see— The dragon! he's goin' to fly!
Away he goes! Jimminy! what a jump!
Flop—flop—an' plump
To the ground with a thump!
Flutt'rin' an' flound'rin, all 'n a lump!"

16. As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear,
Heels over head, to his proper sphere—
Heels over head, and head over heels,
Dizzily down the abyss he wheels—
So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
In the midst of the barn-yard, he came down,
In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
Broken braces and broken springs,
Broken tail and broken wings,
Shooting-stars, and various things—
Barn-yard litter of straw and chaff,
And much that wasn't so sweet by half.
Away with a bellow fled the calf,
And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?

'Tis a merry roar from the old barn-door,
And he hears the voice of Jotham crying,
"Say, D'rius! how do you like flyin'?"

17. Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,
Darius just turned and looked that way,
As he stanched his sorrowful nose with his cuff.
"Wal, I like flyin' well enough,"
He said; "but the' ain't sich a thunderin' sight
O' fun in't when ye come to light."

18. I just have room for the MORAL here:
And this is the moral—Stick to your sphere.
Or if you insist, as you have the right,
On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,
The moral is—Take care how you light.

LESSON CXVI.

WILL THE NEW YEAR COME TO-NIGHT, MAMMA?

1. WILL the New Year come to-night, mamma? I'm tired of waiting so—
My stocking hung by the chimney-side full three long days ago;
I run to peep within the door by morning's early light—
'Tis empty still: oh, say, mamma, will the New Year come to-night?

2. Will the New Year come to-night, mamma?—the snow is on the hill,
And the ice must be two inches thick upon the meadow's rill.
I heard you tell papa, last night, his son must have a sled,
(I didn't mean to hear, mamma,) and a pair of skates, you said.

3. I prayed for just those things, mamma. Oh! I shall be
full of glee,
And the orphan boys in the village school will all be
envying me;
But I'll give them toys, and lend them books, and make
their New Year glad;
For God, you say, takes back his gifts when little folks are
bad.
And won't you let me go, mamma, upon the New Year's day,
And carry something nice and warm to poor old Widow
Gray?
I'll leave the basket near the door, within the garden gate—
Will the New Year come to-night, mamma?—it seems so
long to wait.

* * * * * * * * * *

4. The New Year comes to-night, mamma, I saw it in my
sleep;
My stocking hung so full, I thought—mamma, what makes
you weep?—
But it only held a little shroud—a shroud, and nothing
more;
And an open coffin, made for me, was standing on the floor!
It seemed so very strange, indeed, to find such gifts, instead
Of all the toys I wished so much—the story-books and sled;
But while I wondered what it meant, you came with tear-
ful joy,
And said, "Thou'lt find the New Year first: God calleth
thee, my boy!"

5. It is not all a dream, mamma; I know it must be true;
But have I been so bad a boy, God taketh me from you?
I don't know what papa will do, when I am laid to rest;
And you will have no Willie's head to fold upon your breast.

6. The New Year comes to-night, mamma,—place your dear
hand on my cheek,
And raise my head a little more—it seems so hard to
speak.
You needn't fill my stocking now; I cannot go and peep;
Before to-morrow's sun is up, I'll be sound asleep.

7. I shall not want the skates, mamma, I'll never need the
sled;
But won't you give them both to Blake, who hurt me on
my head?
He used to hide my books away, and tear the pictures, too,
But now he'll know that I forgive, as then I tried to do.
And, if you please, mamma, I'd like the story-books and
slate
To go to Frank, the drunkard's boy, you wouldn't let me
hate;
And, dear mamma, you won't forget, upon the New Year's
day,
The basketful of something nice for poor old Widow Gray?

8. The New Year comes to-night, mamma—it seems so very
soon—
I think God didn't hear me ask for just another June.
I know I've been a thoughtless boy, and made you too
much care,
And, maybe for your sake. mamma, God doesn't hear my
prayer.
There's one thing more; my pretty pets, the robin and the
dove,
Keep for you and dear papa, and teach them how to love.
The garden rake, the little hoe—you'll find them nicely
laid
Upon the garret floor, mamma, the place where last I
played.

9. I thought to need them both so much when summer came again.
To make my garden by the brook that trickles through the glen;
I thought to gather flowers, too, beside the forest walk,
And sit beneath the apple-tree where once we sat to talk.
It cannot be; but you will keep the summer flowers green,
And plant a few—don't cry, mamma—a very few I mean,
When I'm asleep—I'll sleep so sweet beneath the apple-tree,
Where you and robin, in the morn, will come and sing to me.

10. The New Year comes—good night, mamma—"I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord"—tell poor papa—"my soul to keep;
If I"—how cold it seems—how dark—kiss me, I cannot see—
The New Year comes to-night, mamma, the old year—dies with me.

THE END.

47 lbs. of barley make a bar
48 " " buckwheat "
56 " " Indian corn "
32 " " oats "
56 " " rye "
60 " " wheat " " "

$ .24 1/5 make — $
$4.84 " — £

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